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THE  
LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB

1825-1834

VOLUME V



LETTERS OF CHAS. LAMB.



THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY

INCORPORATED 1901

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THE LETTERS OF  
**CHARLES LAMB**

IN WHICH MANY MUTILATED WORDS  
AND PASSAGES HAVE BEEN RESTORED  
TO THEIR ORIGINAL FORM ; WITH  
LETTERS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED  
AND FACSIMILES OF ORIGINAL MS  
LETTERS AND POEMS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
**HENRY H. HARPER.**

ISSUED BY  
**THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY**  
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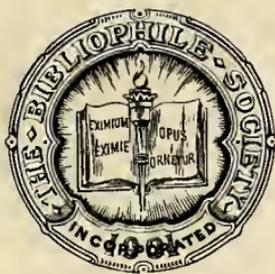


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## LETTER CCCCLXI

CHARLES LAMB TO WILLIAM HONE

September 30, 1825.

Dear H.,—I came home in a week from Enfield, worse than I went. My sufferings have been intense, but are abating. I begin to know what a little sleep is. My sister has sunk under her anxieties about me. She is laid up, deprived of reason for many weeks to come, I fear. She is in the same house, but we do not meet. It makes both worse. I can just hobble down as far as the “Angel” once a day; further kills me. When I can stretch to Copenh[agen] Street I will. If you come this way any morning I can only just shake you by the hand. This gloomy house does not admit of making my friends welcome. You have come off triumphant with *Bartholomew Fair*. Yours (writ with difficulty),  
C. LAMB

CCCCLXII. — TO WILLIAM AYRTON

October, 1825.

Dear Ayrton, — I am not nor can be forgetful of you. All this summer almost I have been ill. I have been laid up (the second nervous attack) now six weeks. I have only known what

sleep is, and that imperfect, for a week past. I have a medical attendant on me daily, and am brought low, though recovering. In the midst of my sufferings Mary was overcome with anxiety and nursing, and is ill of her old complaint which will last for many weeks to come; she is with me in the house. I have neither place at present to receive old friends, but for a minute's chat or so, nor strength for some time I fear to stretch to them. Mr. Burney, who is come home, will corroborate this. But I hope again to see you and Mrs. A., for whose restoration I heartily pray. No longer reproach me, who never was but yours truly,

C. LAMB

CCCCLXIII. — TO THOMAS ALLSOP

October 5, 1825.

Dear A., — Have received your drafts. We will talk that over Sunday morning. I am strongish, but have not good nights, and cannot settle my inside.

Farewell till Sunday.

I have no possible use for the first draft, so shall keep them as above.

Yours truly,                      C. L.

I only trouble you now because, if the drafts had miscarried, any one might have cash'd 'em. Remember at home. Ludlow is charming.

CCCCLXIV. — TO WILLIAM HONE

October 18, 1825.

Dear H., — The first bit of writing I have done these many weeks. The quotations from both the Colliers are correct, I assure you.

C. LAMB, getting well, but weak

CCCCLXV. — TO WILLIAM HONE

October 24, 1825.

Who is your compositor? I cannot praise enough the beauty and accuracy of the Garrick Play types. That of *Zelidaura* and *Felisbravo*, two or three numbers back, was really a poser. He must be no ordinary person who got through it (so quaint) without a slip. Not one in 10,000 would have done it. Moxon (of the great House of Longman, Shortman & Co.) is a little fretful that you have extracted a bit (only) from his friend Cole's book about Hervey and Weston Favell. C. is gaping for it, and has sent M. a very curious old man's will for your book, which M. only keeps till you gratify him by a tiny notice: anything about the meditator among ye Tombs.

CCCCLXVI. — TO WILLIAM HONE

October 24, 1825.

I send a scrap. Is it worth postage? My friends are fairly surprised that you should set me down so unequivocally for an ass, as you have done.

HERE HE IS  
what follows?

THE ASS

Call you this friendship? Mercy! What a dose you have sent me of Burney! — a perfect *opening* (a pun here is intended) draught.

NOTE

[This is written on the back of the MS. “*In re Squirrels*” for Hone’s *Every-Day Book*. Lamb’s previous contribution had been *The Ass* which Hone had introduced with a few words. — E. V. LUCAS.]

CCCCLXVII.—TO THOMAS ALLSOP

December 5, 1825.

Dear A., — You will be glad to hear that *we* are at home to visitors; not too many or noisy. Some fine day shortly Mary will surprise Mrs. Allsop. The weather is not seasonable for formal engagements. Yours *most ever*, C. LAMB

CCCCLXVIII.—TO THOMAS MANNING

December 10, 1825.

My dear M., — We have had sad ups and downs since you saw us, but are at present in untroubled waters, though not *by* them, for our old New River has taken a jaundice of the muds and rains, and looks as yellow as Miss ——

Your red trunk (not *bose*, tho’ a flame-coloured pair was once esteem’d a luxury) is safe deposited

at the Peacock, who by the by is worth your seeing. She has had her tail brush'd up, and looks as pert as A-goose with a hundred eyes in *My-thology*: I don't know what *yours* says of it. Your gown will be at the Bell, Totteridge, by the Telegraph on Monday; time enough, I hope, to go out to the curate's to an early tea in it. We have a corner at double dumbee for you, whenever you are dispos'd to change your Inn.

Believe us yours as ever,

CH. AND MARY LAMB

CCCCLXIX. — TO CHARLES OLLIER

December, 1825.

Dear O., — I leave it *entirely to Mr. Colburn*; but if not too late, I think the Proverbs had better have L. sign'd to them and reserve *Elia* for Essays *more Eliacal*. May I trouble you to send my Magazine, not to Norris, but H. C. Robinson, Esq., King's Bench Walks, instead.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB

My friend Hood, a prime genius and hearty fellow, brings this.

CCCCLXX. — TO CHARLES OLLIER

Early, 1826.

Dear Ollier, — I send you two more proverbs, which will be the last of this batch, unless I send

you one more by the post on Thursday ; none will come after that day ; so do not leave any open room in that case. Hood sups with me to-night. Can you come and eat grouse ? 'Tis not often I offer at delicacies.

Yours most kindly, C. LAMB

CCCCLXXI. — TO CHARLES OLLIER

January, 1826.

Dear O., — We lamented your absence last night. The grouse were piquant, the backs incomparable. You must come in to cold mutton and oysters some evening. Name your evening ; though I have qualms at the distance. Do you never leave early ? My head is very queerish, and indisposed for much company ; but we will get Hood, that half Hogarth, to meet you. The scrap I send should come in *after* the *Rising with the Lark*.

Colburn, I take it, pays postages.

Yours truly

CCCCLXXII. — TO CHARLES OLLIER

January 25, 1826.

Dear O., — I send you eight more jests, with the terms which my friend asks, which you will be so kind as to get an answer to from Mr. Colburn, that I may tell him whether to go on with them. You will see his short note to me at the

end, and tear it off. It is not for me to judge, but, considering the scarceness of the materials, what he asks is, I think, mighty reasonable. *Do not let him be even known as a friend of mine.* You see what he says about five going in first as a taste, but these will make thirteen in all. Tell me by what time he need send more; I suppose not for some time (if you do not bring them out this month).

Keep a place for me till the middle of the month, for I cannot hit on anything yet. I mean nothing by my crotchets but extreme difficulty in writing. But I will go on as long as I can.

C. LAMB

CCCCLXXIII. — TO MR. HUDSON

February 1, 1826.

Sir, — I was requested by Mr. Godwin to enquire about a nurse that you want for a lady who requires constraint. The one I know does not go out now; but at Whitmore House, Mr. Warburton's, Hoxton (to which she belongs), I dare say you may be very properly provided. The terms are eight-and-twenty shillings a week, with her board; she finding her beer and washing: which is less expensive than for a female patient to be taken into a house of that description with any tolerable accommodation.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

C. LAMB

CCCCLXXIV.—TO CHARLES OLLIER

February 4, 1826.

Dear O.,—I send a proverb, and a common saying, which is all I shall have against next month. What may I say of *terms* to my Chinese friend? He will be on the fret, thinking he has ask'd more than Mr. C. will give, and he won't know whether to go on translating. Be explicit.

Yours truly, C. LAMB

Don't lose these: I keep no copies. Remember I don't want to palm a friend upon the Magazine. I am quite content with my single reception in it.

CCCCLXXV.—TO CHARLES OLLIER

1826.

Dear O.,—We dine at four on Monday. As I expect the authoress to tea, pray have a bit of opinion to give on her manuscript, or she will haunt me.

Could you let me have the last magazine I wrote in, and which I had not about July or August last, containing the *Essay on Sulkiness*, being the last of the *Popular Fallacies*.

Till I see you. A-Dieu.

C. LAMB

CCCCLXXVI.—TO WILLIAM HAZLITT

1826.

Dear H., — Lest you should come to-morrow, I write to say that Mary is ill again. The last thing she read was the *Thursday Nights*, which seem'd to give her unmixed delight, and she was sorry for what she said to you that night. The *Article* is a treasure to us for ever. Stoddart sent over the magazine to know if it were yours, and says it is better than Hogarth's *Mod. Midn. Conversation*, with several other most kind mentions of it: he signs his note, *An old Mitre Courtian*.

C. LAMB

CCCCLXXVII.—TO BERNARD BARTON

February 7, 1826.

Dear B. B., — I got your book not more than five days ago, so am not so negligent as I must have appeared to you with a fortnight's sin upon my shoulders. I tell you with sincerity that I think you have completely succeeded in what you intended to do. What is poetry may be disputed. These are poetry to me at least. They are concise, pithy, and moving. Uniform as they are, and unhistorify'd, I read them thro' at two sittings without one sensation approaching to tedium. I do not know that among your many kind presents of this nature this is not my favourite volume. The language is never lax, and there

is a unity of design and feeling: you wrote them *with love* — to avoid the cox-combical phrase *con amore*. I am particularly pleased with the *Spiritual Law*, pages 34–5. It reminded me of Quarles, and Holy Mr. Herbert, as Izaak Walton calls him: the two best, if not only, of our devotional poets, tho' some prefer Watts, and some *Tom Moore*.

I am far from well or in my right spirits, and shudder at pen and ink work. I poke out a monthly crudity for Colburn in his magazine, which I call *Popular Fallacies*, and periodically crush a proverb or two, setting up my folly against the wisdom of nations. Do you see the *New Monthly*?

One word I must object to in your little book, and it recurs more than once — *fadeless* is no genuine compound; *loveless* is, because love is a noun as well as verb, but what is a fade? — and I do not quite like whipping the Greek drama upon the back of “Genesis,” page 8. I do not like praise handed in by disparagement; as I objected to a side censure on Byron, &c., in the lines on Bloomfield: with these poor cavils excepted, your verses are without a flaw.

C. LAMB

My kind remembrances to your daughter and A. K. always.

CCCCLXXVIII.— TO CHARLES OLLIER

March 16, 1826.

Dear Ollier, — If not too late, pray omit the last paragraph in *Actors' Religion*, which is clumsy. It will then end with the word Mugletonian. I shall not often trouble you in this manner, but I am suspicious of this article as lame.

C. LAMB

CCCCLXXIX.— TO BERNARD BARTON

March 20, 1826.

Dear B. B., — You may know my letters by the paper and the folding. For the former, I live on scraps obtained in charity from an old friend whose stationery is a permanent perquisite; for folding, I shall do it neatly when I learn to tye my neckcloths. I surprise most of my friends by writing to them on ruled paper, as if I had not got past pothooks and hangers. Sealing wax, I have none on my establishment. Wafers of the coarsest bran supply its place. When my Epistles come to be weighed with Pliny's, however superior to the Roman in delicate irony, judicious reflexions, &c., his gilt post will bribe over the judges to him.

All the time I was at the East India House I never mended a pen; I now cut 'em to the stumps, marring rather than mending the primitive goose quill. I cannot bear to pay for articles

I used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some stall in Mesopotamos, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing. When I write to a great man, at the Court end, he opens with surprise upon a naked note, such as Whitechapel people interchange, with no sweet degrees of envelope: I never inclosed one bit of paper in another, nor understand the rationale of it. Once only I seal'd with borrow'd wax, to set Walter Scott a-wondering, sign'd with the imperial quarter'd arms of England, which my friend Field gives in compliment to his descent in the female line from O. Cromwell. It must have set his antiquarian curiosity upon watering.

To your questions upon the currency, I refer you to Mr. Robinson's last speech, where, if you can find a solution, I cannot. I think this, tho', the best ministry we ever stumbled upon. Gin reduced four shillings in the gallon, wine two shillings in the quart. This comes home to men's minds and bosoms. My tirade against visitors was not meant *particularly* at you or A. K. I scarce know what I meant, for I do not just now feel the grievance. I wanted to make an *article*. So in another thing I talk'd of somebody's *insipid wife*, without a correspondent object in my head: and a good lady, a friend's wife, whom I really *love* (don't startle, I mean in a licit way) has looked shyly on me ever since.

The blunders of personal application are ludicrous. I send out a character every now and then, on purpose to exercise the ingenuity of my friends. *Popular Fallacies* will go on; that word "concluded" is an *erratum*, I suppose, for continued. I do not know how it got stuff'd in there. A little thing without name will also be printed on the *Religion of the Actors*, but it is out of your way, so I recommend you, with true author's hypocrisy, to skip it. We are about to sit down to roast beef, at which we could wish A. K., B. B., and B. B.'s pleasant daughter to be humble partakers. So much for my hint at visitors, which was scarcely calculated for drop-pers in from Woodbridge. The sky does not drop such larks every day.

My very kindest wishes to you all three, with my sister's best love.

C. LAMB

CCCCLXXX.— TO S. T. COLERIDGE

March 22, 1826.

Dear C.,— We will with great pleasure be with you on Thursday in the next week early. Your finding out my style in your nephew's pleasant book is surprising to me. I want eyes to descry it. You are a little too hard upon his morality, though I confess he has more of Sterne about him than of Sternhold. But he saddens into excellent sense before the conclusion. Your query shall be submitted to Miss Kelly, though

it is obvious that the pantomime, when done, will be more easy to decide upon than in proposal. I say, do it by all means.

I have Decker's play by me, if you can filch anything out of it. Miss Gray, with her kitten eyes, is an actress, though she shows it not at all, and pupil to the former, whose gestures she mimics in comedy to the disparagement of her own natural manner, which is agreeable. It is funny to see her bridling up her neck, which is native to F. K. ; but there is no setting another's manners upon one's shoulders any more than their head. I am glad you esteem Manning, though you see but his husk or shrine. He discloses not, save to select worshippers, and will leave the world without any one hardly but me knowing how stupendous a creature he is. I am perfecting myself in the *Ode to Eton College* against Thursday, that I may not appear unclassic. I have just discovered that it is much better than the *Elegy*. In haste, C. L.

P. S. — I do not know what to say to your *latest* theory about Nero being the Messiah, though by all accounts he was a 'nointed one.

CCCCLXXXI. — TO H. F. CARY

April 3, 1826.

Dear Sir, — It is whispered me that you will not be unwilling to look into our doleful hermit-

age. Without more preface, you will gladden our cell by accompanying our old chums of the *London*, Darley and Allan Cunningham, to Enfield on Wednesday. You shall have hermit's fare, with talk as seraphical as the novelty of the divine life will permit, with an innocent retrospect to the world which we have left, when I will thank you for your hospitable offer at Chiswick, and with plain hermit reasons evince the necessity of abiding here.

Without hearing from you, then, you shall give us leave to expect you. I have long had it on my conscience to invite you, but spirits have been low; and I am indebted to chance for this awkward but most sincere invitation.

Yours, with best love to Mrs. Cary,

C. LAMB

Darley knows all about the coaches. Oh, for a Museum in the wilderness!

#### CCCCLXXXII.—TO CHARLES OLLIER

April, 1826.

Dear O.,—Will you let the fair bearer have a magazine for me for this month (April)—and can you let me have for my Chinese friend one of last month (March) and of this (in case only that something of his is inserted)? Is such a privilege conceded to occasional contributors of having the numbers they appear in? I do not

want it, if not usual, . . . and send a line if he may go on with the jests. Yours,

C. LAMB

Write, if but a line.

1 Mag. for me, Apr.

1 for Chinaman, March.

1 Do. (if jests are in) Apr.

---

3 books, or at least 1 for me. If you are out, I'll call to-morrow.

CCCCLXXXIII.—TO VINCENT NOVELLO

[P. M. May 9, 1826.]

Dear N., — You will not expect us to-morrow, I am sure, while these damn'd Northeasters continue. We must wait the Zephyrs' pleasures. By the bye, I was at Highgate on Wensday, the only one of the Party. Yours truly, C. LAMB

*Summer*, as my friend Coleridge waggishly writes, has set in with its usual severity.

Kind remembrances to Mrs. Novello, &c.

CCCCLXXXIV.—TO BERNARD BARTON

May 16, 1826.

Dear B. B., — I have had no spirits lately to begin a letter to you, though I am under obligations to you (how many!) for your neat little poem. 'T is just what it professes to be, a simple

tribute in chaste verse, serious and sincere. I do not know how Friends will relish it, but we out-lyers, Honorary Friends, like it very well. I have had my head and ears stuff'd up with the east winds. A continual ringing in my brain of bells jangled, or the spheres touch'd by some raw angel. It is not George Third trying the hundredth psalm? I get my music for nothing. But the weather seems to be softening, and will thaw my stunnings. Coleridge writing to me a week or two since begins his note — "Summer has set in with its usual severity." A cold summer is all I know of disagreeable in cold. I do not mind the utmost rigour of real winter, but these smiling hypocrites of Mays wither me to death. My head has been a ringing chaos, like the day the winds were made, before they submitted to the discipline of a weathercock, before the quarters were made.

In the street, with the blended noises of life about me, I hear, and my head is lightened, but in a room the hubbub comes back, and I am deaf as a sinner. Did I tell you of a pleasant sketch Hood has done, which he calls *Very Deaf Indeed?* It is of a good-natur'd stupid-looking old gentleman, whom a footpad has stopt, but for his extreme deafness cannot make him understand what he wants; the unconscious old gentleman is extending his ear-trumpet very complacently, and the fellow is firing a pistol into it to make him hear, but the ball will

pierce his skull sooner than the report reach his sensorium. I chuse a very little bit of paper, for my ear hisses when I bend down to write. I can hardly read a book, for I miss that small soft voice which the idea of articulated words raises (almost imperceptibly to you) in a silent reader. I seem too deaf to see what I read. But with a touch or two of returning Zephyr my head will melt. What lyes you Poets tell about the May! It is the most ungenial part of the year, cold crocuses, cold primroses, you take your blossoms in ice, a painted sun, —

Unmeaning joy around appears,  
And Nature smiles as if she sneers.

It is ill with me when I begin to look which way the wind sits. Ten years ago I literally did not know the point from the broad end of the vane, which it was that indicated the quarter. I hope these ill winds have blow'd *over* you, as they do thro' me. Kindest remembrances to you and yours. C. L.

CCCCLXXXV.—TO S. T. COLERIDGE

June 1, 1826.

Dear Coleridge, — If I know myself, nobody more detests the display of personal vanity which is implied in the act of sitting for one's picture than myself. But the fact is, that the likeness which accompanies this letter was stolen from my person at one of my unguarded moments by

some too partial artist, and my friends are pleased to think that he has not much flattered me. Whatever its merits may be, you, who have so great an interest in the original, will have a satisfaction in tracing the features of one that has so long esteemed you. There are times when in a friend's absence these graphic representations of him almost seem to bring back the man himself. The painter, whoever he was, seems to have taken me in one of those disengaged moments, if I may so term them, when the native character is so much more honestly displayed than can be possible in the restraints of an enforced sitting attitude. Perhaps it rather describes me as a thinking man than a man in the act of thought. Whatever its pretensions, I know it will be dear to you, towards whom I should wish my thoughts to flow in a sort of an undress rather than in the more studied graces of diction.

I am, dear Coleridge, yours sincerely,

C. LAMB

CCCCLXXXVI.—TO LOUISA HOLCROFT

Enfield, June 17, 1826.

Dear Louisa, — I think I know the house you have in view. It is a capital old manor house lately in possession of Lord Cadogan. But whether it be that or another, we shall have in the meantime a small room and bed to let, pretty cheap, only two smiles a week, and find

your own washing. If you are not already on the road, set out from the Bell, Holborn, at half-past four, and ask to be set down at Mr. Lamb's on the Chase. Mary joins in the hope of seeing you very speedily, and in love to you all.

Yours truly, C. LAMB

Mary has left off writing letters; I do all.

CCCCLXXXVII.—TO JOHN B. DIBDIN

June 30, 1826.

Dear D.,— My first impulse upon opening your letter was pleasure at seeing your old neat hand, nine parts gentlemanly, with a modest dash of the clerical: my second a thought, natural enough this hot weather, Am I to answer all this? why 'tis as long as those to the Ephesians and Galatians put together — I have counted the words for curiosity. But then Paul has nothing like the fun which is ebullient all over yours. I don't remember a good thing (good like yours) from the 1st Romans to the last of the Hebrews. I remember but one pun in all the Evangely, and that was made by his and our Master: Thou art Peter (that is Doctor Rock) and upon this rock will I build, &c.; which sanctifies punning with me against all gainsayers. I never knew an enemy to puns who was not an ill-natured man.

Your fair critic in the coach reminds me of a Scotchman who assured me that he did not see

much in Shakspeare. I replied, I dare say *not*. He felt the equivoke, look'd awkward, and reddish, but soon return'd to the attack, by saying that he thought Burns was as good as Shakspeare: I said that I had no doubt he was — to a *Scotchman*. We exchang'd no more words that day. Your account of the fierce faces in the Hanging, with the presumed interlocution of the eagle and the tiger, amused us greatly. You cannot be so very bad, while you can pick mirth off from rotten walls. But let me hear you have escaped out of your oven. May the Form of the Fourth Person who clapt invisible wet blankets about the shoulders of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, be with you in the fiery trial. But get out of the frying-pan. Your business, I take it, is bathing, not baking.

Let me hear that you have clamber'd up to Lover's Seat; it is as fine in that neighbourhood as Juan Fernandez, as lonely too, when the fishing-boats are not out; I have sat for hours, staring upon a shipless sea. The salt sea is never so grand as when it is left to itself. One cockboat spoils it. A sea-mew or two improves it. And go to the little church, which is a very protestant Loretto, and seems dropt by some angel for the use of a hermit, who was at once parishioner and a whole parish. It is not too big. Go in the night, bring it away in your portmanteau, and I will plant it in my garden. It must have been erected in the very infancy of British Chris-

tianity, for the two or three first converts; yet hath it all the appertenances of a church of the first magnitude; its pulpit, its pews, its baptismal font — a cathedral in a nutshell. Seven people would crowd it like a Caledonian Chapel. The minister that divides the word there, must give lumping pennyworths. It is built to the text of “two or three assembled in my name.” It reminds me of the grain of mustard seed. If the glebe land is proportionate, it may yield two potatoes. Tythes out of it could be no more split than a hair. Its first-fruits must be its last, for ’t would never produce a couple. It is truly the strait and narrow way, and few there be (of London visitants) that find it. The still small voice is surely to be found there, if anywhere. A sounding-board is merely there for ceremony. It is secure from earthquakes, not more from sanctity than size, for ’t would feel a mountain thrown upon it no more than a taper-worm would. Go and see, but not without your spectacles.

By the way, there’s a capital farm-house two-thirds of the way to the Lover’s Seat, with incomparable plum cake, ginger-beer, &c. Mary bids me warn you not to read the *Anatomy of Melancholy* in your present *low way*. You’ll fancy yourself a pipkin, or a headless bear, as Burton speaks of. You’ll be lost in a maze of remedies for a labyrinth of diseasements, a plethora of cures. Read Fletcher; above all the *Spanish Curate*, the *Thief*, or *Little Nightwalker*, the *Wit Without*

*Money*, and the *Lover's Pilgrimage*. Laugh and come home fat. Neither do we think Sir T. Browne quite the thing for you just at present. Fletcher is as light as soda-water. Browne and Burton are too strong potions for an invalid. And don't thumb or dirt the books. Take care of the bindings. Lay a leaf of silver paper under 'em, as you read them. And don't smoke tobacco over 'em, — the leaves will fall in and burn or dirty their namesakes. If you find any dusty atoms of the Indian weed crumbled up in the Beaumont and Fletcher, they are *mine*. But then, you know, so is the folio also. A pipe and a comedy of Fletcher's the last thing of a night is the best recipe for light dreams and to scatter away nightmares. *Probatum est*. But do as you like about the former. Only cut the Baker's. You will come home else all crust; Rankings must chip you before you can appear in his counting-house.

And my dear Peter Fin, Junr., do contrive to see the sea at least once before you return. You'll be ask'd about it in the Old Jewry. It will appear singular not to have seen it. And rub up your Muse, the family Muse, and send us a rhyme or so. Don't waste your wit upon that damn'd Dry Salter. I never knew but one Dry Salter, who could relish those mellow effusions, and he broke. You knew Tommy Hill, the wettest of dry salters. Dry Salters, what a word for this thirsty weather! I must drink after it.

Here's to thee, my dear Dibdin, and to our having you again snug and well at Colebrooke. But our nearest hopes are to hear again from you shortly. An epistle only a quarter as agreeable as your last, would be a treat.

Yours most truly, C. LAMB

NOTE

[Dibdin, who was in delicate health, had gone to Hastings to recruit, with a parcel of Lamb's books for company. He seems to have been lodged above the oven at a baker's. This letter contains Lamb's crowning description of Hollingdon Rural Church. — E. V. LUCAS.]

CCCCLXXXVIII. — TO JOHN B. DIBDIN

July 14, 1826.

Because you boast poetic Grandsire,  
And rhyming kin, both Uncle and Sire,  
Dost think that none but *their* Descendings  
Can tickle folks with double endings?  
I had a Dad, that would for half a bet  
Have put down thine thro' half the alphabet.  
Thou, who would be Dan Prior the second,  
For Dan Posterior must be reckon'd.  
In faith, dear Tim, your rhymes are slovenly,  
As a man may say, dough-baked and ovenly;  
Tedious and long as two long Acres,  
And smell most vilely of the Baker's.  
(I have been cursing every limb o' thee,  
Because I could not hitch in *Timothy*.  
Jack, Will, Tom, Dick's, a serious evil,  
But Tim, plain Tim's — the very devil.)  
Thou most incorrigible scribbler,  
Right Watering place and cockney dribbler,

What *child*, that barely understands *A*,  
*B*, *C*, would ever dream that Stanza  
 Would tinkle into rhyme with "Plan, Sir"?  
 Go, go, you are not worth an answer.  
 I had a Sire, that at plain Crambo  
 Had hit you o'er the pate a damn'd blow.  
 How now? may I die game, and you die brass,  
 But I have stol'n a quip from Hudibras.  
 'T was thinking on that fine old Suttler, }  
 That was in faith a second Butler; }  
 Had as queer rhymes as he, and subtler. }  
 He would have put you to 't this weather  
 For rattling syllables together;  
 Rhym'd you to death, like "rats in Ireland,"  
 Except that he was born in High'r Land.  
 His chimes, not cramp't like thine, and rung ill,  
 Had made Job split his sides on dunghill.  
 There was no limit to his merryings  
 At christ'nings, weddings, nay at buryings.  
 No undertaker would live near him,  
 Those grave practitioners did fear him;  
 Mutes, at his merry mops, turned "vocal,"  
 And fellows, hired for silence, "spoke all."  
 No *body* could be laid in cavity,  
 Long as he lived, with proper gravity.  
 His mirth-fraught eye had but to glitter,  
 And every mourner round must titter.  
 The Parson, prating of Mount Hermon,  
 Stood still to laugh, in midst of sermon.  
 The final Sexton (smile he *must* for him)  
 Could hardly get to "dust to dust" for him.  
 He lost three pall-bearers their livelyhood,  
 Only with simp'ring at his lively mood:  
 Provided that they fresh and neat came,  
 All jests were fish that to his net came.  
 He'd banter Apostolic castings,  
 As you jeer fishermen at Hastings.  
 When the fly bit, *like me*, he leapt-o'er-all,  
 And stood not much on what was scriptural.

P. S.

I had forgot, at Small Bohemia  
(Enquire the way of your maid Euphemia)  
Are sojourning, of all good fellows  
The prince and princess, — the *Novellos*.  
Pray seek 'em out, and give my love to 'em ;  
You 'll find you 'll soon be hand and glove to 'em.

In prose, Little Bohemia, about a mile from Hastings in the Hollington road, when you can get so far. Dear Dib, I find relief in a word or two of prose. In truth my rhymes come slow. You have “routh of 'em.” It gives us pleasure to find you keep your good spirits. Your letter did us good. Pray heaven you are got out at last. Write quickly.

This letter will introduce you, if 't is agreeable. Take a donkey. 'T is Novello the composer and his wife, our very good friends.

C. L.

CCCCLXXXIX.—TO EDWARD COLERIDGE

July 19, 1826.

Dear Sir, — It was not till to-day that I learned the extent of your kindness to my friend's child. I never meant to ask a favour of that magnitude. I begged a civility merely, not *an important benefit*. But you have done it, and S. T. C., who is about writing to you, will tell you better than I can how I feel upon the occasion. It is an alleviation to any uneasy sense of obligation, which will sometimes be upper-

most, to reflect that you could not have served a more worthy creature than I believe Samuel Bloxam to be. That must be my poor comfort.

I remain, your faithful beadsman, in less honest phrase, tho' less homely, your obliged humble servant,

CH. LAMB

CCCCXC.—TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

September 6, 1826.

My dear Wordsworth, — The bearer of this is my young friend Moxon, a young lad with a Yorkshire head, and a heart that would do honour to a more Southern county: no offence to Westmoreland. He is one of Longman's best hands, and can give you the best account of the Trade as 't is now going; or stopping. For my part, the failure of a bookseller is not the most unpalatable accident of mortality, —

sad but not saddest

The desolation of a hostile city.

When Constable fell from heaven, and we all hoped Baldwin was next, I tuned a slight stave to the words in Macbeth (Davenant's) to be sung by a chorus of authors, —

What should we do when Booksellers break?

We should rejoyce.

Moxon is but a tradesman in the bud yet, and retains his virgin honesty; *Esto perpetua*, for he is a friendly serviceable fellow, and thinks no-

thing of lugging up a cargo of the newest novels once or twice a week from the Row to Colebrooke to gratify my sister's passion for the newest things. He is her Bodley. He is author besides of a poem which for a first attempt is promising. It is made up of common images, and yet contrives to read originally. You see the writer felt all he pours forth, and has not palmed upon you expressions which he did not believe at the time to be more his own than adoptive. Rogers has paid him some proper compliments, with sound advice intermixed, upon a slight introduction of him by me; for which I feel obliged. Moxon has petition'd me by letter (for he had not the confidence to ask it in London) to introduce him to you during his holydays; pray pat him on the head, ask him a civil question or two about his verses, and favour him with your genuine autograph. He shall not be further troublesome. I think I have not sent any one upon a gaping mission to you a good while.

We are all well, and I have at last broke the bonds of business a second time, never to put 'em on again. I pitch Colburn and his magazine to the divil. I find I can live without the necessity of writing, tho' last year I fretted myself to a fever with the hauntings of being starved. Those vapours are flown. All the difference I find is that I have no pocket money: that is, I must not pry upon an old book-stall, and cull its contents as heretofore, but shoulders

of mutton, Whitbread's entire, and Booth's best, abound as formerly.

I don't know whom or how many to send our love to, your household is so frequently divided, but a general health to all that may be fixed or wandering stars, wherever. We read with pleasure some success (I forget quite what) of one of you at Oxford. Mrs. Monkhouse (\* \* \* was one of you) sent us a kind letter some [months back], and we had the pleasure to [see] her in tolerable spirits, looking well and kind as in bygone days.

Do take pen, or put it into good-natured hands Dorothean or Wordsworthian-female, or Hutchinsonian, to inform us of your present state, or possible proceedings. I am ashamed that this breaking of the long ice should be a letter of business. There is none *circum praecordia nostra* I swear by the honesty of pedantry, that wil I nil I pushes me upon scraps of Latin. We are yours cordially,

CHAS. AND MARY LAMB

#### NOTE

[The following is an abstract of what seems to be Lamb's first letter to Edward Moxon, obviously written before this date, but not out of place here. The letter seems to have accompanied the proof of an article on Lamb which he had corrected and was returning to Moxon. I quote from Sotheby's catalogue, May 13, 1903: "Were my own feelings consulted I should print it verbatim, but I won't hoax you, else I love a lye. My biography, parentage, place of birth, is a strange mistake, part founded on some nonsense

I wrote about Elia, and was true of him, the real Elia, whose name I took. \* \* \* C. L. was born in Crown Office Row, Inner Temple, in 1775. Admitted into Christ's Hospital, 1782, where he was contemporary with T. F. M. [Thomas Fanshawe Middleton], afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and with S. T. C.; with the last of these two eminent scholars he has enjoyed an intimacy through life. On quitting this foundation he became a junior clerk in the South Sea House under his elder brother, who died accountant there some years since. \* \* \* I am not the author of the *Opium Eater*, &c."—E. V. LUCAS.]

### CCCCXCI.—TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

September 9, 1826.

An answer is requested.

Dear D.,— I have observed that a letter is never more acceptable than when received upon a rainy day; especially a rainy Sunday; which moves me to send you somewhat, however short. This will find you sitting after breakfast, which you will have prolonged as far as you can with consistency to the poor handmaid that has the reversion of the tea leaves; making two nibbles of your last morsel of *stale* roll (you cannot have hot new ones on the Sabbath), and reluctantly coming to an end, because when that is done, what can you do till dinner? You cannot go to the beach, for the rain is drowning the sea, turning rank Thetis fresh, taking the brine out of Neptune's pickles, while mermaids sit upon rocks with umbrellas, their ivory combs sheathed for spoiling in the wet of waters foreign to them.

You cannot go to the library, for it's shut. You are not religious enough to go to church. O it is worth while to cultivate piety to the gods, to have something to fill the heart up on a wet Sunday! You cannot cast accounts, for your ledger is being eaten up with moths in the Ancient Jewry. You cannot play at draughts, for there is none to play with you, and besides there is not a draught board in the house. You cannot go to market, for it closed last night. You cannot look into the shops, their backs are shut upon you. You cannot read the Bible, for it is not good reading for the sick and the hypochondriacal. You cannot while away an hour with a friend, for you have no friend round that Wrekin. You cannot divert yourself with a stray acquaintance, for you have picked none up. You cannot bear the chiming of bells, for they invite you to a banquet, where you are no visitant. You cannot cheer yourself with the prospect of a to-morrow's letter, for none come on Mondays. You cannot count those endless vials on the mantelpiece with any hope of making a variation in their numbers. You have counted your spiders: your Bastile is exhausted. You sit and deliberately curse your hard exile from all familiar sights and sounds. Old Ranking poking in his head unexpectedly would just now be as good to you as Grimaldi. Anything to deliver you from this intolerable weight of ennui. You are too ill to shake it off: not ill enough to submit to it, and to lie down

as a lamb under it. The Tyranny of Sickness is nothing to the Cruelty of Convalescence: 't is to have Thirty Tyrants for one. That pattering rain drops on your brain. You 'll be worse after dinner, for you must dine at one to-day, that Betty may go to afternoon service. She insists upon having her chopped hay. And then when she goes out, who *was* something to you, something to speak to — what an interminable afternoon you 'll have to go thro'. You can't break yourself from your locality: you cannot say "To-morrow morning I set off for Banstead, by God;" for you are book'd for Wednesday. Foreseeing this, I thought a *cheerful letter* would come in opportunely. If any of the little topics for mirth I have thought upon should serve you in this utter extinguishment of sunshine, to make you a little merry, I shall have had my ends. I love to make things comfortable. [*Here is an erasure.*] This, which is scratch'd out, was the most material thing I had to say, but on maturer thoughts I defer it.

P.S. — We are just sitting down to dinner with a pleasant party, Coleridge, Reynolds the dramatist, and Sam Bloxam: to-morrow (that is, *to-day*), Liston, and Wyat of the Wells, dine with us. May this find you as jolly and freakish as we mean to be.

C. LAMB

CCCCXCII. — TO BERNARD BARTON

September 26, 1826.

Dear B. B., — I don't know why I have delay'd so long writing. 'T was a fault. The under-current of excuse to my mind was that I had heard of the vessel in which Mitford's jars were to come; that it had been obliged to put into Batavia to refit (which accounts for its delay), but was daily expected. Days are past, and it comes not, and the mermaids may be drinking their tea out of his china for aught I know; but let's hope not. In the meantime I have paid £28, &c., for the freight and prime cost (which I a little expected he would have settled in London). But do not mention it. I was enabled to do it by a receipt of £30 from Colburn, with whom, however, I have done. I should else have run short. For I just make ends meet. We will wait the arrival of the trinkets, and to ascertain their full expence, and then bring in the bill. (Don't mention it, for I daresay 't was mere thoughtlessness).

I am sorry you and yours have any plagues about dross matters. I have been sadly puzzled at the defalcation of more than one third of my income, out of which when entire I saved nothing. But cropping off wine, old books, &c., and in short all that can be call'd pocket-money, I hope to be able to go on at the cottage. Remember, I beg you not to say anything to Mitford, for if he be honest it will vex him: if not,

which I as little expect as that you should be, I have a hank still upon the *jars*.

Colburn had something of mine in last month, which he has had in hand these seven months, and had lost, or could n't find room for: I was used to different treatment in the *London*, and have forsworn periodicals.

I am going thro' a course of reading at the Museum: the Garrick plays, out of part of which I formed my Specimens: I have two thousand to go thro'; and in a few weeks have despatch'd the tythe of 'em. It is a sort of office to me; hours, ten to four, the same. It does me good. Man must have regular occupation, that has been used to it. So A[nna] K[night] keeps a school! She teaches nothing wrong, I'll answer for 't. I have a Dutch print of a schoolmistress; little old-fashioned Fleminglings, with only one face among them. She a princess of schoolmistress, wielding a rod for form more than use; the scene an old monastic chapel, with a Madonna over her head, looking just as serious, as thoughtful, as pure, as gentle, as herself. 'T is a type of thy friend.

Will you pardon my neglect? Mind, again I say, don't shew this to M.; let me wait a little longer to know the event of his luxuries. (I am sure he is a good fellow, tho' I made a serious Yorkshire lad, who met him, stare when I said he was a clergyman. He is a pleasant layman spoiled.) Heaven send him his jars uncrack'd,

and me my ——. Yours with kindest wishes to  
 your daughter and friend, in which Mary joins,  
 C. L.

CCCCXCIII.—TO BERNARD BARTON

[No date.]

Dear B. B., — If you have a convenient conveyance, pray transmit this to your friend Mr. Mitford. I have a prelibation of his china for him. It is coming home by the *James Scott* from Singapore, which I cannot learn is yet arrived. I copy my friend's letter dated Canton, December; he himself I find is in England, having *prevented* his own letter :

	Dollars
12 flower stands	10½
42 “ pots .	4½
10 cases . . .	8½
Chinese duties .	3½
	—————
Cost in China	27 dollars at 4/6 £6 1 6
Freight—Tons feet	
1 21½ at £16 per ton	22 14 4
	28 15 10

There will be duties *here* to pay; I do not know what. My friend says he is afraid Mr. M. will think them expensive. The articles themselves, he will see, at prime cost, are little or nothing, but the freight is most heavy, and

would have been half as much more by a Company's ship. I shall keep my eye upon the arrival of the *James Scott*, and take measures accordingly.

Yours truly, CHS. LAMB

I want a particular direction to Mr. M., that the jars, when they come, may be duly sent.

CCCCXCIV. — TO EDWARD MOXON

September, 1826.

I have had much trouble to find Field to-day. No matter. He was packing up for out of town. He has writ a handsomest letter, which you will transmit to Murray with your proof-sheets. Seal it.

Yours, C. L.

Mrs. Hood will drink tea with us on Thursday at half-past five *at latest*.

N. B. I have lost my Museum reading to-day, — a day with Titus, — owing to your dam'd bisness. I am the last to reproach anybody. I scorn it. If you shall have the whole book ready soon, it will be best for Murray to see.

CCCCXCV. — TO BERNARD BARTON

No date. Soon after preceding letter to Barton. 1826.

Dear *B. B.*, — The *Busy Bee*, as Hood after Dr. Watts apostrophises thee, and well dost thou deserve it for thy labours in the Muses' gardens,

wandering over parterres of think-on-me's and forget-me-nots, to a total impossibility of forgetting thee, — thy letter was acceptable, thy scruples may be dismissed, thou art *rectus in Curiâ*, not a word more to be said, *verbum sapienti* and so forth, the matter is decided with a white stone, classically, mark me, and the apparitions vanish'd which haunted me, only the cramp, Caliban's distemper, clawing me in the calvish part of my nature, makes me ever and anon roar bullishly, squeak cowardishly, and limp cripple-ishly. Do I write quakerly and simply? 't is my most Master Mathew-like intention to do it. See Ben Jonson. I think you told me your acquaintance with the drama was confin'd to Shakspeare and Miss Bailly: some read only Milton and Croly. The gap is as from an ananas to a turnip.

I have fighting in my head the plots, characters, situations, and sentiments of four hundred old plays (bran new to me) which I have been digesting at the Museum, and my appetite sharpens to twice as many more, which I mean to course over this winter. I can scarce avoid dialogue fashion in this letter. I soliloquise my meditations, and habitually speak dramatic blank verse without meaning it.

Do you see Mitford? he will tell you something of my labours. Tell him I am sorry to have mist seeing him, to have talk'd over those *Old Treasures*. I am still more sorry for his missing pots. But I shall be sure of the earliest intelli-

gence of the Lost Tribes. His *Sacred Specimens* are a thankful addition to my shelves. Marry, I could wish he had been more careful of corrigenda. I have discover'd certain which have slipt his errata. I put 'em in the next page, as perhaps thou canst transmit them to him. For what purpose but to grieve him (which yet I should be sorry to do), but then it shews my learning, and the excuse is complimentary, as it implies their correction in a future edition. His own things in the book are magnificent, and as an old Christ's Hospitaller I was particularly refresh'd with his eulogy on our Edward. Many of the choice *excerpta* were new to me.

Old Christmas is a-coming, to the confusion of Puritans, Muggletonians, Anabaptists, Quakers, and that Unwassailing Crew. He cometh not with his wonted gait, he is shrunk nine inches in the girth, but is yet a lusty fellow. Hood's book is mighty clever, and went off six hundred copies the first day. *Sion's Songs* do not disperse so quickly. The next leaf is for Rev. J. M. In this Adieu thine briefly in a tall friendship,

C. LAMB

CCCCXCVI.— TO THOMAS ALLSOP

January, 1827.

Dear Allsop, — Mary will take her chance of an early lunch or dinner with you on Thursday: she can't come on Wednesday. If I can, I will

fetch her home. But I am near killed with Christmasing ; and, if incompetent, your kindness will excuse me. I can scarce set foot to ground for a cramp that I took me last night.

Yours,

C. LAMB

CCCCXCVII. — TO HENRY C. ROBINSON

January 20, 1827.

Dear Robinson, — I called upon you this morning, and found that you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor Norris has been lying dying for now almost a week, such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed a strong constitution ! Whether he knew me or not, I know not, or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes ; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his wife and two daughters, and poor deaf Richard, his son, looking doubly stupified. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs. Norris. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time I hope it is all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships ever since. Those are friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he first

knew me. To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now. He was the last link that bound me to the Temple. You are but of yesterday. In him seem to have died the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Letters he knew nothing of, nor did his reading extend beyond the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Yet there was a pride of literature about him from being amongst books (he was librarian), and from some scraps of doubtful Latin which he had picked up in his office of entering students, that gave him very diverting airs of pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, when he had been in vain trying to make out a black-letter text of Chaucer in the Temple Library, he laid it down and told me that — “in those old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling;” and seemed to console himself in the reflection! His jokes (for he had his jokes) are now ended, but they were old trusty perennials, staples that pleased after *decies repetita*, and were always as good as new. One song he had, which was reserved for the night of Christmas-day, which we always spent in the Temple. It was an old thing, and spoke of the flat bottoms of our foes and the possibility of their coming over in darkness, and alluded to threats of an invasion many years blown over; and when he came to the part, —

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,  
In spite of the devil and *Brussels Gazette*!

his eyes would sparkle as with the freshness of an impending event. And what is the *Brussels Gazette* now? I cry while I enumerate these trifles. "How shall we tell them in a stranger's ear?" His poor good girls will now have to receive their afflicted mother in an inaccessible hovel in an obscure village in Herts, where they have been long struggling to make a school without effect; and poor deaf Richard — and the more helpless for being so — is thrown on the wide world.

My first motive in writing, and, indeed, in calling on you, was to ask if you were enough acquainted with any of the Benchers, to lay a plain statement before them of the circumstances of the family. I almost fear not, for you are of another hall. But if you can oblige me and my poor friend, who is now insensible to any favours, pray exert yourself. You cannot say too much good of poor Norris and his poor wife.

Yours ever, CHARLES LAMB

#### NOTE

[This letter, describing the death of Randall Norris, Sub-Treasurer and Librarian of the Inner Temple, was printed with only very slight alterations in Hone's *Table Book*, 1827, and again in the *Last Essays of Elia*, 1833, under the title "A Death-Bed." It was, however, taken out of the second edition, and "Confessions of a Drunkard" substituted, in deference to the wishes of Norris's family. Mrs. Norris was a native of Widford, where she had known Mrs. Field, Lamb's grandmother. With her son Richard, who was deaf and peculiar, Mrs. Norris moved to Widford again, where the

daughters, Miss Betsy and Miss Jane, had opened a school — Goddard House; which they retained until a legacy restored the family prosperity. Soon after that they both married, each a farmer named Tween. They survived until quite recently. Mrs. Coe, an old scholar at the Misses Norris's school in the twenties, gave me, in 1902, some reminiscences of those days, from which I quote a passage or so:

When he joined the Norrises' dinner-table he kept every one laughing. Mr. Richard sat at one end, and some of the school children would be there too. One day Mr. Lamb gave every one a fancy name all round the table, and made a verse on each. "You are so-and-so," he said, "and you are so-and-so," adding the rhyme. "What 's he saying? What are you laughing at?" Mr. Richard asked testily, for he was short-tempered. Miss Betsy explained the joke to him, and Mr. Lamb, coming to his turn, said — only he said it in verse — "Now, Dick, it 's your turn. I shall call you Gruborum; because all you think of is your food and your stomach." Mr. Richard pushed back his chair in a rage and stamped out of the room. "Now I've done it," said Mr. Lamb: "I must go and make friends with my old chum. Give me a large plate of pudding to take to him." When he came back he said, "It 's all right. I thought the pudding would do it." Mr. Lamb and Mr. Richard never got on very well, and Mr. Richard did n't like his teasing ways at all; but Mr. Lamb often went for long walks with him, because no one else would. He did many kind things like that.

There used to be a half-holiday when Mr. Lamb came, partly because he would force his way into the schoolroom and make seriousness impossible. His head would suddenly appear at the door in the midst of lessons, with "Well, Betsy! How do, Jane?" "O, Mr. Lamb!" they would say, and that was the end of work for that day. He was really rather naughty with the children. One of his tricks was to teach them a new kind of catechism (Mrs. Coe does not remember it, but we may rest assured, I fear, that it was secular), and he made a great fuss with Lizzie Hunt for her skill in saying the Lord's Prayer backwards, which he had taught her. — E. V. LUCAS.]

## CCCCXCVIII. — TO HENRY C. ROBINSON

January 20, 1827.

Dear R., — N. is dead. I have writ as nearly as I could to look like a letter meant for *your eye only*. Will it do?

Could you distantly hint (do as your own judg-

ment suggests) that if his son could be got in as clerk to the new subtreasurer, it would be all his father wish'd? But I leave that to you. I don't want to put you upon anything disagreeable.

Yours thankfully, C. L.

CCCCXCIX. — TO THOMAS ALLSOP

January 25, 1827.

My dear Allsop, — I cannot forbear thanking you for your kind interference with Taylor, whom I do not expect to see in haste at Islington.

It is hardly weather to ask a dog up here, but I need hardly say how happy we shall be to see you. I cannot be out of evenings till John Frost be routed. We came home from Newman Street the other night late, and I was cramp't all night.

Love to Mrs. Allsop. Yours truly, C. L.

D. — TO WILLIAM HONE

January 27, 1827.

Dear Sir, — It is not unknown to you that about sixteen years since I published *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare*. For the scarcer plays I had recourse to the collection bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Garrick. But my time was but short; and my subsequent leisure has discovered in it a treasure rich and exhaustless beyond what I then imagined. In it is to be found almost every

production, in the shape of a play, that has appeared in print since the time of the old mysteries and moralities to the days of Crown and D'Urfey. Imagine the luxury to one like me — who, above every other form of poetry, have ever preferred the dramatic — of sitting in the princely apartments, for such they are, of poor, condemned Montagu House, — which, I predict, will not soon be followed by a handsomer, — and culling at will the flowers of some thousand dramas! It is like having the range of a nobleman's library, with the librarian to your friend. Nothing can exceed the courteousness and attentions of the gentleman who has the chief direction of the reading-rooms here; and you have scarce to ask for a volume before it is laid before you. If the occasional extracts which I have been tempted to bring away may find an appropriate place in your *Table Book*, some of them are weekly at your service. By those who remember the *Specimens* these must be considered as mere after-gleanings, supplementary to that work, only comprising a longer period. You must be content with sometimes a scene, sometimes a song, a speech, a passage, or a poetical image, as they happen to strike me. I read without order of time; I am a poor hand at dates; and, for any biography of the dramatists, I must refer to writers who are more skilful in such matters. My business is with their poetry only.

Your well-wisher,

C. LAMB

## DI.— TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

January 29, 1827.

Dear Robinson, — If you have not seen Mr. Gurney, leave him quite alone for the present, I have seen Mr. Jekyll, who is as friendly as heart can desire; he entirely approves of my formula of petition, and gave your very reasons for the propriety of the “little village of Hertfordshire.” Now, Mr. G. might not approve of it, and then we should clash. Also, Mr. J. wishes it to be presented next week, and Mr. G. might fix earlier, which would be awkward. Mr. J. was so civil to me that I *think it would be better NOT for you to show him that letter you intended.* Nothing can increase his zeal in the cause of poor Mr. Norris. Mr. Gardiner will see you with this, and learn from you all about it, and consult, if you have seen Mr. G. and he has fixed a time, how to put it off. Mr. J. is most friendly to the boy: I think you had better not tease the treasurer any more about *him*, as it may make him less friendly to the petition.

Yours ever, C. L.

## DII.— TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

January, 1827.

Dear R., — Do not say anything to Mr. G. about the day *or* petition, for Mr. Jekyll wishes it to be next week, and thoroughly approves of my formula, and Mr. G. might not, and then they

will clash. Only speak to him of Gardner's wish to have the lad. Mr. Jekyll was excessive friendly.

C. L.

#### DIII. — TO THOMAS ALLSOP

February 2, 1827.

My dear friend, — I went to Highgate this day. I gave to S. T. C. your letter which he immediately answered, and to which Mrs. G. insisted upon adding her own. They seem to me *all* exceedingly to partake in your troubles. Pray get over your reluctance to paying him a visit, see and talk with him. Hear what he has to say, connected closely with his own expectations, as to your desire. Something, I believe, is doing for him. But hear him himself, look him and your affairs in the face. Older men than you have surmounted worse difficulties. I should have written straight to you from Highgate, but we have had a source of troubles this last week or two, and yours added to it, have broke my spirits. I could hardly drag to and from Highgate. If you don't like to go, better appoint him *your, my* house, or anywhere, but meet him. I am sure there is great reason you should not shun him, for I found him thinking on your perplexities and wanting to see you.

Mary's and my best love to Mrs. Allsop,

Yours ever, C. LAMB

DIV.— TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

February 2, 1827.

Dear Cowden, — Your books are as the gushing of streams in a desert. By the way, you have sent no autobiographies. Your letter seems to imply you had. Nor do I want any. Cowden, they are of the books which I give away. What damn'd Unitarian skewer-soul'd things the general biographies turn out.

*Rank* and *Talent* you shall have when Mrs. Mary has done with 'em. Mary likes *Mrs. Bedford* much. For me I read nothing but *Astrea* — it has turn'd my brain — I go about with a switch turn'd up at the end for a crook ; and Lambs being too old, the butcher tells me, my cat follows me in a green ribband. Becky and her cousin are getting pastoral dresses, and then we shall all four go about Arcadizing. O cruel Shepherdess ! Inconstant yet fair, and more inconstant for being fair ! Her gold ringlets fell in a disorder superior to order !

Come and join us. I am called the Black Shepherd — you shall be Cowden with the Tuft. Prosaically, we shall be glad to have you both — or any two of you — drop in by surprise some Saturday night.

This must go off. Loves to Vittoria.

C. L.

DV. — TO WILLIAM HONE

February 5, 1827.

For God's sake be more sparing of your poetry: your this week's number has an excess of it.

In haste,

C. L.

DVI. — TO B. R. HAYDON

March, 1827.

Dear Raffaele Haydon, — Did the maid tell you I came to see your picture, not on Sunday but the day before? I think the face and bearing of the Bucephalus-tamer very noble, his flesh too effeminate or painty. The skin of the female's back kneeling is much more carnous. I had small time to pick out praise or blame, for two lord-like bucks came in, upon whose strictures my presence seemed to impose restraint: I plebeian'd off therefore.

I think I have hit on a subject for you, but can't swear it was never executed, — I never heard of its being, — "Chaucer beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street." Think of the old dresses, houses, &c. "It seemeth that both these learned men (Gower and Chaucer) were of the Inner Temple; for not many years since, Master Buckley did see a record in the same house where Geoffry Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street."

*Chaucer's Life* by T. Speght, prefixed to the black letter folio of *Chaucer*, 1598.

Yours in haste (salt fish waiting), C. LAMB

DVII.—TO WILLIAM HONE

March 20, 1827.

Damnab!e *erratum* (can't you notice it?) in the last line but two of the last *Extract* in No. 9, *Garrick Plays*, —

Blushing forth golden hair and glorious red :

A sun-bright line spoil'd.

67. *Blush* for *Blushing*.

N. B. — The general number was excellent. Also a few lines higher, —

Restrain'd Liberty attain'd is sweet

should have a full stop. 'T is the end of the old man's speech. These little blemishes kill such delicate things; prose feeds on grosser punctualities. You have now three numbers in hand; one I sent you yesterday. Of course I send no more till Sunday week.

P.S. Omitted above, Dear Hone. C. L.

DVIII.—TO VINCENT NOVELLO

April, 1827.

Dear Sir, — I conjure you, in the name of all the Sylvan Deities, and of the Muses, whom you

honour, and they reciprocally love and honour you, rescue this old and passionate *Ditty* — the very flower of an old, forgotten *Pastoral*, which, had it been in all parts equal, the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher had been but a second name in this sort of writing — rescue it from the profane hands of every common composer; and in one of your tranquildest moods, when you have most leisure from those sad thoughts which sometimes unworthily beset you — yet a mood in itself not unallied to the better sort of melancholy — laying by, for once, the lofty organ, with which you shake the Temples, attune, as to the pipe of Paris himself, to some milder and love-according instrument, this pretty courtship between Paris and his (then-not-as-yet-forsaken) *Cœnone*. Oblige me, and all more knowing judges of music and of poesy by the adaptation of fit musical numbers, which it only wants, to be the rarest love dialogue in our language.

Your Implore, C. L.

#### DIX. — TO WILLIAM HONE

April, 1827.

Dear H., — Never come to our house and not come in. I was quite vex'd.

Yours truly, C. L.

There is in *Blackwood* this month an article most affecting indeed called *Le Revenant*, and

would do more towards abolishing capital punishments than 400,000 Romillies or Montagues. I beg you read it and see if you can extract any of it,—*the Trial scene in particular.*

DX.—TO THOMAS HOOD

May, 1827.

Dearest Hood,—Your news has spoil'd us a merry meeting. Miss Kelly and we were coming, but your letter elicited a flood of tears from Mary, and I saw she was not fit for a party. God bless you and the mother (or should be mother) of your sweet girl that should have been. I have won sexpence of Moxon by the *sex* of the dear gone one.

Yours most truly and hers, C. L.

DXI.—TO BERNARD BARTON

1827.

My dear B. B.,—A gentleman I never saw before brought me your welcome present—imagine a scraping, fiddling, fidgeting, petit-mâitre of a dancing-school advancing into my plain parlour with a coupee and a sidling bow, and presenting the book as if he had been handing a glass of lemonade to a young miss—imagine this, and contrast it with the serious nature of the book presented! Then task your imagination, reversing this picture, to conceive

of quite an opposite messenger, a lean, straight-locked, whey-faced Methodist, for such was he in reality who brought it, the genius (it seems) of the *Wesleyan Magazine*.

Certes, friend B., thy *Widow's Tale* is too horrible, spite of the lenitives of religion, to embody in verse: I hold prose to be the appropriate expositor of such atrocities! No offence, but it is a cordial that makes the heart sick. Still thy skill in compounding it I do not deny. I turn to what gave me less mingled pleasure. I find mark'd with pencil these pages in thy pretty book, and fear I have been penurious:

Page 52, 53, capital.

59, 6th stanza exquisite simile.

61, 11th stanza equally good.

108, 3d stanza, I long to see Van Balen.

111, a downright good sonnet. *Dixi*.

153, lines at the bottom.

So you see, I read, hear, and *mark*, if I don't learn; in short this little volume is no discredit to any of your former, and betrays none of the senility you fear about. Apropos of Van Balen, an artist who painted me lately had painted a blackamoor praying, and not filling his canvas, stuff'd in his little girl aside of blacky, gaping at him unmeaningly; and then did n't know what to call it. Now for a picture to be promoted to the Exhibition (Suffolk Street) as *Historical*, a subject is requisite. What does me? I but christen it the *Young Catechist* and furbish'd

it with dialogue following, which dubb'd it an historical painting. Nothing to a friend at need.

While this tawny Ethiop prayeth,  
Painter, who is she that stayeth  
By, with skin of whitest lustre;  
Sunny locks, a shining cluster;  
Saintlike seeming to direct him  
To the Power that must protect him?  
Is she of the heav'nborn Three,  
Meek Hope, strong Faith, sweet Charity?  
Or some cherub?

They you mention  
Far transcend my weak invention.  
'T is a simple Christian child,  
Missionary young and mild,  
From her store of script'ral knowledge  
(Bible-taught without a college)  
Which by reading she could gather,  
Teaches him to say *Our Father*  
To the common Parent, who  
Colour not respects nor hue.  
White and black in him have part,  
Who looks not to the skin, but heart.

When I'd done it, the artist (who had clapt in Miss merely as a fill-space) swore I exprest his full meaning, and the damosel bridled up into a missionary's vanity. I like verses to explain pictures: seldom pictures to illustrate poems. Your woodcut is a rueful *lignum mortis*. By the by, is the widow likely to marry again?

I am giving the fruit of my Old Play reading at the Museum to Hone, who sets forth a portion weekly in the *Table Book*. Do you see it? How is Mitford?

I'll just hint that the pitcher, the chord and the bowl are a little too often repeated (*passim*) in your book, and that on page seventeen last line but four *him* is put for *be*, but the poor widow I take it had small leisure for grammatical niceties. Don't you see there's *He, myself, and him*; why not both *him*? likewise *imperviously* is cruelly spelt *imperiously*. These are trifles, and I honestly like your book, and you for giving it, tho' I really am ashamed of so many presents.

I can think of no news, therefore I will end with mine and Mary's kindest remembrances to you and yours,

C. L.

## DXII.— TO WILLIAM HONE

May, 1827.

Sir, — A correspondent in your last number rather hastily asserts that there is no other authority than Davenport's *Tragedy* for the poisoning of Matilda by King John. It oddly enough happens, that in the same number appears an extract from a play of Heywood's, of an older date, in two parts, in which play the fact of such poisoning, as well as her identity with Maid Marian, are equally established. Michael Drayton, also, hath a legend confirmatory (so far as poetical authority can go) of the violent manner of her death. But neither he nor Davenport confounds her with Robin's mistress. Besides the named authorities, old Fuller, I think, some-

where relates, as matter of chronicle-history, that old Fitzwater (he is called Fitzwater both in Heywood and in Davenport), being banished after his daughter's murder, — some years subsequently, King John, at a tournament in France, being delighted with the valiant bearing of a combatant in the lists, and enquiring his name, was told it was his old servant, the banished Fitzwater, who desired nothing more heartily than to be reconciled to his liege; and an affecting reconciliation followed. In the common collection, called *Robin Hood's Garland* (I have not seen Ritson's), no mention is made, if I remember, of the nobility of Marian. Is she not the daughter of old Squire Gamwell, of Gamwell Hall? Sorry that I cannot gratify the curiosity of your "disembodied spirit" (who, as such is, methinks, sufficiently "veiled" from our notice) with more authentic testimonies, I rest,  
Your humble Abstractor, C. L.

### DXIII.—TO WILLIAM HONE

End of May, 1827.

Dear H., — In the forthcoming *New Monthly* are to be verses of mine on a picture about angels. Translate 'em to the *Table-Book*. I am off for Enfield.  
Yours, C. L.

DXIV. — TO WILLIAM HONE

June, 1827.

Dear Hone, — I should like this in your next book. We are at Enfield, where (when we have solituded a while) we shall be glad to see you.

Yours, C. LAMB

DXV. — TO BERNARD BARTON

June 11, 1827.

Dear B. B., — One word more of the picture verses, and that for good and all; pray, with a neat pen alter one line, —

His learning seems to lay small stress on —  
to, —

His learning lays no mighty stress on —  
to avoid the unseemly recurrence (ungrammatical also) of “seems” in the next line, besides the nonsense of “büt” there, as it now stands. And I request you, as a personal favour to me, to erase the last line of all, which I should never have written from myself. The fact is, it was a silly joke of Hood’s, who gave me the frame (you judg’d rightly it was not its own), with the remark that you would like it, because it was b—d b—d, — and I lugg’d it in: but I shall be quite hurt if it stands, because tho’ you and yours have too good sense to object to it, I would not have a sentence of mine seen that to any foolish ear might sound unrespectful to thee. Let it end

at "appalling;" the joke is coarse and useless, and hurts the tone of the rest. Take your best "ivory-handled" and scrape it forth.

Your specimen of what you might have written is hardly fair. Had it been a present to me, I should have taken a more sentimental tone; but of a trifle from me it was my cue to speak in an underish tone of commendation. Prudent *givers* (what a word for such a nothing) disparage their gifts; 't is an art we have. So you see you would n't have been so wrong, taking a higher tone. But enough of nothing.

By the bye, I suspected M. of being the disparager of the frame; hence a *certain line*.

For the frame, 't is as the room is where it hangs. It hung up fronting my old cobwebby folios and batter'd furniture (the fruit piece has resum'd its place) and was much better than a spick and span one. But if your room be very neat and your *other pictures* bright with gilt, it should be so too. I can't judge, not having seen; but my dingy study it suited.

Martin's Belshazzar (the picture) I have seen. Its architectural effect is stupendous; but the human figures, the squalling contorted little antics that are playing at being frighten'd, like children at a sham ghost who half know it to be a mask, are detestable. Then the *letters* are nothing more than a transparency lighted up, such as a Lord might order to be lit up on a sudden at a Xmas gambol, to scare the ladies.

The *type* is as plain as Baskerville's — they should have been dim, full of mystery, letters to the mind rather than the eye.

Rembrandt has painted only Belshazzar and a courtier or two (taking a part of the banquet for the whole) not fribbled out a mob of fine folks. Then everything is so distinct, to the very necklaces, and that foolish little prophet. What *one* point is there of interest? The ideal of such a subject is, that you the spectator should see nothing but what at the time you would have seen, the *band* — and the *King* — not to be at leisure to make taylor-remarks on the dresses, or Doctor Kitchener-like to examine the good things at table.

Just such a confus'd piece is his Joshua, fritter'd into a thousand fragments, little armies here, little armies there: you should see only the *Sun* and *Joshua*; if I remember, he has not left out that luminary entirely, but for Joshua, I was ten minutes a-finding him out.

Still he is showy in all that is not the human figure or the preternatural interest: but the first are below a drawing-school girl's attainment, and the last is a phantasmagoric trick, "Now you shall see what you shall see, dare is Balshazzar and dare is Daniel."

You have my thoughts of M. and so adieu,  
C. LAMB

DXVI.—TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

June 26, 1827.

Dear H. C., — We are at Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield. Why not come down by the Green Lanes on Sunday? Picquet all day. Pass the church, pass the "Rising Sun," turn sharp round the corner, and we are the sixth or seventh house on the Chase: tall elms darken the door. If you set eyes on M. Burney, bring him.

Yours truly, C. LAMB

DXVII.—TO WILLIAM HONE

June, 1827.

Dear Sir, — Somebody has fairly play'd a *boax* on you (I suspect that pleasant rogue M-x-n) in sending the sonnet in my name inserted in your last number. True it is, that I must own to the verses being mine, but not written on the occasion there pretended, for I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing the lady in the part of "Emmeline;" and I have understood that the force of her acting in it is rather in the expression of new-born sight, than of the previous want of it. The lines were really written upon her performance in the *Blind Boy*, and appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* years back. I suppose our facetious friend thought that they would serve again, like an old coat new turned.

Yours (and his nevertheless), C. LAMB

DXVIII.—TO WILLIAM HONE<sup>1</sup>

Early July, 1827.

Dear H.,—This is Hood's, done from the life, of Mary getting over a stile here. Mary, out of a pleasant revenge, wants you to get it *engrav'd* in *Table Book* to surprise H., who I know will be amus'd with you so doing.

Append some observations about the awkwardness of country stiles about Edmonton, and the difficulty of elderly ladies getting over 'em.

That is to say, if you think the sketch good enough.

I take on myself the warranty.

Can you slip down here some day and go a-Green-dragoning? C. L.

If you do, send Hood the number, No. 2 Robert Street, Adelphi, and keep the sketch for me.

DXIX.—TO EDWARD MOXON

July 17, 1827.

Dear M.,—Thanks for your attentions of every kind. Emma will not fail Mrs. Hood's kind invitation, but her aunt is so queer a one that we cannot let her go with a single gentleman singly to Vauxhall; she would withdraw

<sup>1</sup> An autograph facsimile of this note, together with sketch, appears in its chronological order in the back of Vol. I.

her from us altogether in a fright; but if any of the Hoods' family accompany you, then there can be small objection.

I have been writing letters till too dark to see the marks. I can just say we shall be happy to see you any Sunday *after the next*: say, the Sunday after, and perhaps the Hoods will come too and have a merry other day, before they go hence. But next Sunday we expect as many as we can well entertain.

With ours and Emma's acknowledgments,  
Yours, C. L.

#### DXX. — TO P. G. PATMORE

Londres, Julie 19, 1827.

Dear P., — I am so poorly! I have been to a funeral, where I made a pun, to the consternation of the rest of the mourners. And we had wine. I can't describe to you the howl which the widow set up at proper intervals. Dash could, for it was not unlike what he makes.

The letter I sent you was one directed to the care of E. White, India House, for Mrs. Hazlitt. *Which* Mrs. Hazlitt I don't yet know, but A. has taken it to France on speculation. Really it is embarrassing. There is Mrs. present H., Mrs. late H., and Mrs. John H., and to which of the three Mrs. Wiggins's it appertains, I don't know. I wanted to open it, but it's transportation.

I am sorry you are plagued about your book. I would strongly recommend you to take for one story Massinger's *Old Law*. It is exquisite. I can think of no other.

Dash is frightful this morning. He whines and stands up on his hind legs. He misses Beckey, who is gone to town. I took him to Barnet the other day, and he couldn't eat his victuals after it. Pray God his intellectuals be not slipping.

Mary is gone out for some soles. I suppose 't is no use to ask you to come and partake of 'em; else there's a steam-vessel.

I am doing a tragi-comedy in two acts, and have got on tolerably; but it will be refused, or worse. I never had luck with anything my name was put to.

Oh, I am so poorly! I *waked* it at my cousin's the bookbinder's, who is now with God; or, if he is not, it's no fault of mine.

We hope the Frank wines do not disagree with Mrs. Patmore. By the way, I like her.

Did you ever taste frogs? Get them, if you can. They are like little Lilliput rabbits, only a thought nicer.

Christ, how sick I am!—not of the world, but of the widow's shrub. She's sworn under £6000, but I think she perjured herself. She howls in *E la*, and I comfort her in *B flat*. You understand music?

“No shrimps!” (That's in answer to Mary's question about how the soles are to be done.)

I am uncertain where this *wandering* letter may reach you. What you mean by Poste Restante, God knows. Do you mean I must pay the postage? So I do to Dover.

We had a merry passage with the widow at the Commons. She was howling — part howling and part giving directions to the proctor — when crash! down went my sister through a crazy chair, and made the clerks grin, and I grinned, and the widow tittered — *and then I knew that she was not inconsolable*. Mary was more frightened than hurt. She'd make a good match for anybody (by she, I mean the widow).

If he brings but a *relict* away.

He is happy, nor heard to complain. SHENSTONE

Procter has got a wen growing out at the nape of his neck, which his wife wants him to have cut off; but I think it rather an agreeable excrescence — like his poetry — redundant. Hone has hanged himself for debt. Godwin was taken up for picking pockets. Moxon has fallen in love with Emma, our nut-brown maid. Beckey takes to bad courses. Her father was blown up in a steam machine. The coroner found it insanity. I should not like him to sit on my letter.

Do you observe my direction? Is it Gallic? — classical?

Do try and get some frogs. You must ask for “grenouilles” (green-eels). They don't understand “frogs,” though it's a common phrase with us.

If you go through Bulloign (Boulogne) enquire if old Godfrey is living, and how he got home from the Crusades. He must be a very old man now.

If there is anything new in politics or literature in France, keep it till I see you again, for I'm in no hurry. Chatty-Briant is well I hope.

I think I have no more news; only give both our loves ("all three," says Dash) to Mrs. Patmore, and bid her get quite well, as I am at present, bating qualms, and the grief incident to losing a valuable relation.

C. L.

#### DXXI.—TO MRS. DILLON

July 21, 1827.

I think it is not quite the etiquette for me to answer my sister's letter, but she is no great scribe, and I know will be glad to find it done for her. We are both very thankful to you for your thinking about Emma, whom for the last seven weeks I have been teaching Latin, and she is already qualified to impart the rudiments to a child.

We shall have much pleasure in seeing Mr. Dillon and you again, but I don't know when that may be, as we find ourselves very comfortable at Enfield.

My sister joins in acknowledgments, and kindest respects to Mr. Dillon and yourself.

Your obliged, C. LAMB

DXXII. — TO MRS. PERCY B. SHELLEY

July 25, 1827.

Dear Mrs. Shelley, — At the risk of throwing away some fine thoughts, I must write to say how pleased we were with your very kind remembering of us (who have unkindly run away from all our friends) before you go. Perhaps you are gone, and then my tropes are wasted. If any piece of better fortune has lighted upon you than you expected, but less than we wish you, we are rejoiced. We are here trying to like solitude, but have scarce enough to justify the experiment. We get some, however. The six days are our Sabbath; the seventh — why, Cockneys will come for a little fresh air, and so — But by *your month*, or October at furthest, we hope to see Islington: I like a giant refreshed with the leaving off of wine, and Mary, pining for Mr. Moxon's books and Mr. Moxon's society. Then we shall meet.

I am busy with a farce in two acts, the incidents tragi-comic. I can do the dialogue *commy for*: but the damned plot — I believe I must omit it altogether. The scenes come after one another like geese, not marshalling like cranes or a Hyde Park review. The story is as simple as G[eorge] D[yer], and the language plain as his spouse. The characters are three women to one man; which is one more than laid hold on him in the "Evangelly." I think that prophecy squinted towards my drama.

I want some Howard Paine to sketch a skeleton of artfully succeeding scenes through a whole play, as the courses are arranged in a cookery book: I to find wit, passion, sentiment, character, and the like trifles: to lay in the dead colours,—I'd Titianesque 'em up: to mark the channel in a cheek (smooth or furrowed, yours or mine), and where tears should course I'd draw the waters down: to say where a joke should come in or a pun be left out: to bring my *personae* on and off like a Beau Nash; and I'd Frankenstein them there: to bring three together on the stage at once; they are so shy with me that I can get no more than two; and there they stand till it is the time, without being the season, to withdraw them.

I am teaching Emma Latin to qualify her for a superior governess-ship; which we see no prospect of her getting. 'T is like feeding a child with chopped hay from a spoon. Sisyphus—his labours were nothing to it.

Actives and passives jostle in her numscull, till a deponent enters, like Chaos, more to embroil the fray. Her prepositions are suppositions; her conjunctions copulative have no connection in them; her concords disagree; her interjections are purely English "Ah!" and "Oh!" with a yawn and a gape in the same tongue; and she herself is a lazy, block-headly supine. As I say to her, *ass in praesenti* rarely makes a wise man *in futuro*.

But I daresay it was so with you when you began Latin, and a good while after. Good-bye! Mary's love. Yours truly, C. LAMB

DXXIII.—TO EDWARD WHITE

August 1, 1827.

My dear White, — Never was man so puzzl'd about mortal letter as I about that you sent. Besides the two Mrs. Hazlitts, there was a third, Mrs. John Hazlitt, who has a boy abroad, and on that ground was a candidate, but my sagacity snuff'd out the true Mrs. Wiggins, and Allsop has by this time deposited it at its destination, at Paris.

I could but admire the quirk by which you attempt to saddle me with the postage. You come into my lodgings, and expect me to pay your rent, because if I had not quitted you would not have been charged with it. When I threw off my post, I resigned with it both emoluments and incumbrances. You are welcome to all. Mrs. Hazlitt the second might just as well charge Mrs. H. the second with the postage. It is a perfect insult upon my understanding. Besides, 't is mean in a gentleman on the establishment and not to be thought on. Well, I forgive you and heartily commending you to mind your ledger, and keep your eye on Mr. Chambers' balances, which you understand better than these matters, subscribe your friend,

C. L.

DXXIV.— TO MRS. BASIL MONTAGU

Summer, 1827.

Dear Madam, — I return your list with my name. I should be sorry that any respect should be going on towards [Clarkson], and I be left out of the conspiracy. Otherwise I frankly own that to pillarize a man's good feelings in his lifetime is not to my taste. Monuments to goodness, even after death, are equivocal. I turn away from Howard's, I scarce know why. Goodness blows no trumpet, nor desires to have it blown. We should be modest for a modest man — as he is for himself. The vanities of life — art, poetry, skill military, are subjects for trophies; not the silent thoughts arising in a good man's mind in lonely places. Was I C[larkson], I should never be able to walk or ride near — again. Instead of bread, we are giving him a stone. Instead of the locality recalling the noblest moment of his existence, it is a place at which his friends (that is, himself) blow to the world, "What a good man is he!" I sat down upon a hillock at Forty Hill yesternight — a fine contemplative evening, — with a thousand good speculations about mankind. How I yearned with cheap benevolence! I shall go and inquire of the stone-cutter, that cuts the tombstones here, what a stone with a short inscription will cost; just to say — "Here C. Lamb loved his brethren of mankind." Everybody will come there to love. As I can't well

put my own name, I shall put about a subscrip-  
tion :

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
Mrs. ——— . . .	5	0	
Procter . . .	2	6	
G. Dyer . . .	1	0	
Mr. Godwin . . .	0	0	
Mrs. Godwin . . .	0	0	
Mr. Irving . . .			a watch-chain.
Mr. ——— . . .			{ the proceeds of ———
			{ first edition, — a cap-
	8	6	ital book, by the bye,
			but not over saleable.

I scribble in haste from here, where we shall be some time. Pray request Mr. M[ontagu] to advance the guinea for me, which shall faithfully be forthcoming; and pardon me that I don't see the proposal in quite the light that he may. The kindness of his motives, and his power of appreciating the noble passage, I thoroughly agree in.

With most kind regards to him, I conclude,  
Dear Madam, yours truly,

C. LAMB

#### NOTE

[The explanation of Lamb's joke about a watch-chain is to be found in Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. Irving had put down as his contribution to some subscription list, at a public meeting, "an actual gold watch, which he said had just arrived to him

from his beloved brother lately dead in India." This rather theatrical action had evidently amused Lamb as it had disgusted Carlyle. — E. V. Lucas.]

## DXXV. — TO SIR JOHN STODDART

August 9, 1827.

Dear Knight-old-acquaintance, — 'T is with a violence to the *pure imagination* (*vide the Excursion passim*) that I can bring myself to believe I am writing to Dr. Stoddart once again, at Malta. But the deductions of severe reason warrant the proceeding. I write from Enfield, where we are seriously weighing the advantages of dulness over the over-excitement of too much company, but have not yet come to a conclusion. What is the news? for we see no paper here; perhaps you can send us an old one from Malta. Only, I heard a butcher in the market-place whisper something about a change of ministry. I don't know who's in or out, or care, only as it might affect *you*. For domestic tidings, I have only to tell, with extreme regret, that poor Eliza Fenwick (that was) — Mrs. Rutherford — is dead; and that we have received a most heart-broken letter from her mother — left with four grandchildren, orphans of a living scoundrel lurking about the pothouses of Little Russell Street, London: they and she — God help 'em! — at New York. I have just received Godwin's third volume of the *Republic*, which only reaches to the commencement of the Protectorate. I think

he means to spin it out to his life's thread. Have you seen Fearn's *Anti-Tooke*? I am no judge of such things — you are ; but I think it very clever indeed. If I knew your bookseller, I'd order it for you at a venture : 't is two octavos, Longman and Co. Or do you read now? Tell it not in the Admiralty Court, but my head aches *besterno vino*. I can scarce pump up words, much less ideas, congruous to be sent so far. But your son must have this by to-night's post. I am sorry to say that he does not conduct himself so well as we could wish. He absented himself four days this week (this is Tuesday) from the Charter House, and was found tipping at an obscure public house at Barnet with a chorus singer of the Coburg Theatre. Mr. Hine and I with difficulty got him away ; but Doctor Raine, the head-master, hushed it up with a slight imposition — viz : the translation of Gray's *Elegy* into Greek elegiacs — which I partly did for him. I write this with reluctance to offend the feelings of a father. I might a' been one if \* \* \* \* \* had let me.

Manning is gone to Rome, Naples, &c., probably to touch at Sicily, Malta, Guernsey, &c. ; but I don't know the map. Hazlitt is resident at Paris, whence he pours his lampoons in safety at his friends in England. He has his boy with him.

I am teaching Emma Latin. By the time you can answer this, she will be qualified to instruct

young ladies: she is a capital English reader: and S. T. C. acknowledges that part of a passage in Milton she read better than he, and part he read best, her part being the shorter. But, seriously, if Lady St—— (oblivious pen, that was about to write *Mrs.*!) could hear of such a young person wanted (she smatters of French, some Italian, music of course), we 'd send our loves by her. My congratulations and assurances of old esteem.

C. L.

#### DXXVI.—TO WILLIAM HONE

August 10, 1827.

My dear Hone,—We are both excessively grieved at dear Matilda's illness, whom we have ever regarded with the greater respect. Pray God, your next news, which we shall expect most anxiously, shall give hopes of her recovery.

Mary keeps her health very well, and joins in kind remembrances and best wishes.

A few more numbers (about seven) will empty my Extract Book; then we will consult about the *Specimens*. By then, I hope you will be able to talk about business. How you continue your book at all, and so well, in trying circumstances, I know not. But don't let it stop. Would to God I could help you!—but we have the house full of company, which we came to avoid.—God bless you.

C. L.

DXXVII. — TO BERNARD BARTON

August 10, 1827.

Dear B. B., — I have not been able to answer you, for we have had, and are having (I just snatch a moment), our poor quiet retreat, to which we fled from society, full of company, some staying with us, and this moment as I write almost a heavy importation of two old ladies has come in. Whither can I take wing from the oppression of human faces? Would I were in a wilderness of apes, tossing cocoa-nuts about, grinning and grinned at!

Mitford was hoaxing you surely about my engraving; 't is a little sixpenny thing, too like by half, in which the draughtsman has done his best to avoid flattery. There have been two editions of it, which I think are all gone, as they have vanish'd from the window where they hung, a print-shop, corner of Great and Little Queen Streets, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where any London friend of yours may inquire for it; for I am (tho' you *won't understand* it) at Enfield (Mrs. Leishman's, Chase). We have been here near three months, and shall stay two or more, if people will let us alone, but they persecute us from village to village. So don't direct to *Islington* again, till further notice.

I am trying my hand at a drama, in two acts, founded on Crabbe's *Confidant*, *mutatis mutandis*.

You like the *Odyssey*. Did you ever read my

*Adventures of Ulysses*, founded on Chapman's old translation of it? For children or *men*, Chapman is divine, and my abridgment has not quite emptied him of his divinity. When you come to town I'll show it you.

You have well described your old-fashioned Grand-paternal Hall. Is it not odd that every one's earliest recollections are of some such place? I had my Blakesware (Blakesmoor in the *London*). Nothing fills a child's mind like a large old mansion [*one or two words wafered over*]; better if un-or-partially-occupied; peopled with the spirits of deceased members of the County and Justices of the Quorum. Would I were buried in the peopled solitude of one, with my feelings at seven years old.

Those marble busts of the Emperors, they seem'd as if they were to stand forever, as they had stood from the living days of Rome, in that old marble hall, and I to partake of their permanency; Eternity was, while I thought not of Time. But he thought of me, and they are toppled down, and corn covers the spot of the noble old dwelling and its princely gardens. I feel like a grasshopper that chirping about the grounds escaped his scythe only by my littleness. Ev'n now he is whetting one of his smallest razors to clean wipe me out, perhaps. Well!

DXXVIII. — TO BERNARD BARTON

August 28, 1827.

Dear B. B.,—I am thankful to you for your ready compliance with my wishes. Emma is delighted with your verses, to which I have appended this notice “The 6th line refers to the child of a dear friend of the author’s, named Emma,” without which it must be obscure; and have sent it with four album poems of my own (your daughter’s with *your* heading, requesting it a place next mine) to a Mr. Fraser, who is to be editor of a more superb pocket-book than has yet appeared by far! the property of some wealthy booksellers, but whom, or what its name, I forgot to ask. It is actually to have in it schoolboy exercises by his present Majesty and the late Duke of York, so Lucy will come to Court; how she will be stared at! Wordsworth is named as a contributor. Frazer, whom I have slightly seen, is editor of a forth-come or coming Review of foreign books, and is intimately connected with Lockhart, &c., so I take it that this is a concern of Murray’s. Walter Scott also contributes mainly. I have stood off a long time from these annuals, which are ostentatious trumpery, but could not withstand the request of Jameson, a particular friend of mine and Coleridge.

I shall hate myself in frippery, strutting along, and vying finery with beaux and belles, —

with “Future Lord Byrons and sweet L. E. L.’s.”

Your taste I see is less simple than mine, which the difference of our persuasions has doubtless effected. In fact, of late you have so frenchify'd your style, larding it with *bors de combats*, and *au desopoirs*, that o' my conscience the Foxian blood is quite dried out of you, and the skipping Monsieur spirit has been infused. Doth Lucy go to balls? I must remodel my lines, which I write for her. I hope A. K. keeps to her Primitives. If you have anything you'd like to send further, I don't know Frazer's address, but I sent mine thro' Mr. Jameson, 19 or 90 Cheyne Street, Totnam Court road. I dare say an honourable place wou'd be given to them; but I have not heard from Frazer since I sent mine, nor shall probably again, and therefore I do not solicit it as from him.

Yesterday I sent off my tragi-comedy to Mr. Kemble. Wish it luck. I made it all ('t is blank verse, and I think, of the true old dramatic cut) or most of it, in the green lanes about Enfield, where I am and mean to remain, in spite of your peremptory doubts on that head.

Your refusal to lend your poetical sanction to my Icon, and your reasons to Evans, are most sensible. Maybe I may hit on a line or two of my own jocular. Maybe not.

Do you never Londonize again? I should like to talk over old poetry with you, of which I have much, and you I think little. Do your Drummonds allow no holydays? I would will-

ingly come and work for you a three weeks or so, to let you loose. Would I could sell or give you some of my leisure! Positively, the best thing a man can have to do is nothing, and next to that perhaps — good works.

I am but poorlyish, and feel myself writing a dull letter; poorlyish from company, not generally, for I never was better, nor took more walks, — fourteen miles a day on an average, with a sporting dog — Dash — you would not know the plain poet, any more than he doth recognize James Naylor trick'd out *au deserpoy* (how do you spell it).

*En passant, j'aime entendre de mon bon homme sur surveillance de croix, ma pas l'homme figuratif* — do you understand me?

C. LAMB

I have left a place for a wafer, but can't find it again.

#### DXXIX.—TO WILLIAM HONE

September 2, 1827.

Dear Hone, — By the verses in yesterday's *Table Book* sign'd \*, I judge you are going on better; but *I want to be resolv'd*. Allsop promised to call on you, and let me know, but has not. Pray attend to this; and send me the number before the present (pages 225 to 256), which my newsman has neglected. Your book im-

proves every week. I have written here a thing in two acts, and sent it to Covent Garden.

Yours, C. LAMB

DXXX. — TO P. G. PATMORE

September, 1827.

Dear Patmore,—Excuse my anxiety—but how is Dash? (I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore kept her rules, and was improving—but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing.) Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water. If he won't lick it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it

at one time — but that was in *Hyder-Ally's* time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways. It might amuse Mrs. Patmore and the children. They'd have more sense than he! He'd be like a fool kept in the family, to keep the household in good humour with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad dance set to the mad howl. *Madge Owl-et* would be nothing to him. "My, how he capers!" [*In the margin is written:*] One of the children speaks this.

[*Three lines here are erased.*] What I scratch out is a German quotation from Lessing on the bite of rabid animals; but, I remember, you don't read German. But Mrs. Patmore may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is, "Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid fire or a precipice," which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we.

If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast that all is not right with him (Dash), muzzle him, and lead him in a string (common pack-thread will do; he don't care for twist) to Hood's, his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H.'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a

few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf, and if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.

We are dawdling our time away very idly and pleasantly, at a Mrs. Leishman's, Chace, Enfield, where, if you come a-hunting, we can give you cold meat and a tankard. Her husband is a tailor; but that, you know, does not make her one. I knew a jailor (which rhymes), but his wife was a fine lady.

Let us hear from you respecting Mrs. Patmore's regimen. I send my love in a —— to Dash.

C. LAMB

[*On the outside of the letter was written:*]

Seriously, I wish you would call upon Hood when you are that way. He's a capital fellow. I sent him a couple of poems — one ordered by his wife, and written to order; and 't is a week since, and I've not heard from him. I fear something is the matter.

*Omitted within:*

Our kindest remembrance to Mrs. P.

DXXXI. — TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

September 5, 1827.

Dear Dib, — Emma Isola, who is with us, has opened an *album*: bring some verses with you

for it on Saturday evening. Any *fun* will do. I am teaching her Latin; you may make something of that. Don't be modest. For in it you shall appear, if I rummage out some of your old pleasant letters for rhymes. But an original is better.

Has your pa — the infantile word for father — any scrap? C. L.

We shall be *most* glad to see your sister or *sisters* with you. Can't you contrive it? Write in that case.

#### DXXXII. — TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

September 13, 1827.

Dear *John*, — Your verses are very pleasant, and have been adopted into the splendid Emmatic constellation, where they are not of the least magnitude. She is delighted with their merit and readiness. They are just the thing. The 14th line is found. We advertised it. Hell is cooling for want of company. We shall make it up along with our kitchen fire to roast you into our new house, where I hope you will find us in a few Sundays. We have actually taken it, and a compact thing it will be.

Kemble does not return till the month's end. My heart sometimes is good, sometimes bad, about it, as the day turns out wet or walky.

Emma has just died, choak'd with a gerund in

*dum*. On opening her we found a participle in *rus* in the pericordium. The king never dies, which may be the reason that it always *reigns* here. We join in loves.

C. L., his orthograph

What a pen!

The umbrella is cum bak.

DXXXIII. — TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

September 18, 1827.

My dear, and now more so, *John*, — How that name smacks! what an honest, full, English, and yet withal holy and apostolic sound it bears, above the methodistical priggish bishoppy name of Timothy, under which I had obscured your merits!

What I think of the paternal verses, you shall read within, which I assure you is not pen praise but heart praise. It is the gem of the Dibdin Muses.

I have got all my books into my new house, and their readers in a fortnight will follow, to whose joint converse nobody shall be more welcome than you, and *any of yours*. The house is perfection to our use and comfort.

Milton is come. I wish Wordsworth were here to meet him. The next importation is of pots and saucepans, window curtains, crockery and such base ware. The pleasure of moving, when Becky moves for you. O the moving

Becky! I hope you will come and *warm* the house with the first.

From my temporary domicile, Enfield,  
ELIA, that "is to go"

DXXXIV.—TO THOMAS HOOD

September 18, 1827.

Dear Hood, — If I have anything in my head, I will send it to Mr. Watts. Strictly speaking he should have had my album-verses, but a very intimate friend importun'd me for the trifles, and I believe I forgot Mr. Watts, or lost sight at the time of his similar souvenir. Jamieson conveyed the farce from me to Mrs. C. Kemble; *he* will not be in town before the 27th. Give our kind loves to all at Highgate, and tell them that we have finally torn ourselves out right away from Colebrooke, where I had *no* health, and are about to domiciliate for good at Enfield, where I have experienced *good*.

Lord, what good hours do we keep!  
How quietly we sleep!

See the rest in the *Complete Angler*. We have got our books into our new house. I am a dray-horse if I was not ashamed of the indigested dirty lumber, as I toppled 'em out of the cart, and blest Becky that came with 'em for her having an unstuff'd brain with such rubbish. We shall get in by Michael's mass. 'T was with some pain we were evuls'd from Colebrook.

You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door-posts. To change habitations is to die to them, and in my time I have died seven deaths. But I don't know whether every such change does not bring with it a rejuvenescence. 'T is an enterprise, and shoves back the sense of death's approximating, which, tho' not terrible to me, is at all times particularly distasteful. My house-deaths have generally been periodical, recurring after seven years, but this last is premature by half that time. Cut off in the flower of Colebrook. The Middletonian stream and all its echoës mourn. Even minnows dwindle. *A parvis fiunt minimi.*

I fear to invite Mrs. Hood to our new mansion, lest she envy it, and hate us. But when we are fairly in, I hope she will come and try it. I heard she and you were made uncomfortable by some unworthy-to-be-cared-for attacks, and have tried to set up a feeble counteraction thro' the *Table Book* of last Saturday. Has it not reach'd you, that you are silent about it? Our new domicile is no manor-house, but new, and externally not inviting, but furnish'd within with every convenience. Capital new locks to every door, capital grates in every room, with nothing to pay for incoming; and the rent £10 less than the Islington one. It was built a few years since at £1100 expence, they tell me, and I perfectly believe it. And I get it for £35 exclusive of moderate taxes. We think ourselves most lucky.

It is not our intention to abandon Regent Street and West End perambulations (monastic and terrible thought!) but occasionally to breathe the *fresher air* of the metropolis. We shall put up a bedroom or two (all we want) for occasional ex-rustication, where we shall visit, not be visited. Plays too we 'll see, — perhaps our own. Urbani Sylvani and Sylvan Urbanuses in turns. Courtiers for a spurt, then philosophers. Old homely tell-truths and learn-truths in the virtuous shades of Enfield, liars again and mocking gibbers in the coffee-houses and resorts of London. What can a mortal desire more for his bi-parted nature?

O the curds — and — cream you shall eat with us here!

O the turtle-soup and lobster-salads we shall devour with you there!

O the old books we shall peruse here!

O the new nonsense we shall trifle over there!

O Sir T. Browne, here!

O Mr. Hood and Mr. Jerdan, there!

Thine, C(*urbanus*) L(*sylvanus*) (ELIA *ambo*)

Inclos'd are verses which Emma sat down to write, her first, on the eve after your departure. Of course they are only for Mrs. H.'s perusal. They will shew at least, that one of our party is not willing to cut old friends. What to call 'em I don't know. Blank verse they are not, because of the rhymes — rhymes they are not, because of

the blank verse. Heroics they are not, because they are lyric — lyric they are not, because of the heroic measure. They must be call'd *Emmaics*.

DXXXV. — TO HENRY COLBURN

September 25, 1827.

Dear Sir, — I beg leave, in the warmest manner, to recommend to your notice, Mr. Moxon, the bearer of this, if by any chance yourself should want a steady hand in your business, or know of any publisher that may want such a one. He is at present in the house of Messrs. Longman & Co., where he has been established for more than six years, and has the conduct of one of the four departments of the country line. A difference respecting salary, which he expected to be a little raised on his last promotion, makes him wish to try to better himself. I believe him to be a young man of the highest integrity, and a thorough man of business; and should not have taken the liberty of recommending him, if I had not thought him capable of being highly useful.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your humble servant, CHARLES LAMB

DXXXVI. — TO THOMAS ALLSOP

September 25, 1827.

Dear Allsop, — Your kindness pursues us everywhere. That 81. 4. 6. is a substantial proof,

I think ; I never should have ask'd for it. Pray keep it, when you get it, till we see each other. I have plenty of current cash ; thank you over and over for your offer.

We came down on Monday with Miss James. The first night I lay broad awake like an owl till eight o'clock, then got a poor doze. Have had something like sleep and a forgetting last night. We go on tolerably in this deserted house. It is melancholy, but I could not have gone into a quite strange one.

Newspapers come to you here. Pray stop them. Shall I send what have come ?

Give mine and Mary's kindest love to Mrs. Allsop, with every good wish to Elizabeth and Rob. This house is not what it was. May we all meet chearful some day soon.

Yours gratefully and sincerely, C. LAMB

How long a letter have I written with my own hand.

Jane says she has sent a cradle yesterday morning ; she does for us very well.

#### DXXXVII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

September 26, 1827.

Dear M., — Our pleasant meetings for some time are suspended. My sister was taken very ill in a few hours after you left us (I had suspected it), — and I must wait eight or nine weeks in slow hope

of her recovery. It is her old complaint. You will say as much to the Hoods, and to Mrs. Lovekin, and Mrs. Hazlitt, with my kind love.

We are in the house, that is all. I hope one day we shall both enjoy it, and see our friends again. But till then I must be a solitary nurse.

I am trying Becky's sister to be with her, so don't say anything to Miss James [*who was Mary Lamb's regular nurse*].

Yours truly, CH. LAMB

*Monday.* Pray, send me the *Table Book*. I will send your books soon.

#### DXXXVIII.— TO HENRY C. ROBINSON

October 1, 1827.

Dear R.,— I am settled for life I hope, at Enfield. I have taken the prettiest, compactest house I ever saw, near to Antony Robinson's, but alas! at the expence of poor Mary, who was taken ill of her old complaint the night before we got into it. So I must suspend the pleasure I expected in the surprise you would have had in coming down and finding us householders.

Farewell, till we can all meet comfortable. Pray, apprise Martin Burney. Him I longed to have seen with you, but our house is too small to meet either of you without her knowledge.

God bless you. C. LAMB

DXXXIX. — TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

October 2, 1827.

My dear Dibdin, — It gives me great pain to have to say that I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you for some time. We are in our house, but Mary has been seized with one of her periodical disorders — a temporary derangement — which commonly lasts for two months. You shall have the first notice of her convalescence. Can you not send your manuscript by the coach? directed to Chase Side, next to Mr. Westwood's Insurance Office. I will take great care of it.

Yours most truly, C. LAMB

DXL. — TO BARRON FIELD

October 4, 1827.

I am not in humour to return a fit reply to your pleasant letter. We are fairly housed at Enfield, and an angel shall not persuade me to wicked London again. We have now six sabbath-days in a week for — *none!* The change has worked on my sister's mind, to make her ill; and I must wait a tedious time before we can hope to enjoy this place in unison. Enjoy it, when she recovers, I know we shall. I see no shadow, but in her illness, for repenting the step!

For Mathews — I know my own utter unfitness for such a task. I am no hand at describing costumes, a great requisite in an account of man-

nered pictures. I have not the slightest acquaintance with pictorial language even. An imitator of me, or rather pretender to be *me*, in his *Rejected Articles*, has made me minutely describe the dresses of the poissardes at Calais!— I could as soon resolve Euclid. I have no eye for forms and fashions. I substitute analysis, and get rid of the phenomenon by slurring in for it its impression. I am sure you must have observed this defect, or peculiarity, in my writings; else the delight would be incalculable in doing such a thing for Mathews, whom I greatly like — and Mrs. Mathews, whom I almost greatly like. What a feast 't would be to be sitting at the pictures painting 'em into words; but I could almost as soon make words into pictures. I speak this deliberately, and not out of modesty. I pretty well know what I can't do.

My sister's verses are homely, but just what they should be; I send them, not for the poetry, but the good sense and good will of them. I was beginning to transcribe; but Emma is sadly jealous of its getting into more hands, and I won't spoil it in her eyes by divulging it. Come to Enfield, and *read it*. As my poor cousin, the book-binder, now with God, told me, most sentimentally, that having purchased a picture of fish at a dead man's sale, his heart ached to see how the widow grieved to part with it, being her dear husband's favourite; and he almost apologised for his generosity by saying he could not help

telling the widow she was “welcome to come and look at it” — *e. g.* at *his house* — “as often as she pleased.” There was the germ of generosity in an uneducated mind. He had just *reading* enough from the backs of books for the “*nec sinit esse feros*” — had he read inside, the same impulse would have led him to give back the two-guinea thing — with a request to see it, now and then, at *her* house. We are parroted into delicacy. Thus you have a tale for a sonnet.

Adieu! with (imagine both) our loves.

C. LAMB

#### DXLI.—TO H. DODWELL

October 7, 1827.

Let us meet if possible when you hobble to *town*. *Enfield Chase*, nearly opposite to the first chapel; or better to define it, east side opposite a white house in which *a* Mrs. Vaughan (in ill health) still resides.

My dear Dodwell,—Your little pig found his way to Enfield this morning without his feet, or rather his little feet came first, and as I guessed the rest of him soon followed. He is quite a beauty. It was a pity to kill him, or *rather*, as Rice would say, it would have been a pity not to kill him in his state of innocence. He might have lived to be corrupted by the ways of the world, and for all his delicate

promise have turned out, like an old tea broker you and I remember, a lump of fat rusty Bacon. Bacon was a beast, my friend at Calne, Marsh, used to say — or was it Bendry? A rasher of the latter still hangs up in Leadenhall. Your kind letter has left a relish upon my taste; it read warm and short as to-morrow's crackling.

I am not quite so comfortable *at home* yet as I should be else in the neatest, compactest house I ever got — a perfect God-send; but for some weeks I must enjoy it alone. *She* always comes round again. It is a house of a few years' standing, built (for its size with every convenience) by an old humourist for himself, which he tired of as soon as he got warm in it. Grates, locks, a pump, convenience indescribable, and cheap as if it had been old and craved repairs. For me, who always take the first thing that offers, how lucky that the best should first offer itself! My books, my prints are up, and I seem (so like this room I write in is to a room there) to have come here transported in the night, like Gulliver in his flying house; and to add to the deception, the New River has come down from Islington with me. 'T was what I wished — to move my *house*, and I have realised it. Only instead of company seven nights in the week, I see my friends on the first day of it, and enjoy six real Sabbaths. The Museum is a loss, but I am not so far but I can visit it occasionally; and I have exhausted the plays there.

“Indisputably I shall allow no sage and onion to be cramm’d into the throat of so tender a suckling.

“Bread and milk with some odoriferous mint, and the liveret minced.

“Come and tell me when he cries, that I may catch his little eyes.

“And do it nice and *crips*.” (That’s the cook’s word.) You’ll excuse me, I have been only speaking to Becky about the dinner to-morrow. After it, a glass of seldom-drunk wine to my friend Dodwell, and, if he will give a stranger leave, to Mrs. Dodwell: then to the memory of the last, and of the last but one, learned Dodwell, of whom, but not whom, I have read so much. The next to the “Outward and Homeward bound ships”—and, if the bottle lasts, to the Chairman, Deputy-Chairman, the Court of Directors, the Secretary, the Treasurer, and Accomptant-General, of the East India Company, with a blunt bumper at parting to P——. All I can do, I cannot make P—— look like a G——n, yet he is portly, majestic, hath his nods, his condescensions, his variety of behaviour to suit your Director, your Upper Clerk, your Ryles, and your Winfields; he tempers mirth with gravity, gives no affront, and expects to receive none, is honourable, mannered, of good bearing, looks like a man who, accustomed to respect others, silently extorts respect from them, has it as a sort of *in course*;

without claiming it, finds it. What do I miss in him, then, of the essentials of gentlemanhood? He is right sterling — but then, somehow, he always has that d——d large Goldsmith's Hall mark staring upon him. Possibly he is too fat for a gentleman — then I think of Charles Fox in the Dropsy; and the burly old Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman, every stun of him!

I am afraid now you and —— are gone, there's scarce an officer in the Civil Service quite comes up to my notion of a gentleman. D—— certainly does *not*, nor his friend B——.

C—— bobs. K—— *curtsies*. W—— bows like the son of a citizen; F—— like a village apothecary; C—— like the Squire's younger Brother; R—— like a crocodile on his hind legs; H—— never bows at all — at least to me. S—— spulders and stutters. W—— halts and smatters. R—— is a coal-heaver. Wolf wants my clothing. C—— simmers, but never boils over. D—— is a butterfirkin, salt butter. C——, a pepper-box, cayenne. For A——, E——, and O——, I can answer that they have not the slightest pretensions to anything but rusticity. Marry, the remaining vowels had something of civility about them. Can you make top or tail of this nonsense, or tell where it begins? I will page it. How an error in the outset infects to the end of life, or of a sheet of paper!

Cordially adieu. C. LAMB

## DXLII.—TO WILLIAM HONE

October, 1827.

Dear H., — May I trouble your kindness (a pretty phrase and new) to transmit for me the accompanying farce (which I leave open for your *amusement*) to Terry, with the enclosed, at the Adelphi; or his own house, if it can be there learned, and is not far distant, still better. I have no messenger, and am crippled for going so far. The letter must go with it. I return, with the farce, three books. Pick out the *cobbler*. Yours, “every day,” C. L.

## DXLIII.—TO WILLIAM HONE

October, 1827.

Dear Hone, — Having occasion to write to Clarke I put in a bit to you. I see no Extracts in this Number. You should have three sets in hand, one long one in particular from Atreus and Thyestes, terribly fine. Don't spare 'em; with fragments, divided as you please, they'll hold out to Xmas. What I have to say is enjoined me most seriously to say to you by Moxon. Their country customers grieve at getting the *Table Book* so late. It is indispensable it should appear on Friday. Do it but *once*, and you'll never know the difference.

### FABLE

A boy at my school, a cunning fox, for one

penny ensured himself a hot roll and butter every morning for ever. Some favour'd ones were allowed a roll and butter to their breakfasts. He had none. But he bought one one morning. What did he do? He did not eat it, but cutting it in two, sold each one of the halves to a half-breakfasted Blue Boy for *his* whole roll to-morrow. The next day he had a whole roll to eat, and two halves to swap with other two boys, who had eat their cake and were still not satiated, for whole ones to-morrow. So on *ad infinitum*. By one morning's abstinence he feasted seven years after.

#### APPLICATION

Bring out the next Number on Friday, for country correspondents' sake. It will be one piece of exertion, and you will go right ever after, for you will have just the time you had before, to bring it out ever after by the Friday.

You don't know the difference in getting a thing early. Your correspondents are your authors. You don't know how an author frets to know the world has got his contribution, when he finds it not on his breakfast table.

*Once* in this case is *ever* without a grain of trouble afterwards.

I won't like you or speak to you if you don't try it once.

Yours, on that condition,

C. LAMB

DXLIV.—TO WILLIAM HONE

October, 1827.

Dear Hone, — I was most sensibly gratified by receiving the *Table Book* on Friday evening at Enfield!

Thank you. In haste. Don't spare the Extracts. They'll eke out till Christmas. How is your daughter?  
C. L.

DXLV.—TO THOMAS HOOD

1827.

Dear H., — Emma has a favour, besides a bed, to ask of Mrs. Hood. Your parcel was gratifying. We have all been pleased with Mrs. Leslie; I speak it most sincerely. There is much manly sense with a feminine expression, which is my definition of ladies' writing.

DXLVI.—TO BERNARD BARTON

Late, 1827.

My dear B. B., — You will understand my silence when I tell you that my sister, on the very eve of entering into a new house we have taken at Enfield, was surprised with an attack of one of her sad long illnesses, which deprive me of her society, tho' not of her domestication, for eight or nine weeks together. I see her, but it does her no good. But for this, we have the snug-

gest, most comfortable house, with everything most compact and desirable. Colebrook is a wilderness. The books, prints, &c., are come here, and the New River came down with us. The familiar prints, the Bust, the Milton, seem scarce to have changed their rooms. One of her last observations was "how frightfully like this room is to our room in Islington" — our up-stairs room, she meant. How I hope you will come some better day, and judge of it! We have tried quiet here for four months, and I will answer for the comfort of it enduring.

On emptying my bookshelves I found an *Ulysses*, which I will send to A. K. when I go to town, for her acceptance — unless the book be out of print. One likes to have one copy of everything one does. I neglected to keep one of *Poetry for Children*, the joint production of Mary and me, and it is not to be had for love or money. It had in the title-page "by the author of *Mrs. Lester's School*." Know you any one that has it, and would exchange it?

Strolling to Waltham Cross the other day, I hit off these lines. It is one of the crosses which Edward I. caused to be built for his wife at every town where her corpse rested between Northamptonshire and London.

A stately cross each sad spot doth attest,  
Whereat the corpse of Elinor did rest,  
From Herdby fetch'd — her spouse so honour'd her —  
To sleep with royal dust at Westminster.

And, if less pompous obsequies were thine,  
Duke Brunswick's daughter, princely Caroline,  
Grudge not, great ghost, nor count thy funeral losses:  
Thou in thy lifetime hadst thy share of crosses.

My dear B. B.,— My head akes with this little excursion. Pray accept two sides for three for once. And believe me, yours sadly,

C. L.

DXLVII.— TO BERNARD BARTON

December 4, 1827.

My dear B. B.,— I have scarce spirits to write, yet am harass'd with not writing. Nine weeks are completed, and Mary does not get any better. It is perfectly exhausting. Enfield and everything is very gloomy. But for long experience, I should fear her ever getting well.

I feel most thankful for the spinsterly attentions of your sister. Thank the kind "knitter in the sun."

What nonsense seems verse, when one is seriously out of hope and spirits! I mean that at this time I have some nonsense to write, pain of incivility. Would to the fifth heaven no coxcomb had invented albums.

I have not had a *Bijoux*, nor the slightest notice from Pickering about omitting four out of five of my things. The best thing is never to hear of such a thing as a bookseller again, or to think there are publishers: second hand stationers and

old book-stalls for me. Authorship should be an idea of the past.

Old kings, old bishops, are venerable. All present is hollow.

I cannot make a letter. I have no straw, not a pennyworth of chaff, only this may stop your kind importunity to know about us.

Here is a comfortable house, but no tenants. One does not make a household.

Do not think I am quite in despair, but in addition to hope protracted, I have a stupifying cold and obstructing headache, and the sun is dead.

I will not fail to apprise you of the revival of a beam.

Meantime accept this, rather than think I have forgotten you all.

Best remembrances.

Yours and theirs truly,      C. L.

### DXLVIII.—TO LEIGH HUNT

December, 1827.

Dear H., — I am here almost in the eleventh week of the longest illness my sister ever had, and no symptoms of amendment. Some had begun, but relapsed with a change of nurse. If she ever gets well, you will like my house, and I shall be happy to show you Enfield country.

As to my head, it is perfectly at your or any one's service; either Meyers' or Hazlitt's

[*portrait*], which last (done fifteen or twenty years since) White, of the Accountant's office, India House, has; he lives in Kentish Town: I forget where, but is to be found in Leadenhall daily. Take your choice. I should be proud to hang up as an alehouse-sign even; or, rather, I care not about my head or anything, but how we are to get well again, for I am tired out.

God bless you and yours from the worst calamity.  
Yours truly, C. L.

Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Hunt. H.'s is in a queer dress. M.'s would be preferable *ad populum*.

#### DXLIX. — TO WILLIAM HONE

December 15, 1827.

My dear Hone, — I read the sad accident with a careless eye, the newspaper giving a wrong name to the poor sufferer; but learn'd the truth from Clarke. God send him ease, and you comfort in your thick misfortunes. I am in a sorry state. 'T is the eleventh week of the illness, and I cannot get her well. To add to the calamity, Miss James is obliged to leave us in a day or two. We had an Enfield nurse for seven weeks, and just as she seem'd mending, *she* was call'd away. Miss J.'s coming seem'd to put her back, and now she is going. I do not compare my sufferings to yours, but you see the world is full of

troubles. I wish I could say a word to comfort you. You must cling to all that is left. I fear to ask you whether the *Book* is to be discontinued. What a pity, when it must have delighted so many! Let me hear about you and it, and believe me with deepest fellow-feeling,

Your friend, C. LAMB

DL.—TO THOMAS ALLSOP

Middle December, 1827.

My dear Allsop, — Thanks for the birds. Your announcement puzzles me sadly, as nothing came. I send you back a word in your letter, which I can positively make nothing of and therefore return to you as useless. It means to refer to the birds, but gives me no information. They are at the fire, however.

My sister's illness is the most obstinate she ever had. It will not go away, and I am afraid Miss James will not be able to stay above a day or two longer. I am desperate to think of it sometimes. 'T is eleven weeks! The day is sad as my prospects. With kindest love to Mrs. A. and the children, yours,  
C. L.

No *Atlas* this week. Poor Hone's good boy Alfred has fractured his skull, another son is returned "dead" from the Navy Office, and his *Book* is going to be given up, not having answered. What a world of troubles this is!

## DLI.—TO THOMAS ALLSOP

December 20, 1827.

My dear Allsop, — I have writ to say to you that I hope to have a comfortable Xmas-day with Mary, and I cannot bring myself to go from home at present. Your kind offer, and the kind consent of the young lady to come, we feel as we should do; pray accept all of you our kindest thanks: at present I think a visitor (good and excellent as we remember her to be) might a little put us out of our way. Emma is with us, and our small house just holds us, without obliging Mary to sleep with Becky, &c.

We are going on extremely comfortably, and shall soon be in capacity of seeing our friends. Much weakness is left still. With thanks and old remembrances, yours,  
C. L.

## DLII.—TO EDWARD MOXON

December 22, 1827.

My dear Moxon, — I am at length able to tell you that we are all doing well, and shall be able soon to see our friends as usual. If you will venture a winter walk to Enfield to-morrow week (Sunday 30th) you will find us much as usual; we intend a delicious quiet Christmas day, dull and friendless, for we have not spirits for festivities. Pray communicate the good news to the Hoods, and say I hope he is better. I should

be thankful for any of the books you mention, but I am so apprehensive of their miscarriage by the stage, — at all events I want none just now.

Pray call and see Mrs. Lovekin, I heard she was ill; say we shall be glad to see them some fine day after a week or so.

May I beg you to call upon Miss James, and say that we are quite well, and that Mary hopes she will excuse her writing herself yet; she knows that it is rather troublesome to her to write. We have received her letter. Farewell, till we meet. Yours truly, C. LAMB

#### DLIII. — TO BERNARD BARTON

End of 1827.

My dear B., — We are all pretty well again and comfortable, and I take a first opportunity of sending the *Adventures of Ulysses*, hoping that among us — Homer, Chapman, and Co. — we shall afford you some pleasure. I fear it is out of print, if not A. K. will accept it, with wishes it were bigger; if another copy is not to be had, it reverts to me and my heirs *for ever*. With it I send a trumpery book; to which, without my knowledge, the editor of the *Bijoux* has contributed Lucy's verses: I am ashamed to ask her acceptance of the trash accompanying it. Adieu to albums — for a great while, I said when I came here, and had not been fixed two days but my landlord's daughter (not at the pothouse)

requested me to write in her female friend's and in her own; if I go to ——, thou art there also, O all pervading *album!* All over the Leeward Islands, in Newfoundland, and the Back Settlements, I understand there is no other reading. They haunt me. I die of Albo-phobia!

DLIV.—TO THOMAS ALLSOP

January 9, 1828.

Dear Allsop,— I have been very poorly and nervous lately, but am recovering sleep, &c. I do not invite or make engagements for particular days; but I need not say how pleasant your dropping in *any* Sunday morning would be. Perhaps Jameson would accompany you. Pray beg him to keep an accurate record of the warning I sent by him to old Pan, for I dread lest he should at the twelve months' end deny the warning. The house is his daughter's, but we took it through him, and have paid the rent to his receipts for his daughter's. Consult J. if he thinks the warning sufficient. I am very nervous, or have been, about the house; lost my sleep, and expected to be ill; but slumbered gloriously last night, golden slumbers. I shall not relapse. You fright me with your inserted slips in the most welcome *Atlas*. They begin to charge double for it, and call it two sheets. How can I confute them by opening it, when a note of yours might slip out, and we get in a hobble? When you write,

write real letters. Mary's best love and mine  
to Mrs. A.                      Yours ever,                      C. LAMB

DLV.— TO EDWARD MOXON

January, 1828.

Dear Moxon, — I have to thank you for despatching so much business for me. I am uneasy respecting the enclosed receipts which you sent me and are dated January, 1827. Pray get them chang'd by Mr. Henshall to 1828. I have been in a very nervous way since I saw you. Pray excuse me to the Hoods for not answering his very pleasant letter. I am very poorly. The *Keepsake* I hope is return'd. I sent it back by Mrs. Hazlitt on Thursday. 'T was blotted outside when it came. The rest I think are mine.

My heart bleeds about poor Hone, that such an agreeable book, and a *Book* there seem'd no reason should not go on for ever, should be given up, and a thing substituted which in its nature cannot last. Don't send me any more *Companions*, for it only vexes me about the *Table Book*. This is not weather to hope to see anybody *to-day*, but, without any particular invitations, pray consider that we are *at any time* most glad to see you. You (with Hunt's *Lord Byron* or Hazlitt's *Napoleon* in your hand) or you simply with your switch, &c. The night was damnable and the morning is not too bless-able. If you get my dates changed, I will not trouble you with busi-

ness for some time. Best of all remembrances to the Hoods, with a malicious congratulation on their friend Rice's advancement.

Yours truly, C. LAMB

DLVI.— TO EDWARD MOXON

February 18, 1828.

Dear M., — I had rather thought to have seen you yesterday, or I should have written to thank you for your attentions in the book way, &c. Hone's address is 22 Belvidere Place, Southwark. 'T is near the obelisk. I can only say we shall be most glad to see you, when weather suits, and that it will be a joyful surprisal to see the Hoods. I should write to them, but am poorly and nervous. Emma is very proud of her *Valentine*. Mary does not immediately want books, having a damn'd consignment of novels in MS. from Malta; which I wish the Mediterranean had in its guts.

Believe me, yours truly, C. L.

DLVII.— TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

February 25, 1828.

My dear Clarke, — You have been accumulating on me such a heap of pleasant obligations that I feel uneasy in writing as to a benefactor. Your smaller contributions, the little weekly rills, are refreshments in the desert, but your large books were feasts. I hope Mrs. Hazlitt, to whom

I encharged it, has taken Hunt's *Lord B.* to the Novellos. His picture of Literary Lordship is as pleasant as a disagreeable subject can be made, his own poor man's Education at dear Christ's is as good and hearty as the subject. Hazlitt's speculative episodes are capital; I skip the Battles. But how did I deserve to have the Book?

The *Companion* has too much of Madam Pasta. Theatricals have ceased to be popular attractions. His walk home after the Play is as good as the best of the old Indicators. The watchmen are emboxed in a niche of fame, save the skating one that must be still fugitive. I wish I could send a scrap for good will. But I have been most seriously unwell and nervous a long long time. I have scarce mustered courage to begin this short note, but conscience duns me.

I had a pleasant letter from your sister, greatly over-acknowledging my poor sonnet. I think I should have replied to it, but tell her I think so. Alas for sonnetting, 't is as the nerves are; all the summer I was dawdling among green lanes, and verses came as thick as fancies. I am sunk winterly below prose and zero.

But I trust the vital principle is only as under snow. That I shall yet laugh again.

I suppose the great change of place affects me, but I could not have lived in town, I could not bear company.

I see Novello flourishes in the Del Capo line, and dedications are not forgotten. I read the

*Atlas.* When I pitched on the Dedication I looked for the Broom of "*Cowden* knows" to be harmonized, but 't was summat of Rossini's.

I want to hear about Hone: does he stand above water? how is his son? I have delay'd writing to him, till it seems impossible. Break the ice for me.

The wet ground here is intolerable, the sky above clear and delusive, but underfoot quagmires from night showers, and I am cold-footed and moisture-abhorring as a cat; nevertheless I yesterday tramped to Waltham Cross; perhaps the poor bit of exertion necessary to scribble this was owing to that unusual bracing.

If I get out, I shall get stout, and then something will out—I mean for the *Companion*—you see I rhyme insensibly.

Traditions are rife here of one Clarke a school-master, and a runaway pickle named Holmes, but much obscurity hangs over it. Is it possible they can be any relations?

'T is worth the research, when you can find a sunny day, with ground firm, &c. Master Sexton is intelligent, and for half-a-crown he'll pick you up a father.

In truth we shall be most glad to see any of the Novellian circle, middle of the week such as can come, or Sunday, as can't. But spring will burgeon out quickly, and then we'll talk more.

You'd like to see the improvements on the Chase, the new Cross in the market-place, the

chandler's shop from whence the rods were fetch'd. They are raised a farthing since the spread of education. But perhaps you don't care to be reminded of the Holofernes' days, and nothing remains of the old laudable profession, but the clear, firm, impossible-to-be-mistaken schoolmaster text hand with which is subscribed the ever-welcome name of Chas. Cowden C. Let me crowd in both our loves to all. C. L.

Let me never be forgotten to include in my remembrances my good friend and whilom correspondent Master Stephen.

How, especially, is Victoria?

I try to remember all I used to meet at Shacklewell. The little household, cake-producing, wine-bringing-out Emma — the old servant, that didn't stay, and ought to have staid, and was always very dirty and friendly, and Miss H., the counter-tenor with a fine voice, whose sister married Thurtell. They all live in my mind's eye, and Mr. N.'s and Holmes's walks with us half back after supper. *Troia fuit!*

#### DLVIII.— TO CHARLES C. CLARKE

Dear C., — I shall do very well. The sunshine is medicinal, as you will find when you venture hither some fine day. Enfield is beautiful.

Yours truly,

C. L.

DLIX.—TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

February 26, 1828.

My dear Robinson, — It will be a very painful thing to us indeed, if you give up coming to see us, as we fear, on account of the nearness of the poor lady you inquire after. It is true that on the occasion she mentions, which was on her return from last seeing her daughter, she was very heated and feverish, but there seems to be a great amendment in her since, and she has within a day or two passed a quiet evening with us. At the same time I dare not advise anything one way or another respecting her daughter coming to live with her. I entirely disclaim the least opinion about it. If we named anything before her, it was erroneously, on the notion that *she* was the obstacle to the plan which had been suggested of placing her daughter in a private family, *which seem'd your wish*. But I have quite done with the subject. If we can be of any amusement to the poor lady, without self disturbance, we will. But come and see us after Circuit, as if she were not. You have no more affectionate friends than

C. AND M. LAMB

DLX.—TO EDWARD MOXON

March 19, 1828.

My dear M.,— It is my firm determination to have nothing to do with *Forget-me-Nots* — pray

excuse me as civilly as you can to Mr. Hurst. I will take care to refuse any other applications. The things which Pickering has, if to be had again, I have promised absolutely, you know, to poor Hood, from whom I had a melancholy epistle yesterday; besides that, Emma has decided objections to her own and her friend's album verses being published; but if she gets over that, they are decidedly Hood's.

Till we meet, farewell. Loves to Dash.

C. L.

DLXI.— TO THE REV. EDWARD IRVING

April 3, 1828.

Dear Sir,— I take advantage from the kindness which I have experienced from you in a slight acquaintance to introduce to you my very respected friend Mr. Hone, who is of opinion that your interference in a point which he will mention to you may prove of essential benefit to him in some present difficulties. I should not take this liberty if I did not feel that you are a person not to be prejudiced by an obnoxious name. All that I know of him obliges me to respect him, and to request your kindness for him, if you can serve him.

With feelings of kindest respect, I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

CHAS. LAMB

DLXII.—TO BERNARD BARTON

April 21, 1828.

Dear B. B.,—You must excuse my silence. I have been in very poor health and spirits, and cannot write letters. I only write to assure you, as you wish'd, of my existence. All that which Mitford tells you of H.'s book is rhodomontade, only H. has written unguardedly about me, and nothing makes a man more foolish than his own foolish panegyric. But I am pretty well cased to flattery, or its contrary. Neither affects me a turnip's worth. Do you see the author of *May you Like it?* Do you write to him? Will you give my present plea to him of ill health for not acknowledging a pretty book with a pretty frontispiece he sent me. He is most esteem'd by me. As for subscribing to books, in plain truth I am a man of reduced income, and don't allow myself twelve shillings a-year to buy *old books* with, which must be my excuse. I am truly sorry for Murray's demur, but I wash my hands of all booksellers, and hope to know them no more. I am sick and poorly and must leave off, with our joint kind remembrances to your daughter and friend A. K.

C. L.

DLXIII.—TO THOMAS ALLSOP

May 1, 1828.

Dear A.,—I am better. Mary quite well. We

expected to see you before. I can't write long letters. So a friendly love to you all. Yours ever,

C. L.

This sunshine is healing.

DLXIV.— TO WILLIAM HONE

May 2, 1828.

Dear H., — Valter Vilson dines with us tomorrow. Vell! How I should like to see Hone!

C. LAMB

DLXV.— TO EDWARD MOXON

May 3, 1828.

Dear M., — My friend Patmore, author of the *Months*, a very pretty publication, — of sundry Essays in the *London, New Monthly*, &c., wants to dispose of a volume or two of *Tales*. Perhaps they might chance to suit Hurst; but be that as it may, he will call upon you, *under favour of my recommendation*; and as he is returning to France, where he lives, if you can do anything for him in the treaty line, to save him dancing over the Channel every week, I am sure you will. I said I'd never trouble you again; but how vain are the resolves of mortal man! P. is a very hearty, friendly fellow, and was poor John Scott's second, as I will be yours when you want one. May you never be mine!

Yours truly,

C. L.

DLXVI. — TO WALTER WILSON

May 17, 1828.

Dear Walter, — The sight of your old name again was like a resurrection. It had passed away into the dimness of a dead friend. We shall be most joyful to see you here next week, — if I understand you right, — for your note dated the 10th arrived only yesterday, Friday the 16th. Suppose I name *Thursday* next. If that don't suit, write to say so. A morning coach comes from the Bell or Bell and Crown by Leather Lane, Holborn, and sets you down at our house on the Chase Side, next door to Mr. Westwood's, whom all the coachmen know.

I have four more notes to write, so dispatch this with again assuring you how happy we shall be to see you, and to discuss Defoe and old matters.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB

DLXVII. — TO THOMAS N. TALFOURD

May 20, 1828.

My dear Talfourd, — We propose being with you on Wednesday not unearly, Mary to take a bed with you, and I with Crabbe, if, as I understand, he be of the party. Yours ever,

CH. LAMB

DLXVIII.—TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

May, 1828.

Dear Wordsworth, — We had meant to have tried to see Mrs. Wordsworth and Dora next Wednesday, but we are intercepted by a violent toothache which Mary has got by getting up next morning after parting with you, to be with my going off at half-past eight Holborn. We are poor travellers, and moreover we have company (damn 'em), good people, Mr. Hone and an old crony not seen for twenty years, coming here on Tuesday, one stays night with us, and Mary doubts my power to get up time enough, and comfort enough, to be so far as you are. Will you name a day in the same or coming week that we can come to you in the morning, for it would plague us not to see the other two of you, whom we cannot individualize from you, before you go? It is bad enough not to see your sister Dorothy.

God bless you sincerely,

C. LAMB

DLXIX.—TO THE REV. HENRY F. CARY

June 10, 1828.

Dear Sir, — I long to see Wordsworth once more before he goes hence, but it would be at the expence of health and comfort my infirmities cannot afford. Once only I have been at a dinner party, to meet him, for a whole year

past, and I do not know that I am not the worse for it now. There is a necessity for my drinking too much (don't show this to the bishop of ——, your friend) at and after dinner; then I require spirits at night to allay the crudity of the weaker Bacchus; and in the morning I cool my parched stomach with a fiery libation. Then I am aground in town, and call upon my London friends, and get new wets of ale, porter, &c.; then ride home, drinking where the coach stops, as duly as Edward set up his Waltham Crosses. This, or near it, was the process of my experiment of dining at Talfourd's to meet Wordsworth, and I am not well now. Now let me beg that we may meet here with assured safety to both sides. Darley and Procter come here on Sunday morning; pray arrange to come along with them. Here I can be tolerably moderate. In town, the very air of town turns my head and is intoxication enough, if intoxication knew a limit. I am a poor country mouse, and your cates disturb me. Tell me you will come. We have a bed, and a half or three quarters bed, at all your services; and the adjoining inn has many. If engaged on Sunday, tell me when you will come; a Saturday will suit as well. I would that Wordsworth would come too. Pray believe that 't is my health only, which brought me here, that frightens me from the wicked town. Mary joins in kind remembrances to Mrs. Cary and yourself.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB

DLXX.—TO B. R. HAYDON

August, 1828.

Dear Haydon, — I have been tardy in telling you that your “Chairing the Member” gave me great pleasure; ’t is true broad Hogarthian fun, the High Sheriff capital. Considering, too, that you had the materials imposed upon you, and that you did not select them from the rude world as H. did, I hope to see many more such from your hand. If the former picture went beyond this I have had a loss, and the King a bargain. I longed to rub the back of my hand across the hearty canvas that two senses might be gratified. Perhaps the subject is a little discordantly placed opposite to another act of Chairing, where the huzzas were Hosannahs,—but I was pleased to see so many of my old acquaintances brought together notwithstanding.

Believe me, yours truly, C. LAMB

DLXXI.—TO JOHN RICKMAN

September 11, 1828.

Dear Rickman, — We are just come home from a London visit and are mortified to learn that we missed you on Saturday. The same absence cannot recur before the 29th, or feast of St. Michael, on which day I pay my quarterly respects to the India Directors. If you can make another day between, you are sure of finding us.

The nuts are very acceptable, Mary being a grievous offender that way; but to think of bringing *apples* to the proprietor of a whole tree, almost an orchard, and who actually has an apple chamber redolent, was a solecism. Yours ever,

C. LAMB

Do you ever light upon G. D. now? Could you bring him?

DLXXII. — TO LOUISA HOLCROFT

October 2, 1828.

Mary Lamb has written her last letter in this world. Do not imagine that her individual substance has perished! 'T is extant yet and sleek, but her epistolary part is dead before her, and has left me *writing legatee*. Could not you have slipt down for a day or two this Michaelmas vacation? 'T would have been worth while to have seen the difference on our green. On the 28th 't was whitened over with those pretty birds that look like snow in summer, and cackle like ice breaking up: the fatal 29th arrove (is that English?), and their place knew them no more. Here and there a solitary duck survives to remind one of the superior race which had been extinguished — swans to *them*.

You remember I asked a large party of them into our grounds to meet *you*. Of all that pleasant party, your dear self excepted, not one remains with a whole throat.

You send loves to Mrs. Morgan — who or what is she, or what dream was it that any such person is here? You add, too, that she is grown plump — is that a reason why love should be sent her? I understand neither the logic nor affection implied in that passage.

I have nearly lost my arithmetic since you went, but *count* upon renewing it some day with you. Enfield is dull, but London is turbulent. We have disqualified ourselves for a town life by migrating here, but cannot (for our Cockney souls) get up a rural taste, so we hang suburban.

I could not bring myself to face Mr. Kenny in Brunswick Square (time and next occasion may take off the terror). I thought it would look so like coming to be *repaid* for any little hospitalities which I might have had in my power to show him while he staid at Enfield, which were no more than one gentleman ought to do to another — marry, 't is well if he thought 'em so much.

And how are all the little orphans committed to your trust? Mind their morals first. I would not give twopence for all the learning you can put into them in comparison with that. Do they lay three in a bed? Do you see them properly lain and tidy before you go to bed yourself of a night — I mean before you lie yourself down to sleep?

Mary tells me to say that Mrs. Collier knows

we shall be happy to see her any day without ceremony.

And to have you again when you have vacation, for you were not very troublesome — indeed, we are more hospitable by nature than some folks would guess from our practice. With best loves to Mrs. Kenny, twins and no twins,

Yours truly, C. AND M. LAMB

### DLXXIII. — TO JOHN RICKMAN

[The following is an English version, given by E. V. Lucas, of a letter, written in Latin, from Charles Lamb to John Rickman:]

Postmark, Oct. 3, 1828.

I have been thinking of sending some kind of an answer in Latin to your very elaborate letter, but something has arisen every day to hinder me. To begin with, our awkward friend M. B. has been with us for a while, and every day and all day we have had such a lecture, you know how he stutters, on legal (mind, nothing but legal) notices, that I have been afraid the Latin I want to write might prove rather barbaro-forensic than Ciceronian. He is swallowed up, body and soul, in law; he eats, drinks, plays (at the card-table) Law, nothing but Law. He acts Ignoramus in the play so thoroughly, that you would swear that in the inmost marrow of his head (is not this the proper anatomical term?) there have housed themselves not devils but pettifoggers, to bemuddle with their noisy chatter his own and his friends' wits. He brought here, 't was all his luggage, a book, *Fearne on Contingent Remainders*. This book he has read so hard, and taken such infinite pains to understand, that the reader's brain has few or no Remainders to continge. Enough, however, of M. B. and his luggage. To come back to your claims upon me. Your return journey, with notes, I read again and again, nor have I done with them yet. You always make something fresh out of a hack-

neyed theme. Our milestones, you say, bristle with blunders, but I must shortly explain why I cannot comply with your directions herein.

Suppose I were to consult the local magnates about a matter of this kind. Ha! says one of our waywardens or parish overseers, — What business is this of *yours*? Do you want to drop the lodger and come out as a householder? — Now you must know that I took this house of mine at Enfield, by an obvious domiciliary fiction, in my sister's name, to avoid the bother and trouble of parish and vestry-meetings, and to escape finding myself one day an overseer or big-wig of some sort. What then would be my reply to the above question?

Leisure I have secured: but of dignity, not a tittle. Besides, to tell you the truth, the aforesaid irregularities are, to my thinking, most entertaining, and in fact very touching indeed. Here am I, quit of worldly affairs of every kind; for if superannuation does not mean that, what does it mean? The world then, being, as the saying is, beyond my ken, and being myself entirely removed from any accurate distinctions of space or time, these mistakes in road-measure do not seriously offend me. For in the infinite space of the heavens above (which in this contracted sphere of mine I desire to imitate so far as may be) what need is there of milestones? Local distance has to do with mortal affairs. In my walks abroad, limited though they must be, I am quite at my own disposal, and on that account I have a good word for our Enfield clocks too. Their hands generally point without any servile reference to this sun of our world, in his *sub-empyrean* position. They strike too just as it happens, according to their own sweet wills, — one — two — three — anything they like, and thus to me, a more fortunate Whittington, they pleasantly announce, that Time, so far as I am concerned, is no more. Here you have my reasons for not attending in this matter to the requests of a busy subsolar such as you are.

Furthermore, when I reach the milestone that counts from the Hicks Hall that stands now, I own at once the aulic dignity, and, were I a gaol-bird, I should shake in my shoes. When I reach the next which counts from the site of the old hall, my thoughts turn to the fallen grandeur of the pile, and

I reflect upon the perishable condition of the most imposing of human structures. Thus I banish from my soul all pride and arrogance, and with such meditations purify my heart from day to day. A wayfarer such as I am, may learn from Vincent Bourne, in words terser and neater than any of mine, the advantages of milestones properly arranged. The lines are at the end of a little poem of his, called *Milestones* — (Do you remember it or shall I write it all out?)

How well the Milestones' use doth this express,  
Which make the miles (seem) more and way seem less.

What do you mean by this — I am borrowing hand and style from this youngster of mine — your son, I take it. The style looks, nay on careful inspection by these old eyes, is most clearly your very own, and the writing too. Either R's or the Devil's. I will defer your explanation till our next meeting — may it be soon.

My Latin failing me, as you may infer from erasures above, there is only this to add. Farewell, and be sure to give Mrs. Rickman my kind remembrances. C. LAMB

#### DLXXIV.—TO BERNARD BARTON

October 11, 1828.

A splendid edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim* — why, the thought is enough to turn one's moral stomach. His cockle hat and staff transformed to a smart cock'd beaver and a jemmy cane, his amice gray to the last Regent Street cut, and his painful palmer's pace to the modern swagger. Stop thy friend's sacrilegious hand. Nothing can be done for B. but to reprint the old cuts in as homely but good a style as possible. The Vanity Fair, and the pilgrims there — the silly soothness in his setting-out countenance — the Christian

idiocy (in a good sense) of his admiration of the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains — the lions so truly allegorical and remote from any similitude to Pidcock's. The great head (the author's) capacious of dreams and similitudes dreaming in the dungeon. Perhaps you don't know *my* edition, what I had when a child : if you do, can you bear new designs from — Martin, enamel'd into copper or silver plate by — Heath, accompanied with verses from Mrs. Hemans's pen, O how unlike his own !—

Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy ?  
Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly ?  
Wouldst thou read riddles and their explanation ?  
Or else be drowned in thy contemplation ?  
Dost thou love picking meat ? or wouldst thou see  
A man i' th' clouds, and hear him speak to thee ?  
Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep ?  
Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep ?  
Or wouldst thou lose thyself, and catch no harm,  
And find thyself again without a charm ?  
Wouldst read *thyself*, and read thou knowst not what,  
And yet know whether thou art blest or not  
By reading the same lines ? O then come hither,  
And lay my book, thy head and heart together.

JOHN BUNYAN

Shew me such poetry in any of the fifteen forthcoming combinations of show and emptiness, yclept annuals. Let me whisper in your ear that wholesome sacramental bread is not more nutritious than papistical wafer stuff, than these (to head and heart) exceed the visual frippery of Mitford's *Salamander God*, baking himself up

to the work of creation in a solar oven, not yet by the terms of the context itself existing. Blake's ravings made genteel. So there's verses for thy verses; and now let me tell you that the sight of your hand gladden'd me. I have been daily trying to write to you, but paralysed. You have spur'd me on this tiny effort, and at intervals I hope to hear from and talk to you. But my spirits have been in a deprest way for a long long time, and they are things which must be to you of faith, for who can explain depression?

Yes, I am hooked into the *Gem*, but only for some lines written on a dead infant of the editor's, which being as it were his property, I could not refuse their appearing, but I hate the paper, the type, the gloss, the dandy plates, the names of contributors poked up into your eyes in first page, and whistled thro' all the covers of magazines, the barefaced sort of emulation, the unmodest candidateship, brought into so little space — in those old *Londons* a signature was lost in the wood of matter — the paper coarse (till latterly, which spoil'd them) — in short I detest to appear in an Annual.

What a fertile genius (and a quiet good soul withal) is Hood. He has fifty things in hand, farces to supply the *Adelphi* for the season, a comedy for one of the great theatres, just ready, a whole entertainment by himself for Mathews and Yates to figure in, a meditated Comic Annual

for next year, to be nearly done by himself. You 'd like him very much. Wordsworth I see has a good many pieces announced in one of 'em, not our *Gem*. W. Scott has distributed himself like a bribe haunch among 'em. Of all the poets, Cary has had the good sense to keep quite clear of 'em, with clergy-gentle-manly right notions. Don't think I set up for being proud in this point, I like a bit of flattery tickling my vanity as well as any one. But these pompous masquerades without masks (naked names or faces) I hate. So there 's a bit of my mind. Besides they infallibly cheat you, I mean the book-sellers. If I get but a copy, I only expect it from Hood's being my friend. Coleridge has lately been here. He, too, is deep among the Prophets — the Year-servers — the mob of Gentlemen annuals. But they 'll cheat him, I know.

And now, dear B. B., the sun shining out merrily, and the dirty clouds we had yesterday having wash'd their own faces clean with their own rain, tempts me to wander up Winchmore Hill, or into some of the delightful vicinages of Enfield, which I hope to show you at some time when you can get a few days up to the great town. Believe me it would give both of us great pleasure to show you all three (we can lodge you) our pleasant farms and villages.

We both join in kindest loves to you and yours.

CH. LAMB, *redivivus*

DLXXV. — TO CHARLES C. CLARKE

October, 1828.

Dear Clarke, — We did expect to see you with Victoria and the Novellos before this, and do not quite understand why we have not. Mrs. N. and V. [Vincent] promised us after the York expedition; a day being named before, which fail'd. 'T is not too late. The autumn leaves drop gold, and Enfield is beautifuller — to a common eye — than when you lurked at the Greyhound. Benedicks are close, but how I so totally missed you at that time, going for my morning cup of ale duly, is a mystery. 'T was stealing a match before one's face in earnest. But certainly we had not a dream of your appropinquity. I instantly prepared an Epithalamium, in the form of a Sonata — which I was sending to Novello to compose — but Mary forbid it me, as too light for the occasion — as if the subject required anything heavy — so in a tiff with her I sent no congratulation at all. Tho' I promise you the wedding was very pleasant news to me indeed. Let your reply name a day this next week, when you will come as many as a coach will hold; such a day as we had at Dulwich. My very kindest love and Mary's to Victoria and the Novellos. The enclosed is from a friend nameless, but highish in office, and a man whose accuracy of statement may be relied on with implicit confidence. He wants the *exposé* to appear in a newspaper as

the “greatest piece of legal and Parliamentary villainy he ever remembered,” and he has had experience in both; and thinks it would answer afterwards in a cheap pamphlet printed at Lambeth in 8° sheet, as 16,000 families in that parish are interested. I know not whether the present *Examiner* keeps up the character of exposing abuses, for I scarce see a paper now. If so, you may ascertain Mr. Hunt of the strictest truth of the statement, at the peril of my head. But if this won't do, transmit it me back, I beg, per coach, or better, bring it with you.

Yours unaltered,

C. LAMB

#### DLXXVI. — TO VINCENT NOVELLO

November 6, 1828.

My dear Novello,— I am afraid I shall appear rather tardy in offering my congratulations, however sincere, upon your daughter's marriage. The truth is, I had put together a little *Serenata* upon the occasion, but was prevented from sending it by my sister, to whose judgment I am apt to defer too much in these kind of things; so that, now I have her consent, the offering, I am afraid, will have lost the grace of seasonableness. Such as it is, I send it. She thinks it a little too old-fashioned in the manner, too much like what they wrote a century back. But I cannot write in the modern style, if I try ever so hard. I have attended to the proper divisions for the music,

and you will have little difficulty in composing it. If I may advise, make Pepusch your model, or Blow. It will be necessary to have a good second voice, as the stress of the melody lies there:

SERENATA, FOR TWO VOICES

*On the Marriage of Charles Cowden Clarke, Esqre., to Victoria, eldest daughter of Vincent Novello, Esqre.*

DUETTO

Wake th' harmonious voice and string,  
Love and Hymen's triumph sing,  
Sounds with secret charms combining,  
In melodious union joining,  
Best the wondrous joys can tell,  
That in hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE

*First* To young Victoria's happy fame  
*Voice.* Well may the Arts a trophy raise,  
Music grows sweeter in her praise,  
And, own'd by her, with rapture speaks her name.  
To touch the brave Cowdenio's heart,  
The Graces all in her conspire;  
Love arms her with his surest dart,  
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR

The list'ning Muses all around her  
Think 't is Phœbus' strain they hear;  
And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,  
Drops his bow, and stands to hear.

RECITATIVE

*Second* While crowds of rivals with despair  
*Voice.* Silent admire, or vainly court the Fair,  
Behold the happy conquest of her eyes,  
A Hero is the glorious prize!

In courts, in camps, thro' distant realms renown'd,  
Cowdenio comes! — Victoria, see,  
He comes with British honour crown'd,  
Love leads his eager steps to thee.

AIR

In tender sighs he silence breaks,  
The Fair his flame approves,  
Consenting blushes warm her cheeks,  
She smiles, she yields, she loves.

RECITATIVE

*First Voice.* Now Hymen at the altar stands,  
And while he joins their faithful hands,  
Behold! by ardent vows brought down,  
Immortal concord, heavenly bright,  
Array'd in robes of purest light,  
Descends, th' auspicious rites to crown.  
Her golden harp the goddess brings;  
Its magic sound  
Commands a sudden silence all around,  
And strains prophetic thus attune the strings.

DUETTO

*First Voice.* The Swain his Nymph possessing,  
*Second Voice.* The Nymph her swain caressing,  
*First and Second.* Shall still improve the blessing,  
*Second.* For ever kind and true.  
*Both.* While rolling years are flying,  
Love, Hymen's lamp supplying,  
With fuel never dying,  
Shall still the flame renew.

To so great a master as yourself I have no need  
to suggest that the peculiar tone of the composi-  
tion demands sprightliness, occasionally checked  
by tenderness, as in the second air, —

She smiles, — she yields, — she loves.

Again, you need not be told that each fifth line of the two first recitatives requires a crescendo. And your exquisite taste will prevent your falling into the error of Purcell, who at a passage similar to *that* in my first air, —

Drops his bow, and stands to hear,  
directed the first violin thus, —

Here the first violin must drop his *bow*.

But, besides the absurdity of disarming his principal performer of so necessary an adjunct to his instrument, in such an emphatic part of the composition too, which must have had a droll effect at the time, all such minutiae of adaptation are at this time of day very properly exploded, and Jackson of Exeter very fairly ranks them under the head of puns.

Should you succeed in the setting of it, we propose having it performed (we have one very tolerable second voice here, and Mr. Holmes, I daresay, would supply the minor parts) at the Greyhound. But it must be a secret to the young couple till we can get the band in readiness.

Believe me, dear Novello, yours truly,

C. LAMB

DLXXVII.—TO LAMAN BLANCHARD

November 9, 1828.

Sir, — I beg to return my acknowledgments for the present of your elegant volume, which

I should have esteemed, without the bribe of the name prefixed to it. I have been much pleased with it throughout, but am most taken with the peculiar delicacy of some of the sonnets. I shall put them up among my poetical treasures.

Your obliged servant, C. LAMB

DLXXVIII. — TO THOMAS HOOD

Late autumn, 1828.

Dear Lamb, — You are an impudent varlet; but I will keep your secret. We dine at Ayrton's on Thursday, and shall try to find Sarah and her two spare beds for that night only. Miss M. and her tragedy may be dished: so may *not* you and your rib. Health attend you.

Yours, T. HOOD, Esq.

Miss Bridget Hood sends love.

DLXXIX. — TO EDWARD MOXON

December, 1828.

Dear M., — As I see no blood-marks on the Green Lanes Road, I conclude you got in safe skins home. Have you thought of inquiring Miss Wilson's change of abode? Of the two copies of my drama I want one sent to Wordsworth, together with a complete copy of Hone's *Table Book*, for which I shall be your debtor till we meet. Perhaps Longman will take charge

of this parcel. The other is for Coleridge at Mr. Gilman's, Grove, Highgate, which may be sent, or, if you have a curiosity to see him, you will make an errand with it to him, and tell him we mean very soon to come and see him, if the Gilmans can give or get us a bed. I am ashamed to be so troublesome. Pray let Hood see the *Eclectic Review* — a rogue! The second parts of the *Blackwood* you may make waste paper of.

Yours truly, C. L.

DLXXX. — TO BERNARD BARTON

December 5, 1828.

Dear B. B., — I am ashamed to receive so many nice books from you, and to have none to send you in return. You are always sending me some fruits or wholesome pot-herbs, and mine is the garden of the sluggard, nothing but weeds or scarce they. Nevertheless if I knew how to transmit it, I would send you *Blackwood's* of this month, which contains a little drama, to have your opinion of it, and how far I have improved, or otherwise, upon its prototype. Thank you for your kind sonnet. It does me good to see the Dedication to a Christian Bishop. I am for a Comprehension, as Divines call it, but so as that the Church shall go a good deal more than half-way over to the Silent Meeting-house. I have ever said that the Quakers are the only *Professors* of Christianity as I read it in the *Evangiles*; I

say *Professors* — marry, as to practice, with their gaudy hot types and poetical vanities, they are much at one with the sinful.

Martin's frontispiece is a very fine thing, let C. L. say what he please to the contrary. Of the poems, I like them as a volume better than any one of the preceding; particularly, *Power and Gentleness*; *The Present*; *Lady Russell* — with the exception that I do not like the noble act of Curtius, true or false, one of the grand foundations of old Roman patriotism, to be sacrificed to Lady R.'s taking notes on her husband's trial. If a thing is good, why invidiously bring it into light with something better? There are too few heroic things in this world to admit of our marshalling them in anxious etiquettes of precedence. Would you make a poem on the Story of Ruth (pretty story!) and then say, Aye, but how much better is the story of Joseph and his Brethren! To go on, the Stanzas to "Chalon" want the *name* of Clarkson in the body of them; it is left to inference. The *Battle of Gibeon* is spirited again — but you sacrifice it in last stanza to the *Song at Bethlehem*. Is it quite orthodox to do so? The first was good, you suppose, for that dispensation. Why set the word against the word? It puzzles a weak Christian. So Watts's Psalms are an implied censure on David's. But as long as the Bible is supposed to be an equally divine emanation with the Testament, so long it will stagger weaklings to have them set in opposition.

Godiva is delicately touch'd. I have always thought it a beautiful story characteristic of old English times. But I could not help amusing myself with the thought — if Martin had chosen this subject for a frontispiece, there would have been in some dark corner a white lady, white as the Walker on the waves — riding upon some mystical quadruped — and high above would have risen “tower above tower a massy structure high” the Tenterden steeples of Coventry, till the poor Cross would scarce have known itself among the clouds, and far above them all, the distant Clint hills peering over chimney pots, piled up, Ossa-on-Olympus fashion, till the admiring spectator (admirer of a noble deed) might have gone look for the lady, as you must hunt for the other in the lobster. But M. should be made royal architect. What palaces he would pile! — but then what parliamentary grants to make them good! ne'ertheless I like the frontispiece.

The “Elephant” is pleasant; and I am glad you are getting into a wider scope of subjects. There may be too much, not religion, but too many *good words* into a book, till it becomes, as Shakespeare says of religion, a rhapsody of words. I will just name that you have brought in the *Song to the Shepherds* in four or five if not six places. Now this is not good economy. The *Enoch* is fine; and here I can sacrifice *Elijah* to it, because 't is illustrative only, and not dis-

paraging of the latter prophet's departure. I like this best in the book. Lastly, I much like the *Heron*, 't is exquisite: know you Lord Thurlow's sonnet to a bird of that sort on Lacken water? If not, 't is indispensable I send it you, with my *Blackwood*, if you tell me how best to send them. *Fludyer* is pleasant. You are getting gay and Hood-ish. What is the Enigma? money — if not, I fairly confess I am foiled — and sphynx must [*here are words crossed through*] four times I've tried to write eat — eat me — and the blotting pen turns it into cat me. And now I will take my leave with saying I esteem thy verses, like thy present, honour thy frontispicer, and right-reverence thy Patron and Dedicatee, and am, dear B. B., yours heartily, C. L.

Our joint kindest loves to A. K. and your daughter.

DLXXXI. — TO LOUISA HOLCROFT

December 5, 1828.

Dear Miss H.,— Mary, who never writes, bids me thank you for the handkerchief. I do not understand such work, but if I apprehend her rightly, she would have preferred blonde to white sarcenet for the trimming; but she did not wish me to tell you so. I only hint it for the next. We are sorry for the mess of illness you are involved in. Are you stout enough to

be the general nurse? Who told you we should not be glad to see you on Sundays and all? Tho' we devote that day to its proper duties, as you know, yet you are come of a religious stock, and to you it is not irksome to join in our simple forms, where the heart is all. Your little *protégée* is well, and as yet honest, but she has no one to give her caps now.

Thus far I had written last night. You will see by my altered scrawl that I am not so well this morning. I got up with a fevered skin, and spots are come out all over me. Pray God, it is not the measles. You did not let any of the children touch the seal with their little measly hands, did you? You should be careful when contagion is in the house. Pray God, your letter may not have conveyed the disorder. Our poor postman looks flushed since. What a thing it would be to introduce a disease into a whole village! Yet so simple a thing as a letter has been known to convey a malady. I look at your note. I see it is wafered, not sealed. That makes it more likely. Wafers are flour, and I've known a serious illness to be communicated in a piece of plum-cake. I never had the measles. How my head throbs! You cannot be too cautious, dear Louisa, what you do under such circumstances——

I am a little better than when I broke off at the last word. Your good sense will point out to you that the deficient syllables should be

“stances.” Circumstances. If I am incoherent, impute it to alarm. I will walk in the air——

I am not much refreshed. The air seemed hot and muggy. Somehow I feel quite irritable——there is no word in English——à la variole——we have no phrase to answer it——smallpoxical comes the nearest. Maybe 't was worse than the measles what Charles has. I will send for Mr. Asbury.

I have seen the apothecary. He pronounces my complaint to be, as I feared, of the variola kind, but gives me hopes I shall not be much marked. I hope we shall get well together. But at my time of life it is attended with more hazards. Whatever becomes of me, I shall leave the world without a harsh thought of you. It was only a girlish imprudence. I am quite faint. Two pimples more come out within this last minute. Mary is crying. She looks red. So does Becky. I must go to bed.

Yours in constant pain.

C. L.

You will see by my will, if it comes to that——I bear you no ill w——. Oh!

DLXXXII. — TO CHARLES C. CLARKE

December, 1828.

My dear three C.'s,— The way from Southgate to Colney Hatch thro' the unfrequentedest blackberry paths that ever concealed their coy bunches

from a truant citizen, we have accidentally fallen upon — the giant tree by Cheshunt we have missed, but keep your chart to go by, unless you will be our conduct — at present I am disabled from further flights than just to skirt round Clay Hill, with a peep at the fine back woods, by strained tendons, got by skipping a skipping-rope at 53 — *heu mihi non sum qualis*. But do you know, now you come to talk of walks, a ramble of four hours or so — there and back — to the willow and lavender plantations at the south corner of Northaw Church by a well dedicated to Saint Claridge, with the clumps of finest moss rising hillock fashion, which I counted to the number of two hundred and sixty, and are called “Claridge’s covers” — the tradition being that that saint entertained so many angels or hermits there, upon occasion of blessing the waters? The legends have set down the fruits spread upon that occasion, and in the Black Book of St. Albans some are named which are not supposed to have been introduced into this island till a century later. But waiving the miracle, a sweeter spot is not in ten counties round; you are knee-deep in clover, that is to say, if you are not above a middling man’s height; from this paradise, making a day of it, you go to see the ruins of an old convent at March Hall, where some of the painted glass is yet whole and fresh.

If you do not know this, you do not know the capabilities of this country; you may be said

to be a stranger to Enfield. I found it out one morning in October, and so delighted was I that I did not get home before dark, well a-paid.

I shall long to show you the clump meadows, as they are called; we might do that, without reaching March Hall. When the days are longer, we might take both, and come home by Forest Cross, so skirt over Pennington and the cheerful little village of Churchley to Forty Hill.

But these are dreams till summer; meanwhile we should be most glad to see you for a lesser excursion — say, Sunday next, you and *another*, or if more, best on a weekday with a notice, but o' Sundays, as far as a leg of mutton goes, most welcome. We can squeeze out a bed. Edmon-ton coaches run every hour, and my pen has run out its quarter. Heartily farewell.

#### DLXXXIII. — TO T. N. TALFOURD

End of 1828.

Dear Talfourd, — You could not have told me of a more friendly thing than you have been doing. I am proud of my namesake. I shall take care never to do any dirty action, pick pockets, or anyhow get myself hanged, for fear of reflecting ignominy upon your young Chrisom. I have now a motive to be good. I shall not *omnis moriar*; — my name borne down the black gulf of oblivion.

I shall survive in eleven letters, five more than

Cæsar. Possibly I shall come to be knighted, or more! Sir C. L. Talfourd, Bart.!

Yet hath it an authorish twang with it, which will wear out my name for poetry. Give him a smile from me till I see him.

If you do not drop down before, some day in the *week after next* I will come and take one night's lodging with you, if convenient, before you go hence. You shall name it. We are in town to-morrow *speciali gratia*, but by no arrangement can get up near you.

Believe us both, with greatest regards, yours and Mrs. Talfourd's,

CHARLES LAMB-PHILO-TALFOURD

I come as near it as I can.

DLXXXIV. — TO EDWARD MOXON

About 1828.

Dear Moxon, — Much thanks for the books. Hood is excellent. Mr. Westwood, who wishes to consult you about his son, will acquaint you with our change of life. Mary's very bad spirits drove me upon it, and it seems to answer admirably.

We shall be happy to see you at our table and hole; say, the *Sunday after next*.

Yours very truly,

C. L.

DLXXXV.— TO WILLIAM HONE

[No date.]

Dear H.,—I don't know by your letter whether you are resident at Newington Green, nor at *what number*. So I discharge this, as a surer shot, at Russell Court. Your almanack is funny; it only disappointed me as being not an almanack. What a one you might make! embracing a real calendar, with astrological ridicule, predictions like Tom Brown's "for every day in the week." The only information I receive from this is that New Year's Day happened this year on the first of January. I do not see the days even set down on which I ought to go to church, the Dominical Letter: fie! I will only add that Enfield is still here, with its accustomed shoulders of mutton, fine Geneva tippie, &c.

So hoping some time for a fine day's walk with you, I rest,  
C. L.

Mary's love to both of you.

DLXXXVI.— TO GEORGE DYER

January, 1829.

Dear Dyer,—My very good friend, and Charles Clarke's father-in-law, Vincent Novello, wishes to shake hands with you. Make him play you a tune. He is a damn'd fine musician, and, what is better, a good man and true. He

will tell you how glad we should be to have Mrs. Dyer and you here for a few days. Our young friend, Miss Isola, has been here holidaymaking, but leaves us to-morrow.

Yours ever, CH. LAMB

DLXXXVII.— TO B. W. PROCTER

January 19, 1829.

My dear Procter,— I am ashamed to have not taken the drift of your pleasant letter, which I find to have been pure invention. But jokes are not suspected in Bœotian Enfield. We are plain people; and our talk is of corn, and cattle, and Waltham markets. Besides, I was a little out of sorts when I received it. The fact is, I am involved in a case which has fretted me to death; and I have no reliance, except on you, to extricate me. I am sure you will give me your best legal advice, having no professional friend besides but Robinson and Talfourd, with neither of whom at present I am on the best terms.

My brother's widow left a will, made during the lifetime of my brother, in which I am named sole executor, by which she bequeaths forty acres of arable property, which it seems she held under Covert Baron, unknown to my brother, to the heirs of the body of Elizabeth Dowden, her married daughter by a first husband, in fee-simple, recoverable by fine—*in-*

*vested* property, mind ; for there is the difficulty — subject to leet and quitrent ; in short, worded in the most guarded terms, to shut out the property from Isaac Dowden, the husband. Intelligence has just come of the death of this person in India, where he made a will, entailing this property (which seem'd entangled enough already) to the heirs of his body, that should not be born of his wife ; for it seems by the law in India, natural children can recover. They have put the cause into Exchequer process, here removed by Certiorari from the native Courts ; and the question is, whether I should, as executor, try the cause here, or again re-remove it to the Supreme Sessions at Bangalore (which I understand I can, or plead a hearing before the Privy Council here). As it involves all the little property of Elizabeth Dowden, I am anxious to take the fittest steps, and what may be least expensive. Pray assist me, for the case is so embarrassed, that it deprives me of sleep and appetite. M. Burney thinks there is a case like it in Chapt. 170, sect. 5, in Fearn's *Contingent Remainders*. Pray read it over with him dispassionately, and let me have the result. The complexity lies in the questionable power of the husband to alienate *in usum* enfeoffments whereof he was only collaterally seized, &c.

I had another favour to beg, which is the beggarliest of beggings.

A few lines of verse for a young friend's album

(six will be enough). M. Burney will tell you who she is I want 'em for. A girl of gold. Six lines — make 'em eight — signed Barry C——. They need not be very good, as I chiefly want 'em as a foil to mine. But I shall be seriously obliged by any refuse scrap. We are in the last ages of the world, when St. Paul prophesied that women should be “headstrong, lovers of their own wills, having albums.” I fled hither to escape the albumean persecution, and had not been in my new house twenty-four hours, when the daughter of the next house came in with a friend's album to beg a contribution, and the following day intimated she had one of her own. Two more have sprung up since. If I take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth, there will albums be. New Holland has albums. But the age is to be complied with. M. B. will tell you the sort of girl I request the ten lines for. Somewhat of a pensive cast, what you admire. The lines may come before the law question, as that cannot be determined before Hilary Term, and I wish your deliberate judgment on that. The other may be flimsy and superficial. And if you have not burnt your returned letter, pray re-send it to me, as a monumental token of my stupidity. 'T was a little unthinking of you to touch upon a sore subject. Why, by dabbling in those accursed albums, I have become a byword of infamy all over the kingdom. I have sicken'd

decent women for asking me to write in albums. There be "dark jests" abroad, Master Cornwall; and some riddles may live to be clear'd up. And 't is not every saddle is put on the right steed; and forgeries and false Gospels are not peculiar to the age following the Apostles. And some tubs don't stand on their right bottoms. Which is all I wish to say in these ticklish times — and so your servant,

CHS. LAMB

NOTE

[At the end of the first paragraph the words "*in usum* enfeoffments whereof he was only collaterally seized, &c.," are in another hand. Lamb wrote beneath them: "The above is some of M. Burney's memoranda which he has left me, and you may cut out and give him." — E. V. LUCAS.]

DLXXXVIII. — TO B. W. PROCTER

January 22, 1829.

Don't trouble yourself about the verses. Take 'em coolly as they come. Any day between this and midsummer will do. Ten lines the extreme. There is no mystery in my incognita. She has often seen you, though you may not have observed a silent brown girl, who for the last twelve years has run wild about our house in her Christmas holidays. She is Italian by name and extraction. Ten lines about the blue sky of her country will do, as it's her foible to be proud of it. But they must not be over-courtly or lady-fied, as she is with a lady who says to

her “go and she goeth; come and she cometh.” Item, I have made her a tolerable Latinist. The verses should be moral too, as for a clergyman’s family. She is called Emma Isola.

I approve heartily of your turning your four volumes into a lesser compass. ’Twill Sybillise the gold left. I shall, I think, be in town in a few weeks, when I will assuredly see you. I will put in here loves to Mrs. Procter and the Anti-Capulets, because Mary tells me I omitted them in my last. I like to see my friends here. I have put my lawsuit into the hands of an Enfield practitioner — a plain man, who seems perfectly to understand it, and gives me hopes of a favourable result.

Rumour tells us that Miss Holcroft is married; though the varlet has not had the grace to make any communication to us on the subject. Who is Badman, or Bed’em? Have I seen him at Montacute’s? I hear he is a great chymist. I am sometimes chymical myself. A thought strikes me with horror. Pray heaven he may not have done it for the sake of trying chymical experiments upon her, — young female subjects are so scarce! Louisa would make a capital shot. An’t you glad about Burke’s case? We may set off the Scotch murders against the Scotch novels — Hare, the Great Un-hanged.

Martin Burney is richly worth your knowing. He is on the top scale of my friendship ladder, on which an angel or two is still climbing, and

some, alas! descending. I am out of the literary world at present. Pray, is there anything new from the admired pen of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*? Has Mrs. He-mans (double masculine) done anything pretty lately? Why sleeps the lyre of Hervey, and of Alaric Watts? Is the muse of L. E. L. silent? Did you see a sonnet of mine in Blackwood's last? Curious construction! *Elaborata facilitas*! And now I'll tell. 'Twas written for the *Gem*; but the editors declined it, on the plea that it would *shock all mothers*; so they published the *Widow* instead. I am born out of time. I have no conjecture about what the present world calls delicacy. I thought *Rosamund Gray* was a pretty modest thing. Hessey assures me that the world would not bear it. I have lived to grow into an indecent character. When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed, "Damn the age; I will write for antiquity!" *Erratum* in sonnet: Last line but something, for *tender*, read *tend*. The Scotch do not know our law terms; but I find some remains of honest, plain, old writing lurking there still. They were not so mealy-mouthed as to refuse my verses. Maybe, 't is their oatmeal.

Blackwood sent me £20 for the drama. Somebody cheated me out of it next day; and my new pair of breeches, just sent home, cracking at first putting on, I exclaimed, in my wrath, "All tailors are cheats, and all men are tailors." Then I was better. [*Balance of letter lost.*]

DLXXXIX. — TO B. W. PROCTER

1829.

And now, Procter, I will tell you a story. Hierocles, the Sicilian Tyrant, who lived in the thirtieth Olympiad, just seven hundred and sixty years *ante* A.D., by the Gregorian Computation, having won the Prize in a Race of Mules, besought the Poet Simonides, with the incentive moreover of a donative of 1200 Sesterces, which might be about £12.7.3¼ of our money, to write him an Olympic Hymn in praise of the mules. But Simonides, declining to vulgarise his Muse with the mention of any such mongrels, the Tyrant (which signifies in the Greek of that age only *king*) rounds him in the ear that he shall have 8000 sesterces if he will touch up his beasts handsomely. Whereupon Simonides — the “tender Simonides,” as antiquity delights to phrase him — began to relent, and stringing his golden lyre begins a lofty ode to the cattle with —

Hail! daughters of the swift-winged steed.

Sinking, you see, one part of their genealogy. Now for the application. What I told you, dear Procter, about my young friend was nothing but the exact truth. But I sunk the circumstance that her mother was a negro, or half-caste — which convinces me, what I always thought, that something of the tender genius of Simonides lives again in my strains. Mary corrects me, and will

have it that the lady's mother was a Hindostanee half-caste, and no negress, but was I to send you wool-gathering over the vast plains watered by the Ganges, or the more bewildering wilds of Timbuctoo, to search for images? <sup>1</sup>

DXC.— TO THOMAS ALLSOP

January 28, 1829.

Dear Allsop,— Old Star is setting. Take him and cut him into Little Stars. Nevertheless the extinction of the greater light is not by the lesser light (Stella, or Mrs. Star) apprehended so nigh, but that she will be thankful if you can let young Scintillation (Master Star) twinkle down by the coach on Sunday, to catch the last glimmer of the decaying parental light. No news is good news; so we conclude Mrs. *A.* and little *a* are doing well. Our kindest loves, C. L.

DXCI.— TO B. W. PROCTER

January 29, 1829.

When Miss Ouldcroft (who is now Mrs. Beddam, and Bed—damn'd to her!) was at Enfield, which she was in summer-time, and owed her health to its sun and genial influences, she visited (with young lady-like impertinence) a poor

[<sup>1</sup> In this extract Lamb, who was himself always writing verses for his young friends' albums, wanted Procter to do likewise for Emma Isola, in whose veins was a tinge of blood darker than European.— ALFRED AINGER.]

man's cottage that had a pretty baby (O the yearning!), and gave it fine caps and sweetmeats. On a day, broke into the parlour our two maids uproarious. "O ma'am, who do you think Miss Ouldcroft (they pronounce it Holcroft) has been working a cap for?" "A child," answered Mary, in true Shandean female simplicity. "It's the man's child as was taken up for sheep-stealing." Miss Ouldcroft was staggered, and would have cut the connection; but by main force I made her go and take her leave of her *protégée* (which I only spell with a *g* because I can't make a pretty *j*). I thought, if she went no more, the Abactor or Abactor's wife (*vide* Ainsworth) would suppose she had heard something; and I have delicacy for a sheep-stealer. The overseers actually overhauled a mutton-pie at the baker's (his first, last, and only hope of mutton-pie), which he never came to eat, and thence inferred his guilt.

*Per occasionem cuius* I framed the sonnet; observe its elaborate construction. I was four days about it.

#### THE GYPSY'S MALISON

Suck, baby, suck, mother's love grows by giving,  
 Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting;  
 Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living  
 Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.  
 Kiss, baby, kiss, mother's lips shine by kisses,  
 Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings;  
 Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses  
 Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.

Hang, baby, hang, mother's love loves such forces,  
Choke the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging;  
Black manhood comes, when violent lawless courses  
Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging.

So sang a wither'd sibyl energetical,  
And bann'd the ungiving door with lips prophetical.

Barry, study that sonnet. It is curiously and perversely elaborate. 'T is a choking subject, and therefore the reader is directed to the structure of it. See you? and was this a fourteener to be rejected by a trumpery annual? forsooth, 't would shock all mothers; and may all mothers, who would so be shocked, bed dom'd! as if mothers were such sort of logicians as to infer the future hanging of *their* child from the theoretical hangibility (or capacity of being hanged, if the judge pleases) of every infant born with a neck on. Oh B. C., my whole heart is faint, and my whole head is sick (how is it?) at this damned, canting, unmasculine unbxwdy (I had almost said) age! Don't show this to your child's mother or I shall be Orpheusized, scattered into Hebras. Damn the King, lords, commons, and *especially* (as I said on Muswell Hill on a Sunday when I could get no beer a quarter before one) all bishops, priests, and curates. *Vale.*

DXCII. — TO B. W. PROCTER

Early 1829.

The comings in of an incipient conveyancer

are not adequate to the receipt of three two-penny-post non-paids in a week. Therefore, after this, I condemn my stub to long and deep silence, or shall awaken it to write to lords. Lest those raptures in this honeymoon of my correspondence, which you avow for the gentle person of my Nuncio, after passing through certain natural grades, as Love, Love and Water, Love with the chill off, then subsiding to that point which the heroic suitor of his wedded dame, the noble-spirited Lord Randolph in the play, declares to be the ambition of his passion, a reciprocation of "complacent kindness," — should suddenly plump down (scarce staying to bait at the mid point of indifference, so hungry it is for distaste) to a loathing and blank aversion, to the rendering probable such counter expressions as this, — "Damn that infernal twopenny postman" (words which make the not yet glutted *inamorato* "lift up his hands and wonder who can use them"). While, then, you are not ruined, let me assure thee, O thou above the painter, and next only under Giraldus Cambrensis, the most immortal and worthy to be immortal Barry, thy most ingenious and golden cadences do take my fancy mightily. They are at this identical moment under the snip and the paste of the fairest hands (bating chilblains) in Cambridge, soon to be transplanted to Suffolk, to the envy of half of the young ladies in Bury.

But tell me, and tell me truly, gentle swain,

is that Isola Bella a true spot in geographical denomination, or a floating Delos in thy brain? Lurks that fair island in verity in the bosom of Lake Maggiore, or some other with less poetic name, which thou hast Cornwallized for the occasion? And what if Maggiore itself be but a coinage of adaptation? Of this, pray resolve me immediately, for my albumess will be catechised on this subject; and how can I prompt her? Lake Lemán, I know, and Lemon Lake (in a punch bowl) I have swum in, though those nymphs be long since dry. But Maggiore may be in the moon. Unsphinx this riddle for me, for my shelves have no gazetteer. And mayest thou never murder thy father-in-law in the Trivia of Lincoln's Inn New Square Passage, where Searl Street and the Street of Portugal embrace, nor afterwards make absurd proposals to the Widow M. But I know you abhor any such notions. Nevertheless so did O-Edipus (as Admiral Burney used to call him, splitting the diphthong in spite or ignorance) for that matter. C. L.

DXCIII. — TO B. W. PROCTER

February 2, 1829.

Facundissime Poeta! quanquam istiusmodi epitheta oratoribus potius quam poetis attinere facile scio — tamen, facundissime!

Commoratur nobiscum iamdiu, in agro Enfeldiense, scilicet, leguleius futurus, illustrissimus

Martinus Burneius, otium agens, negotia nominalia, et officinam clientum vacuum, paululum fugiens. Orat, implorat te — nempe, Martinus — ut si (quod Dii faciant) forte fortunâ, absente ipso, advenerit tardus cliens, eum certiozem feceris per literas hûc missas. Intelligisne? an me Anglicè et barbarice ad te hominem perdoctum scribere oportet?

Si status de franco tenemento datur avo, et in eodem facto si mediate vel immediate datur *haeredibus vel haeredibus corporis dicti avi*, postrema haec verba sunt Limitationis, non Perquisitionis.

Dixi.

CARLAGNULUS

NOTE

[Mr. Stephen Gwynn has made the following translation :

Most eloquent Poet: though I know well such epithet befits orators rather than poets — and yet, most eloquent !

There has been staying with us this while past at our country seat of Enfield, to wit, the future attorney, the illustrious Martin Burney, taking his leisure, flying for a space from his nominal occupations, and his office empty of clients. He — that is, Martin — begs and entreats of you that if (heaven send it so !) by some stroke of fortune, in his absence there should arrive a belated client, you would inform him by letter here. Do you understand? or must I write in barbarous English to a scholar like you?

If an estate in freehold is given to an ancestor, and if in the same deed directly or indirectly the gift is made to the heir or heirs of the body of the said ancestor, these last words have the force of Limitation not of Purchase.

I have spoken.

CHARLES LAMB.]

DXCIV.—TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

February 27, 1829.

Dear R.,—Expectation was alert on the receipt

of your strange-shaped present, while yet undisclosed from its fusc envelope. Some said, 'tis a *viol da Gamba*, others pronounced it a fiddle. I myself hoped it a liquer case pregnant with eau de vie and such odd nectar. When midwifed into daylight, the gossips were at loss to pronounce upon its species. Most took it for a marrow spoon, an apple scoop, a banker's guinea shovel. At length its true scope appeared, its drift — to save the backbone of my sister stooping to scuttles. A philanthropic intent, borrowed no doubt from some of the colliers. You save people's backs one way, and break 'em again by loads of obligation. The spectacles are delicate and Vulcanian. No lighter texture than their steel did the cuckoldy blacksmith frame to catch Mrs. Vulcan and the Captain in. For ungalled forehead, as for back unbursten, you have Mary's thanks. Marry, for my own peculium of obligation, 't was supererogatory. A second part of Pamela was enough in conscience. Two Pamelas in a house is too much without two Mr. B.'s to reward 'em.

Mary, who is handselling her new aerial perspectives upon a pair of old worsted stockings trod out in Cheshunt lanes, sends love: I, great good liking. Bid us a personal farewell before you see the Vatican.

CHAS. LAMB

DXCV.—TO SAMUEL ROGERS

March 22, 1829.

My dear Sir, — I have but lately learned, by letter from Mr. Moxon, the death of your brother. For the little I had seen of him, I greatly respected him. I do not even know how recent your loss may have been, and hope that I do not unseasonably present you with a few lines suggested to me this morning by the thought of him. I beg to be most kindly remembered to your remaining brother, and to Miss Rogers.

Yours truly,

CHARLES LAMB

Rogers, of all the men that I have known  
But slightly, who have died, your brother's loss  
Touched me most sensibly. There came across  
My mind an image of the cordial tone  
Of your fraternal meetings, where a guest  
I more than once have sate; and grieve to think,  
That of that threefold cord one precious link  
By Death's rude hand is sever'd from the rest.  
Of our old gentry he appear'd a stem;  
A magistrate who, while the evil-doer  
He kept in terror, could respect the poor,  
And not for every trifle harass them —  
As some, divine and laic, too oft do.  
This man's a private loss and public too.

DXCVI.—TO BERNARD BARTON

March 25, 1829.

Dear B. B., — I send you by desire Darley's very poetical poem. You will like, I think, the

novel headings of each scene. Scenical directions in verse are novelties. With it I send a few *duplicates*, which are *therefore* no value to me, and may amuse an idle hour. Read *Christmas*, 't is the production of a young author, who reads all your writings. A good word from you about his little book would be as balm to him. It has no pretensions, and makes none. But parts are pretty. In *Field's Appendix* turn to a poem called the *Kangaroo*. It is in the best way of our old poets, if I mistake not. I have just come from town, where I have been to get my bit of quarterly pension. And have brought home, from stalls in Barbican, the old *Pilgrim's Progress* with the prints — *Vanity Fair*, &c. — now scarce. Four shillings. Cheap. And also one of whom I have oft heard and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh — that is, in sheepskin — the whole theologic works of —

*Thomas Aquinas!*

My arms aked with lugging it a mile to the stage, but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas — or the Lady to the Lover in old romance, who having to carry her to the top of a high mountain — the price of obtaining her — clamber'd with her to the top, and fell dead with fatigue.

O the glorious old Schoolmen!

There must be something in him. Such great names imply greatness. Who hath seen Michael

Angelo's things — of us that never pilgrimaged to Rome — and yet which of us disbelieves his greatness. How I will revel in his cobwebs and subtleties, till my brain spins!

N. B. I have writ in the old *Hamlet*, offer it to Mitford in my name, if he have not seen it. 'Tis woefully below our editions of it. But keep it, if you like. (What is M. to me?)

I do not mean this to go for a letter, only to apprise you, that the parcel is booked for you this 25 March, 1829, from the Four Swans Bishopsgate.

With both our loves to Lucy and A. K.

Yours ever,

C. L.

#### DXCVII.— TO MISS SARAH JAMES

April, 1829.

We have just got your letter. I think Mother Reynolds will go on quietly, Mrs. Scrimshaw having kittened. The name of the late Laureat was Henry James Pye, and when his first Birthday Ode came out, which was very poor, somebody being asked his opinion of it, said,—

And when the Pye was open'd  
The birds began to sing,  
And was not this a dainty dish  
To set before the King!

Pye was brother to old Major Pye, and father to Mrs. Arnold, and uncle to a General Pye, all friends of Miss Kelly. Pye succeeded Thos. Warton, Warton succeeded Wm. Whitehead,

Whitehead succeeded Colley Cibber, Cibber succeeded Eusden, Eusden succeeded Thos. Shadwell, Shadwell succeeded Dryden, Dryden succeeded Davenant, Davenant God knows whom. There never was a Rogers a Poet Laureat; there is an old living poet of that name, a banker as you know, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, where Moxon goes to breakfast in a fine house in the Green Park, but he was never Laureat. Southey is the present one, and for anything I know or care, Moxon may succeed him. We have a copy of *Xmas* for you, so you may give your own to Mary as soon as you please. We think you need not have exhibited your mountain shyness before M. B. He is neither shy himself, nor patronizes it in others. So with many thanks, good-bye. Emma comes on Thursday. C. L.

The Poet Laureat, whom Davenant succeeded was Rare Ben Jonson, who I believe was the first regular Laureat with the appointment of £100 a year and a Butt of Sack or Canary — so add that to my little list. — C. L.

DXCVIII. — TO HENRY C. ROBINSON

April 10, 1829.

Dear Robinson, — We are afraid you will slip from us from England without again seeing us. It would be charity to come and see me. I have

these three days been laid up with strong rheumatic pains, in loins, back, shoulders. I shriek sometimes from the violence of them. I get scarce any sleep, and the consequence is, I am restless, and want to change sides as I lie, and I cannot turn without resting on my hands, and so turning all my body all at once like a log with a lever. While this rainy weather lasts, I have no hope of alleviation. I have tried flannels and embrocation in vain. Just at the hip-joint the pangs sometimes are so excruciating that I cry out. It is as violent as the cramp, and far more continuous. I am ashamed to whine about these complaints to you, who can ill enter into them. But indeed they are sharp. You go about, in rain or fine at all hours without discommodity. I envy you your immunity at a time of life not much removed from my own. But you owe your exemption to temperance, which it is too late for me to pursue. I in my life time have had my good things. Hence my frame is brittle—yours strong as brass. I never knew any ailment you had. You can go out at night in all weathers, sit up all hours. Well, I don't want to moralise. I only wish to say that if you are enclined to a game at Doubly Dumby, I would try and bolster up myself in a chair for a rubber or so. My days are tedious, but less so and less painful than my nights. May you never know the pain and difficulty I have in writing so much. Mary, who is most kind, joins in the wish. C. LAMB

DXCIX. — TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

April 17, 1829.

I do confess to mischief. It was the subtlest diabolical piece of malice heart of man has contrived. I have no more rheumatism than that poker. Never was freer from all pains and aches. Every joint sound, to the tip of the ear from the extremity of the lesser toe. The report of thy torments was blown circuitously here from Bury. I could not resist the jeer. I conceived you writhing, when you should just receive my congratulations. How mad you'd be! Well, it is not in my method to inflict pangs. I leave that to heaven. But in the existing pangs of a friend, I have a share. His disquietude crowns my exemption. I imagine you howling, and pace across the room, shooting out my free arms, legs, &c. [*here Lamb makes four slanting marks resembling shorthand*], this way and that way, with an assurance of not kindling a spark of pain from them. I deny that Nature meant us to sympathise with agonies. Those face-contortions, retortions, distortions, have the merriness of antics. Nature meant them for farce — not so pleasant to the actor indeed, but Grimaldi cries when we laugh, and 'tis but one that suffers to make thousands rejoyce.

You say that shampooing is ineffectual. But *per se* it is good, to show the introvolutions, extravolutions, of which the animal frame is

capable. To show what the creature is receptive of, short of dissolution.

You are worst of nights, a'nt you?

'T will be as good as a sermon to you to lie abed all this night, and meditate the subject of the day. 'T is Good Friday. How appropriate!

Think when but your little finger pains you, what \* \* \* \* \* endured to whitewash you and the rest of us.

Nobody will be the more justified for your endurance. You won't save the soul of a mouse. 'T is a pure selfish pleasure.

You never was rack'd, was you? I should like an authentic map of those feelings.

You seem to have the flying gout.

You can scarcely scruce a smile out of your face — can you? I sit at immunity, and sneer *ad libitum*.

'T is now the time for you to make good resolutions. I may go on breaking 'em, for anything the worse I find myself.

Your doctor seems to keep you on the long cure. Precipitate healings are never good.

Don't come while you are so bad. I shan't be able to attend to your throes and the dumbee at once.

I should like to know how slowly the pain goes off. But don't write, unless the motion will be likely to make your sensibility more exquisite.

Your affectionate and truly healthy friend,

C. LAMB

Mary thought a letter from me might amuse you in your torment.

DC. — TO GEORGE DYER

April 29, 1829.

Dear Dyer, — As well as a bad pen can do it, I must thank you for your friendly attention to the wishes of our young friend Emma, who was packing up for Bury when your sonnet arrived, and was too hurried to express her sense of its merits. I know she will treasure up that and your second communication among her choicest rarities, as from her grandfather's friend, whom not having seen, she loves to hear talked of; the second letter shall be sent after her, with our first parcel to Suffolk, where she is, to us, alas! dead and Bury'd: we sorely miss her. Should you at any hour think of four or six lines to send her, addressed to herself simply, naming her grand-sire, and to wish she may pass through life as much respected, with your own "G. Dyer" at the end, she would feel rich indeed, for the nature of an album asks for verses that have not been in print before; but this quite at your convenience: and to be less trouble to yourself, four lines would be sufficient. Enfield is come out in summer beauty. Come when you will, and we will give you a bed; Emma has left hers, you know. I remain, my dear Dyer, your affectionate friend,

CHARLES LAMB

DCI.—TO THOMAS HOOD

May, 1829.

Dear Hood,— We will look out for you on Wednesday, be sure, tho' we have not eyes like Emma, who, when I made her sit with her back to the window to keep her to her Latin, literally saw round backwards every one that past, and, O, [that] she were here to jump up and shriek out, "There are the Hoods!" We have had two pretty letters from her, which I long to show you—together with Enfield in her May beauty.

Loves to Jane.

[*Here follow rough caricatures of Charles and his sister, and*] "I can't draw no better."

DCII.—TO EDWARD MOXON

Calamy is *good reading*. Mary is always thankful for books in her way. I won't trouble you for any in *my way* yet, having enough to read. Young Hazlitt lives, at least his father does, at 3 or 36 [36 I have it down, with the 6 scratch'd out] Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. If not to be found, his mother's address is, Mrs. Hazlitt, Mrs. Tomlinson's, Potters Bar. At one or other he must be heard of.

We shall expect you with the full moon.  
Meantime, our thanks. C. L.

We go on very quietly, &c.

DCIII. — TO WALTER WILSON

May 28, 1829.

Dear W.,—Introduce this, or omit it, as you like. I think I wrote better about it in a letter to you from India House. If you have that, perhaps out of the two I could patch up a better thing, if you'd return both. But I am very poorly, and have been harassed with an illness of my sister's.

The Ode was printed in the *New Times* nearly the end of 1825, and I have only omitted some silly lines. Call it a corrected copy.

Yours ever, C. LAMB

Put my name to either or both, as you like.

DCIV. — TO BERNARD BARTON

June 3, 1829.

Dear B. B.,—I am very much grieved indeed for the indisposition of poor Lucy. Your letter found me in domestic troubles. My sister is again taken ill, and I am obliged to remove her out of the house for many weeks, I fear, before I can hope to have her again. I have been very desolate indeed. My loneliness is a little abated by our young friend Emma having just come here for her holydays, and a school-fellow of hers that was, with her. Still the house is not the same, tho' she is the same.

Mary had been pleasing herself with the prospect of seeing her at this time; and with all their company, the house feels at times a frightful solitude. May you and I in no very long time have a more cheerful theme to write about, and congratulate upon a daughter's and a sister's perfect recovery. Do not be long without telling me how Lucy goes on. I have a right to call her by her quaker-name, you know.

Emma knows that I am writing to you, and begs to be remembered to you with thankfulness for your ready contribution. Her album is filling apace. But of her contributors one, almost the flower of it, a most amiable young man and late acquaintance of mine, has been carried off by consumption, on return from one of the Azores islands, to which he went with hopes of mastering the disease, came back improved, went back to a most close and confined counting house, and relapsed. His name was Dibdin, grandson of the songster.

You will be glad to hear that Emma, tho' unknown to you, has given the highest satisfaction in her little place of governante in a clergyman's family, which you may believe by the parson and his lady drinking poor Mary's health on her birthday, tho' they never saw her, merely because she was a friend of Emma's, and the vicar also sent me a brace of partridges.

To get out of home themes, have you seen Southey's *Dialogues*? His lake descriptions, and

the account of his library at Keswick, are very fine. But he needed not have called up the Ghost of More to hold the conversations with, which might as well have pass'd between A and B, or Caius and Lucius. It is making too free with a defunct Chancellor and Martyr.

I feel as if I had nothing farther to write about — O! I forget the prettiest letter I ever read, that I have received from *Pleasures of Memory* Rogers, in acknowledgment of a sonnet I sent him on the Loss of his Brother. It is too long to transcribe, but I hope to shew it you some day, as I hope some time again to see you, when all of us are well. Only it ends thus: "We were nearly of an age (he was the elder). He was the only person in the world in whose eyes I always appeared young."

I will now take my leave with assuring you that I am most interested in hoping to hear favourable accounts from you.

With kindest regards to A. K. and you,  
Yours truly, C. L.

DCV.— TO WILLIAM AYRTON

June 10, 1829.

My dear Ayrton, — It grieves me that I cannot join you. Besides that I have two young friends in the house, I expect a London visitor on Thursday. I hope to see H. C. R. here before he goes, and you before we all go.

God bless you. Health to the Party. Love to  
Mrs. A. C. LAMB

DCVI.—TO THOMAS ALLSOP

1829.

Dear Allsop, — I will find out your *Bijoux* some day. At present, I am sorry to say, we have neither of us very good spirits; and I cannot look to any pleasant expeditions.

You speak of your trial as a known thing, but I am quite in the dark about it; but wish you a safe issue most heartily.

Our loves to Mrs. Allsop and children.

C. L.

DCVII.—TO WILLIAM HAZLITT, JUNIOR

June, 1829.

My dear Wm., — I am very uncomfortable, and when Emma leaves me, I shall wish to be quite alone; therefore pray tell your mother I regret that I cannot see her here this time, but hope to see her when times are better with me. The young ladies are very pleasant, but my spirits have much ado to keep pace with theirs. I decidedly wish to be alone, or I know of none I should rather see than your mother. Make my best excuse. Emma will explain to you the state of my wretched spirits. Yours,

C. LAMB

## DCVIII.—TO THOMAS ALLSOP

At midsummer or soon after (I will let you know the previous day), I will take a day with you in the purlieus of my old haunts. No offence has been taken, any more than meant. My house is full at present, but empty of its chief pride. She is dead to me for many months. But when I see you, then I will say, Come and see me. With undiminished friendship to you both,

Your faithful but queer,

C. L.

How you frightened me! Never write again, "Coleridge is dead," at the end of a line, and tamely come in with — "to his friends" at the beginning of another. Love is quicker, and fear from love, than the transition ocular from line to line.

## DCIX.—TO BERNARD BARTON

Enfield Chase Side, Saturday, 25 July A.D. 1829 — 11 A.M.

There — a fuller, plumper, juiceier date never dropt from Idumean palm. Am I in the dateive case now? if not, a fig for dates, which is more than a date is worth. I never stood much affected to these limitary specialties. Least of all since the date of my superannuation.

What have I with Time to do?  
Slaves of desks, 't was meant for you.

Dear B. B.,— Your handwriting has conveyed much pleasure to me in report of Lucy's restoration. Would I could send you as good news of my poor Lucy! But some wearisome weeks I must remain lonely yet. I have had the loneliest time near ten weeks, broken by a short apparition of Emma for her holydays, whose departure only deepen'd the returning solitude, and by ten days I have past in town. But town, with all my native hankering after it, is not what it was. The streets, the shops are left, but all old friends are gone. And in London I was frightfully convinced of this as I past houses and places — empty caskets now. I have ceased to care almost about anybody. The bodies I cared for are in graves, or dispersed. My old clubs, that lived so long and flourish'd so steadily, are crumbled away. When I took leave of our adopted young friend at Charing Cross, 't was heavy unfeeling rain, and I had nowhere to go. Home have I none, and not a sympathising house to turn to in the great city. Never did the waters of the heaven pour down on a forlorn head. Yet I tried ten days at a sort of a friend's house, but it was large and straggling — one of the individuals of my old long knot of friends, card-players, pleasant companions — that have tumbled to pieces into dust and other things — and I got home on Thursday, convinced that I was better to get home to my hole at Enfield, and hide like a sick cat in my corner. Less than a month I hope will bring

home Mary. She is at Fulham, looking better in her health than ever, but sadly rambling, and scarce showing any pleasure in seeing me, or curiosity when I should come again. But the old feelings will come back again, and we shall drown old sorrows over a game at picquet again. But 't is a tedious cut out of a life of sixty-four, to lose twelve or thirteen weeks every year or two. And to make me more alone, our ill-temper'd maid is gone, who, with all her airs, was yet a home piece of furniture, a record of better days; the young thing that has succeeded her is good and attentive, but she is nothing—and I have no one here to talk over old matters with. Scolding and quarreling have something of familiarity and a community of interest—they imply acquaintance—they are of resentment, which is of the family of dearness. I can neither scold nor quarrel at this insignificant implement of household services; she is less than a cat, and just better than a deal dresser. What I can do, and do overdo, is to walk, but deadly long are the days—these summer all-day days, with but a half hour's candlelight and no firelight. I do not write, tell your kind inquisitive Eliza, and can hardly read. In the ensuing *Blackwood* will be an old rejected farce of mine, which may be new to you, if you see that same dull medley. What things are all the magazines now! I contrive studiously not to see them. The popular *New Monthly* is perfect trash.

Poor Hessey, I suppose you see, has failed. Hunt and Clarke too. Your *Vulgar Truths* will be a good name; and I think your prose must please—me at least—but 't is useless to write poetry with no purchasers. 'T is cold work authorship without something to puff one into fashion. Could you not write something on Quakerism—for Quakers to read—but nominally address to Non-Quakers? explaining your dogmas—waiting on the Spirit—by the analogy of human calmness and patient waiting on the judgment? I scarcely know what I mean, but to make Non-Quakers reconciled to your doctrines, by shewing something like them in mere human operations—but I hardly understand myself, so let it pass for nothing.

I pity you for over-work, but I assure you no-work is worse. The mind preys on itself, the most unwholesome food. I brag'd formerly that I could not have too much time. I have a surfeit. With few years to come, the days are wearisome. But weariness is not eternal. Something will shine out to take the load off, that flags me, which is at present intolerable. I have killed an hour or two in this poor scrawl. I am a sanguinary murderer of time, and would kill him inch-meal just now. But the snake is vital. Well, I shall write merrier anon. 'T is the present copy of my countenance I send—and to complain is a little to alleviate. May you enjoy yourself as far as the wicked world will let

you — and think that you are not quite alone,  
as I am. Health to Lucia and to Anna and kind  
remembrances. Yours forlorn, C. L.

DCX. — TO THOMAS ALLSOP

Late July, 1829.

My dear Allsop, — I thank you for thinking  
of my recreation. But I am best here, I feel I  
am. I have tried town lately, but came back  
worse. Here I must wait till my loneliness has  
its natural cure. Besides that, though I am not  
very sanguine, yet I live in hopes of better news  
from Fulham, and cannot be out of the way.  
'T is ten weeks to-morrow. I saw Mary a week  
since, she was in excellent bodily health, but  
otherwise far from well. But a week or so may  
give a turn. Love to Mrs. A. and children, and  
fair weather accompany you. C. L.

DCXI. — TO EDWARD MOXON

September 22, 1829.

Dear Moxon, — If you can oblige me with  
the *Garrick Papers* or *Anne of Geierstein*, I shall  
be thankful. I am almost fearful whether my  
sister will be able to enjoy any reading at present;  
for since her coming home, after twelve weeks,  
she has had an unusual relapse into the saddest  
low spirits that ever poor creature had, and has  
been some weeks under medical care. She is

unable to see any yet. When she is better I shall be very glad to talk over your ramble with you. Have you done any sonnets? can you send me any to overlook? I am almost in despair; Mary's case seems so hopeless. Believe me yours,

C. L.

I do not want Mrs. Jameson or Lady Morgan.

DCXII.— TO JAMES GILLMAN

October 26, 1829.

Dear Gillman,— Allsop brought me your kind message yesterday. How can I account for having not visited Highgate this long time? Change of place seemed to have changed me. How grieved I was to hear in what indifferent health Coleridge has been, and I not to know of it! A little school divinity, well applied, may be healing. I send him honest Tom of Aquin; that was always an obscure great idea to me: I never thought or dreamed to see him in the flesh, but t' other day I rescued him from a stall in Barbican, and brought him off in triumph. He comes to greet Coleridge's acceptance, for his shoe-latchets I am unworthy to unloose. Yet there are pretty pro's and con's, and such unsatisfactory learning in him. Commend me to the question of etiquette — "*utrum annunciatio debuerit fieri per angelum*" — *Quaest. 30, Articulus 2.* I protest, till now I had thought Gabriel a fellow of some mark

and livelihood, not a simple esquire, as I find him.

Well, do not break your lay brains, nor I neither, with these curious nothings. They are nuts to our dear friend, whom hoping to see at your first friendly hint that it will be convenient, I end with begging our very kindest loves to Mrs. Gillman. We have had a sorry house of it here. Our spirits have been reduced till we were at hope's end what to do—obliged to quit this house, and afraid to engage another, till in extremity I took the desperate resolve of kicking house and all down, like Bunyan's pack; and here we are in a new life at board and lodging, with an honest couple our neighbours. We have ridded ourselves of the cares of dirty acres; and the change, though of less than a week, has had the most beneficial effects on Mary already. She looks two years and a half younger for it. But we have had sore trials.

God send us one happy meeting!

Yours faithfully, C. LAMB

### DCXIII.—TO VINCENT NOVELLO

November 10, 1829.

Dear Fugue-ist, or bear'st thou rather Contrapuntist?—We expect you four (as many as the table will hold without squeegeing) [squeezing] at Mrs. Westwood's *table d'hôte* on Thursday. You will find the White House shut up, and us

moved under the wing of the Phœnix, which gives us friendly refuge. Beds for guests, marry, we have none, but cleanly accomodings at the Crown and Horseshoe.

Yours harmonically, C. L.

DCXIV.— TO WALTER WILSON

November 15, 1829.

My dear Wilson, — I have not opened a packet of unknown contents for many years, that gave me so much pleasure as when I disclosed your three volumes. I have given them a careful perusal, and they have taken their degree of classical books upon my shelves. De Foe was always my darling; but what darkness was I in as to far the larger part of his writings! I have now an epitome of them all. I think the way in which you have done the *Life* the most judicious you could have pitched upon. You have made him tell his own story, and your comments are in keeping with the tale. Why, I never heard of such a work as the *Review*. Strange that in my stall-hunting days I never so much as lit upon an odd volume of it. This circumstance looks as if they were never of any great circulation. But I may have met with 'em, and not knowing the prize, overpast 'em. I was almost a stranger to the whole history of Dissenters in those reigns, and picked my way through that strange book the *Consolidator* at random. How affecting are some

of his personal appeals! what a machine of projects he set on foot! and following writers have picked his pocket of the patents. I do not understand whereabouts in *Roxana* he himself left off. I always thought the complete-tourist-sort of description of the town she passes through on her last embarkation miserably unseasonable and out of place. I knew not they were spurious. Enlighten me as to where the apocryphal matter commences. I, by accident, can correct one A. D., *Family Instructor*, vol. ii, 1718; you say his first volume had then reached the fourth edition; now I have a fifth, printed for Eman. Matthews, 1717. So have I plucked one rotten date, or rather picked it up where it had inadvertently fallen, from your flourishing date tree, the Palm of Engaddi. I may take it for my pains. I think yours a book which every public library must have, and every English scholar should have. I am sure it has enriched my meagre stock of the author's works. I seem to be twice as opulent. Mary is by my side just finishing the second volume. It must have interest to divert her away so long from her modern novels. Colburn will be quite jealous.

I was a little disappointed at my *Ode to the Treadmill* not finding a place; but it came out of time. The two papers of mine will puzzle the reader, being so akin. Odd that, never keeping a scrap of my own letters, with some fifteen years' interval I should nearly have said the

same things. But I shall always feel happy in having my name go down anyhow with De Foe's, and that of his historiographer. I promise myself, if not immortality, yet diuturnity of being read in consequence. We have both had much illness this year; and feeling infirmities and fretfulness grow upon us, we have cast off the cares of housekeeping, sold off our goods, and commenced boarding and lodging with a very comfortable old couple next door to where you found us. We use a sort of common table. Nevertheless, we have reserved a private one for an old friend; and when Mrs. Wilson and you revisit Babylon, we shall pray you to make it yours for a season. Our very kindest remembrances to you both.

From your old friend and *fellow-journalist*,  
now in *two instances*, C. LAMB

Hazlitt is going to make your book a basis for a review of De Foe's Novels in the *Edinbro'*. I wish I had health and spirits to do it. Hone I have not seen, but I doubt not he will be much pleased with your performance. I very much hope you will give us an account of Dunton, &c. But what I should more like to see would be a Life and Times of Bunyan. Wishing health to you and long life to your healthy book, again I subscribe me,

Yours in verity, C. L.

DCXV.—TO JAMES GILLMAN

November 29, 1829.

Pray trust me with the *Church History*, as well as the *Worthies*. A moon shall restore both. Also give me back "Him of Aquinum." In return you have the *light of my countenance*. Adieu.

P. S. A sister also of mine comes with it. A son of Nimshi drives her. Their driving will have been furious, impassioned. Pray God they have not toppled over the tunnel! I promise you I fear their steed, bred out of the wind without father, semi-Melchisedecish, hot, phaetontic. From my country lodgings at Enfield.

C. L.

DCXVI.—TO JAMES GILLMAN

November 30, 1829.

Dear G.,—The excursionists reached home, and the good town of Enfield a little after four, without slip or dislocation. Little has transpired concerning the events of the back-journey, save that on passing the house of 'Squire Mellish, situate a stone-bow's cast from the hamlet, Father Westwood, with a good-natured wonderment, exclaimed, "I cannot think what is gone of Mr. Mellish's rooks. I fancy they have taken flight somewhere; but I have missed them two or three years past." All this while, according to his fellow-traveller's report, the rookery was darken-

ing the air above with undiminished population, and deafening all ears but his with their cawings. But Nature has been gently withdrawing such phenomena from the notice of Thomas Westwood's senses, from the time he began to miss the rooks. T. Westwood has passed a retired life in this hamlet of thirty or forty years, living upon the minimum which is consistent with gentility, yet a star among the minor gentry, receiving the bows of the trades-people and courtesies of the alms-women daily. Children venerate him not less for his external show of gentry, than they wonder at him for a gentle rising endorsement of the person, not amounting to a hump, or if a hump, innocuous as the hump of the buffalo, and coronative of as mild qualities. 'T is a throne on which patience seems to sit—the proud perch of a self-respecting humility, stooping with condescension. Thereupon the cares of life have sate, and rid him easily. For he has thridd the *angustiae domûs* with dexterity. Life opened upon him with comparative brilliancy. He set out as a rider or traveller for a wholesale house, in which capacity he tells of many hair-breadth escapes that befell him; one especially, how he rode a mad horse into the town of Devizes; how horse and rider arrived in a foam, to the utter consternation of the expostulating hostlers, innkeepers, &c. It seems it was sultry weather, piping hot; the steed tormented into frenzy with gadflies, long past being roadworthy; but safety and the

interest of the house he rode for were incompatible things; a fall in serge cloth was expected; and a mad entrance they made of it. Whether the exploit was purely voluntary, or partially; or whether a certain personal defiguration in the man part of this extraordinary centaur (non-assistive to partition of natures) might not enforce the conjunction, I stand not to inquire. I look not with 'skew eyes into the deeds of heroes.

The hosier that was burnt with his shop, in Field-lane, on Tuesday night, shall have past to heaven for me like a Marian Martyr, provided always that he consecrated the fortuitous incrimination with a short ejaculation in the exit, as much as if he had taken his state degrees of martyrdom *in formâ* in the market vicinage. There is adoptive as well as acquisitive sacrifice. Be the animus what it might, the fact is indisputable, that this composition was seen flying all abroad, and mine host of Daintry may yet remember its passing through his town, if his scores are not more faithful than his memory. After this exploit (enough for one man), Thomas Westwood seems to have subsided into a less hazardous occupation; and in the twenty-fifth year of his age we find him a haberdasher in Bow Lane: yet still retentive of his early riding (though leaving it to rawer stomachs), and Christmasly at night sithence to this last, and shall to his latest Christmas, hath he, doth he, and shall he, tell after supper the story of the insane steed and the de-

sperate rider. Save for Bedlam or Luke's no eye could have guessed that melting day what house he rid for. But he reposes on his bridles, and after the ups and downs (metaphoric only) of a life behind the counter — hard riding sometimes, I fear, for poor T. W. — with the scrapings together of the shop, and *one anecdote*, he hath finally settled at Enfield; by hard economising, gardening, building for himself, hath reared a mansion, married a daughter, qualified a son for a counting-house, gotten the respect of high and low, served for self or substitute the greater parish offices: hath a special voice at vestries; and, domiciliating us, hath reflected a portion of his house-keeping respectability upon your humble servants. We are greater, being his lodgers, than when we were substantial renters. His name is a passport to take off the sneers of the native Enfielders against obnoxious foreigners. We are endenized. Thus much of T. Westwood have I thought fit to acquaint you, that you may see the exemplary reliance upon Providence with which I entrusted so dear a charge as my own sister to the guidance of a man that rode the mad horse into Devizes. To come from his heroic character, all the amiable qualities of domestic life centre in this tamed Bellerophon. He is excellent over a glass of grog; just as pleasant without it; laughs when he hears a joke, and when (which is much oftener) he hears it not; sings glorious old sea-songs on festival nights;

and but upon a slight acquaintance of two years, Coleridge,<sup>1</sup> is as dear a deaf old man to us, as old Norris, rest his soul! was after fifty. To him and his scanty literature (what there is of it, *sound*) have we flown from the metropolis and its cursed annualists, reviewers, authors, and the whole muddy ink press of that stagnant pool.

Now, Gillman again, you do not know the treasure of the Fullers. I calculate on having massy reading till Christmas. All I want here is books of the true sort, not those things in boards that moderns mistake for books — what they club for at book-clubs.

I did not mean to cheat you with a blank side; but my eye smarts, for which I am taking medicine, and abstain, this day at least, from any aliments but milk-porridge, the innocent taste of which I am anxious to renew after a half-century's disacquaintance. If a blot fall here like a tear, it is not pathos, but an angry eye.

Farewell, while my *specilla* are sound.

Yours and yours, C. LAMB

#### DCXVII. — TO BERNARD BARTON

December 8, 1829.

My dear B. B., — You are very good to have been uneasy about us, and I have the satisfaction to tell you that we are both in better health and

<sup>1</sup> Possibly Lamb forgot here, and thought he was writing to Coleridge. — ED.

spirits than we have been for a year or two past; I may say, than we have been since we have been at Enfield. The cause may not appear quite adequate, when I tell you that a course of ill-health and spirits brought us to the determination of giving up our house here, and we are boarding and lodging with a worthy old couple, long inhabitants of Enfield, where everything is done for us without our trouble, further than a reasonable weekly payment. We should have done so before, but it is not easy to flesh and blood to give up an ancient establishment, to discard old Penates, and from house-keepers to turn house-sharers. (N. B. We are not in the work-house.) Diocletian in his garden found more repose than on the imperial seat of Rome, and the nob of Charles the Fifth asked seldomer under a monk's cowl than under the diadem. With such shadows of assimilation we countenance our degradation. With such a load of dignify'd cares just removed from our shoulders, we can the more understand and pity the accession to yours, by the advancement to an assigneeship. I will tell you honestly, B. B., that it has been long my deliberate judgment that all bankrupts, of what denomination civil or religious whatever, ought to be hang'd. The pity of mankind has for ages run in a wrong channel, and has been diverted from poor creditors (how many I have known sufferers! Hazlitt has just been defrauded of £100 by his bookseller-friend's breaking) to

scoundrel debtors. I know all the topics, that distress may come upon an honest man without his fault; that the failure of one that he trusted was his calamity, &c., &c. Then let *both* be hang'd. O how careful it would make traders! These are my deliberate thoughts after many years' experience in matters of trade.

What a world of trouble it would save you, if Friend \* \* \* \* \* had been immediately hang'd, without benefit of clergy, which (being a Quaker I presume) he could not reasonably insist upon. Why, after slaving twelve months in your assign-business, you will be enabled to declare seven pence in the pound in all human probability. B. B., he should be *hanged*. Trade will never re-flourish in this land till such a law is establish'd. I write big not to save ink but eyes, mine having been troubled with reading thro' three folios of old Fuller in almost as few days, and I went to bed last night in agony, and am writing with a vial of eye-water before me, alternately dipping in vial and inkstand. This may enflame my zeal against bankrupts — but it was my speculation when I could see better. Half the world's misery (Eden else) is owing to want of money, and all that want is owing to bankrupts. I declare I would, if the state wanted practitioners, turn hangman myself, and should have great pleasure in hanging the first after my salutary law should be establish'd.

I have seen no annuals and wish to see none.

I like your fun upon them, and was quite pleased with Bowles's sonnet. Hood is or was at Brighton, but a note, prose or rhyme, to him, Robert Street, Adelphi, I am sure would extract a copy of *his*, which also I have not seen. Wishing you and yours all health, I conclude while these frail glasses are to me — eyes.

C. L.

DCXVIII. — TO BASIL MONTAGUE

Dear M., — I have received the enclosed from Miss James. Her sister, Mrs. Trueman, is a most worthy person. I know all their history. They are four daughters of them, daughters of a Welch clergyman of the greatest respectability, who dying, the family were obliged to look about them, and by some fatality they all became nurses at Mr. Warburton's, Hoxton. Mrs. Parsons, one of them, is patronized by Dr. Tuthill, who can speak to *her* character. I can safely speak to Miss James's for fifteen years or more. Trueman has been a keeper at Warburton's. Himself and wife are willing to undertake the entire charge at £200 a year. I think you hardly pay less now. They propose to take a cottage near the Regent's Park, to which by the *omnibuses* you can have short and easy access at any hour. I will call upon you tomorrow morning at office. Pray, think upon it in the meanwhile. I really think it desirable.

Yours ever,

C. LAMB

DCXIX. — TO JAMES S. KNOWLES

Dear Kn,— I will not see London again without seeing your pleasant play. In meanwhile, pray send three or four orders to a lady who can't afford to pay, Miss James, No. 1 Grove Road, Lisson Grove, Paddington, a day or two before; and come and see us some evening, with my hitherto uncorrupted and honest bookseller, Moxon.

C. LAMB

LETTER DCXX

[*In two parts*]

I. — CHARLES LAMB TO WM. WORDSWORTH

January 22, 1830.

And is it a year since we parted from you at the steps of Edmonton stage? There are not now the years that there used to be. The tale of the dwindled age of men, reported of successional mankind, is true of the same man only. We do not live a year in a year now. 'T is a *punctum stans*. The seasons pass us with indifference. Spring cheers not, nor winter heightens our gloom, autumn hath foregone its moralities; they are hey-pass re-pass [as] in a show-box. Yet as far as last year occurs back, for they scarce shew a reflex now, they make no memory as heretofore — 't was sufficiently gloomy. Let the sullen nothing pass.

Suffice it that after sad spirits prolonged thro' many of its months, as it called them, we have cast our skins, have taken a farewell of the pompous, troublesome trifle call'd housekeeping, and are settled down into poor boarders and lodgers at next door with an old couple, the Baucis and Baucida of dull Enfield. Here we have nothing to do with our victuals but to eat them, with the garden but to see it grow, with the tax-gatherer but to hear him knock, with the maid but to hear her scolded. Scot and lot, butcher, baker, are things unknown to us save as spectators of the pageant. We are fed we know not how, quietists, confiding ravens. We have the *otium pro dignitate*, a respectable insignificance. Yet in the self-condemned obliviousness, in the stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite kill'd, rise, prompting me that there was a London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. In dreams I am in Fleetmarket, but I wake and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Eloisa in this detestable Paraclete. What have I gained by health? intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals?—a total blank. O never let the lying poets be believed, who 'tice men from the chearful haunts of streets — or think they mean it not of a country village. In the ruins of Palmyra I could gird myself up to solitude, or muse to the snorings of the Seven Sleepers, but to have a little teasing image of a town about one, country folks that do not look like country folks,

shops two yards square, half a dozen apples and two penn'orth of overlook'd gingerbread for the lofty fruiterers of Oxford Street — and, for the immortal book and print stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the shew-picture is a last year's valentine, and whither the fame of the last ten Scotch novels has not yet travell'd (marry, they just begin to be conscious of the *Redgauntlet*), to have a new plaster'd flat church, and to be wishing that it was but a cathedral. The very blackguards here are degenerate. The topping gentry, stock-brokers. The passengers too many to ensure your quiet, or let you go about whistling, or gaping — too few to be the fine indifferent pageants of Fleet Street.

Confining, room-keeping thickest winter is yet more bearable here than the gaudy months. Among one's books at one's fire by candle one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not in the country, but with the light the green fields return, till I gaze, and in a calenture can plunge myself into Saint Giles's. O let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison till man with Promethean felicity and boldness luckily sinn'd himself out of it. Thence follow'd Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams,

puns — these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence. Man found out inventions.

From my den I return you condolence for your decaying sight, not for anything there is to see in the country, but for the miss of the pleasure of reading a London newspaper. The poets are as well to listen to, anything high may, nay must, be read out—you read it to yourself with an imaginary auditor — but the light paragraphs must be glid over by the proper eye, mouthing mumbles their gossamery substance. 'T is these trifles I should mourn in fading sight. A newspaper is the single gleam of comfort I receive here, it comes from rich Cathay with tidings of mankind. Yet I could not attend to it read out by the most beloved voice. But your eyes do not get worse, I gather. O for the collyrium of Tobias inclosed in a whiting's liver to send you with no apocryphal good wishes! The last long time I heard from you, you had knock'd your head against something. Do not do so. For your head (I do not flatter) is not a nob, or the top of a brass nail, or the end of a ninepin — unless a Vulcanian hammer could fairly batter a *Recluse* out of it, then would I bid the smirch'd god knock and knock lustily, the two-handed skinker.

What a nice long letter Dorothy has written! Mary must squeeze out a line *propriâ manu*, but indeed her fingers have been incorrigibly nervous

to letter-writing for a long interval. 'T will please you all to hear that, tho' I fret like a lion in a net, her present health and spirits are better than they have been for some time past: she is absolutely three years and a half younger, as I tell her, since we have adopted this boarding plan. Our providers are an honest pair, dame Westwood and her husband — he, when the light of prosperity shined on them, a moderately thriving haberdasher within Bow Bells, retired since with something under a competence, writes himself parcel gentleman, hath borne parish offices, sings fine old sea songs at threescore and ten, sighs only now and then when he thinks that he has a son on his hands about fifteen, whom he finds a difficulty in getting out into the world, and then checks a sigh with muttering, as I once heard him prettily, not meaning to be heard, "I have married my daughter, however," — takes the weather as it comes, outsides it to town in severest season, and o' winter nights tells old stories not tending to literature, how comfortable to author-rid folks! and has *one anecdote*, upon which and about forty pounds a year he seems to have retired in green old age. It was how he was a *rider* in his youth, travelling for shops, and once (not to baulk his employer's bargain) on a sweltering day in August, rode foaming into Dunstable upon a *mad horse* to the dismay and expostulatory wonderment of inn-keepers, ostlers, &c., who declared they would

not have bestrid the beast to win the Darby. Understand the creature gall'd to death and desperation by gadflies, cormorants winged, worse than beset Inachus' daughter. This he tells, this he brindles and burnishes on a' winter's eyes; 't is his star of set glory, his rejuvenescence to descant upon. Far from me be it (*dii avertant*) to look a gift story in the mouth, or cruelly to surmise (as those who doubt the plunge of Curtius) that the inseparate conjuncture of man and beast, the centaur-phenomenon that stagger'd all Dunstable, might have been the effect of unromantic necessity, that the horse-part carried the reasoning, willy-nilly, that needs must when such a devil drove, that certain spiral configurations in the frame of Thomas Westwood unfriendly to alighting, made the alliance more forcible than voluntary. Let him enjoy his fame for me, nor let me hint a whisper that shall dismount Bellerophon. Put case he was an involuntary martyr, yet if in the fiery conflict he buckled the soul of a constant haberdasher to him, and adopted his flames, let accident and he share the glory! You would all like Thomas Westwood.



How weak is painting to describe a man!

Say that he stands four feet and a nail high by his own yard measure, which like the sceptre of Agamemnon shall never sprout again, still you have no adequate idea, nor when I tell you that his dear hump, which I have favour'd in the picture, seems to me of the buffalo — indicative and repository of mild qualities, a budget of kindnesses, still you have not the man. Knew you old Norris of the Temple, sixty years ours and our father's friend; he was not more natural to us than this old W., the acquaintance of scarce more weeks. Under his roof now ought I to take my rest, but that back-looking ambition tells me I might yet be a Londoner. Well, if we ever do move, we have encumbrances the less to impede us: all our furniture has faded under the auctioneer's hammer, going for nothing like the tarnish'd frippery of the prodigal, and we have only a spoon or two left to bless us. Clothed we came into Enfield, and naked we must go out of it. I would live in London shirtless, bookless. Henry Crabb is at Rome, advices to that effect have reach'd Bury. But by solemn legacy he bequeath'd at parting (whether he should live or die) a turkey of Suffolk to be sent every succeeding Xmas to us and divers other friends. What a genuine old bachelor's action! I fear he will find the air of Italy too classic. His station is in the Hartz forest, his soul is *be-Goethed*. Miss Kelly we never see; Talfourd not this half-year; the latter flourishes, but the exact number of his children, God

forgive me, I have utterly forgotten, we single people are often out in our count there. Shall I say two? One darling I know they have lost within a twelvemonth, but scarce known to me by sight, and that was a second child lost. We see scarce anybody. We have just now Emma with us for her holydays: you remember her playing at brag with Mr. Quillinan at poor Monkhouse's! She is grown an agreeable young woman; she sees what I write, so you may understand me with limitations. She was our inmate for a twelvemonth, grew natural to us, and then they told us it was best for her to go out as a governess, and so she went out, and we were only two of us, and our pleasant house-mate is changed to an occasional visitor. If they want my sister to go out (as they call it) there will be only one of us. Heaven keep us all from this acceding to unity!

Can I cram loves enough to you all in this little O? Excuse particularizing. C. L.

## II.—MARY LAMB TO MISS WORDSWORTH

My dear Miss Wordsworth, — Charles has left me space to fill up with my own poor scribble, which I must do as well as I can, being quite out of practice; and after he has been reading his queer letter out to us I can hardly put down in a plain style all I had to tell you; how pleasant your handwriting was to me. He has lumped

you all together in one rude remembrance at the end ; but I beg to send my love individually and by *name* to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, to Miss Hutchinson, whom we often talk of, and think of as being with you always, to the dutiful good daughter and patient amanuensis Dora, and even to Johanna, whom we have not seen, if she will accept it. Charles has told you of my long illness and our present settlement, which I assure you is very quiet and comfortable to me, and to him too, if he would own it.

I am very sorry we shall not see John, but I never go to town, nor my brother but at his quarterly visits at the India House; and when he does, he finds it melancholy, so many of our old friends being dead or dispersed, and the very streets, he says, altering every day.

Many thanks for your letter and the nice news in it, which I should have replied to more at large than I see he has done. I am sure it deserved it. He has not said a word about your intentions for Rome, which I sincerely wish you health one day to accomplish. In that case we may meet by the way. We are so glad to hear dear *little* William is doing well. If you knew how happy your letters made us you would write I know more frequently. Pray think of this. How chearfully should we pay the postage *every week*.  
Your affectionate,

MARY LAMB

DCXXI.— TO EDWARD MOXON

February 21, 1830.

Dear M.,— I came to town last week, but could not stretch so far as you. A letter has just come from Mrs. Williams to say that Emma is so poorly that she must have long holydays here. It has agitated us so much, and we shall expect her so hourly, that you shall excuse me to Wordsworth for not coming up; we are both nervous and poorly. Your punctual newspapers are our bit of comfort. Adieu, till better times.

C. LAMB

Ryle comes on Sunday week. Can you come with him? See him.

DCXXII.— TO BERNARD BARTON

February 25, 1830.

Dear B. B.,— To reply to you by return of post, I must gobble up my dinner, and dispatch this *in propriâ personâ* to the office, to be in in time. So take it from me hastily, that you are perfectly welcome to furnish A. C. with the scrap, which I had almost forgotten writing. The more my character comes to be known, the less my veracity will come to be suspected. Time every day clears up some suspected narrative of Herodotus, Bruce, and others of us great travellers. Why, that Joseph Paice was as real a person as

Joseph Hume, and a great deal pleasanter. A careful observer of life, Bernard, has no need to invent. Nature romances it for him. Dinner plates rattle, and I positively shall incur indigestion by carrying it half concocted to the Post House. Let me congratulate you on the spring coming in, and do you in return condole with me for the winter going out. When the old one goes, seldom comes a better. I dread the prospect of summer, with his all day long days. No need of his assistance to make country places dull. With fire and candle-light, I can dream myself in Holborn. With lightsome skies shining in to bedtime, I cannot. This Meseck, and these tents of Kedar — I would dwell in the skirts of Jericho rather, and think every blast of the coming-in mail a ram's horn. Give me old London at fire and plague times, rather than these tepid gales, healthy country air, and purposeless exercise. Leg of mutton absolutely on the table.

Take our hasty loves and short farewell.

C. L.

DCXXIII. — TO MRS. WILLIAMS

February 26, 1830.

Dear Madam, — May God bless you for your attention to our poor Emma! I am so shaken with your sad news I can scarce write. She is too ill to be removed at present; but we can only say that if she is spared, when that can be prac-

ticable, we have always a home for her. Speak to her of it, when she is capable of understanding, and let me conjure you to let us know, from day to day, the state she is in. But one line is all we crave. Nothing we can do for her, that shall not be done. We shall be in the terriblest suspense. We had no notion she was going to be ill. A line from anybody in your house will much oblige us. I feel for the situation this trouble places you in.

Can I go to her aunt, or do anything? I do not know what to offer. We are in great distress. Pray relieve us, if you can, by somehow letting us know. I will fetch her here, or anything. Your kindness can never be forgot. Pray excuse my abruptness. I hardly know what I write. And take our warmest thanks. Hoping to hear something, I remain, dear Madam,

Yours most faithfully, C. LAMB

Our grateful respects to Mr. Williams.

#### DCXXIV.—TO MRS. WILLIAMS

March 1, 1830.

Dear Madam,—We cannot thank you enough. Your two words “much better” were so considerate and good. The good news affected my sister to an agony of tears; but they have relieved us from such a weight. We were ready to expect the worst, and were hardly able to bear the good hearing. You speak so kindly of her, too, and

think she may be able to resume her duties. We were prepared, as far as our humble means would have enabled us, to have taken her from all duties. But far better for the dear girl it is that she should have a prospect of being useful.

I am sure you will pardon my writing again ; for my heart is so full that it was impossible to refrain. Many thanks for your offer to write again, should any change take place. I dare not yet be quite out of fear, the alteration has been so sudden. But I will hope you will have a respite from the trouble of writing again. I know no expression to convey a sense of your kindness. We were in such a state expecting the post. I had almost resolved to come as near you as Bury ; but my sister's health does not permit my absence on melancholy occasions. But O, how happy will she be to part with me, when I shall hear the agreeable news that I may come and fetch her. She shall be as quiet as possible. No restorative means shall be wanting to restore her back to you well and comfortable.

She will make up for this sad interruption of her young friend's studies. I am sure she will — she must — after you have spared her for a little time. Change of scene may do very much for her. I think this last proof of your kindness to her in her desolate state can hardly make her love and respect you more than she has ever done. O, how glad shall we be to return her fit for her occupation.

Madam, I trouble you with my nonsense ; but you would forgive me, if you knew how light-hearted you have made two poor souls at Enfield, that were gasping for news of their poor friend. I will pray for you and Mr. Williams. Give our very best respects to him, and accept our thanks. We are happier than we hardly know how to bear. God bless you ! My very kindest congratulations to Miss Humphreys.

Believe me, dear madam, your ever obliged servant,

C. LAMB

DCXXV.—TO SARAH HAZLITT

March 4, 1830.

Dear Sarah, — I was meditating to come and see you, but I am unable for the walk. We are both very unwell, and under affliction for poor Emma, who has had a very dangerous brain fever, and is lying very ill at Bury, from whence I expect a summons to fetch her. We are very sorry for your confinement. Any books I have are at your service. I am almost, I may say *quite*, sure that letters to India pay no postage, and may go by the regular Post Office, now in St. Martin's le Grand. I think any receiving house would take them.

I wish I could confirm your hopes about Dick Norris. But it is quite a dream. Some old Bencher of his surname is made *Treasurer* for the year, I suppose, which is an annual office. Norris was

sub-treasurer, — quite a different thing. They were pretty well in the summer, since when we have heard nothing of them. Mrs. Reynolds is better than she has been for years ; she is with a disagreeable woman that she has taken a mighty fancy to out of spite to a rival woman she used to live and quarrel with ; she grows quite *fat*, they tell me, and may live as long as I do, to be a tormenting rent-charge to my diminish'd income.

We go on pretty comfortably in our new plan. I will come and have a talk with you when poor Emma's affair is settled, and will bring books. At present I am weak, and could hardly bring my legs home yesterday after a much shorter stroll than to Northaw. Mary has got her bonnet on for a short expedition. May you get better, as the spring comes on. She sends her best love with mine.

C. L.

#### DCXXVI. — TO MRS. WILLIAMS

March 5, 1830.

Dear Madam, — I feel greatly obliged by your letter of Tuesday, and should not have troubled you again so soon, but that you express a wish to hear that our anxiety was relieved by the assurances in it. You have indeed given us much comfort respecting our young friend, but considerable uneasiness respecting your own health and spirits, which must have suffered under such attention. Pray believe me that we shall wait in

quiet hope for the time when I shall receive the welcome summons to come and relieve you from a charge, which you have executed with such tenderness. We desire nothing so much as to exchange it with you. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to remove her with the best judgment I can, without (I hope) any necessity for depriving you of the services of your valuable housekeeper. Until the day comes, we entreat that you will spare yourself the trouble of writing, which we should be ashamed to impose upon you in your present weak state. Not hearing from you, we shall be satisfied in believing that there has been no relapse. Therefore we beg that you will not add to your troubles by unnecessary, though *most kind*, correspondence.

Till I have the pleasure of thanking you personally, I beg you to accept these written acknowledgments of all your kindness. With respects to Mr. Williams and sincere prayers for both your healths, I remain,

Your ever obliged servant,            C. LAMB

My sister joins me in respects and thanks.

DCXXVII. — TO JAMES GILLMAN

March 8, 1830.

My dear G.,—Your friend Battin (for I knew him immediately by the smooth satinity of his style) must excuse me for advocating the cause

of his friends in Spitalfields. The fact is, I am retained by the Norwich people, and have already appeared in their paper under the signatures of "Lucius Sergius," "Bluff," "Broad-Cloth," "No-Trade-to-the-Woolen-Trade," "Anti-plush," &c., in defence of druggets and long camblets. And without this pre-engagement, I feel I should naturally have chosen a side opposite to —, for in the silken seemingness of his nature there is that which offends me. My flesh tingles at such caterpillars. He shall not crawl me over. Let him and his workmen sing the old burthen, —

Heigh ho, ye weavers!

for any aid I shall offer them in this emergency. I was over Saint Luke's the other day with my friend Tuthill, and mightily pleased with one of his contrivances for the comfort and amelioration of the students. They have double cells, in which a pair may lie feet to feet horizontally, and chat the time away as rationally as they can. It must certainly be more sociable for them these warm raving nights. The right-hand truckle in one of these friendly recesses, at present vacant, was preparing, I understood, for Mr. Irving. Poor fellow! it is time he removed from Pentonville. I followed him as far as to Highbury the other day, with a mob at his heels, calling out upon Ermigiddon, who I suppose is some Scotch moderator. He squinted out his favourite

eye last Friday, in the fury of possession, upon a poor woman's shoulders that was crying matches, and has not missed it. The companion truck, as far as I could measure it with my eye, would conveniently fit a person about the length of Coleridge, allowing for a reasonable drawing up of the feet, not at all painful. Does he talk of moving this quarter? You and I have too much sense to trouble ourselves with revelations; marry, to the same in Greek you may have something professionally to say.

Tell C. that he was to come and see us some fine day. Let it be before he moves, for in his new quarters he will necessarily be confined in his conversation to his brother prophet. Conceive the two Rabbis foot to foot, for there are no Gamaliels there to affect a humbler posture! All are masters in that Patmos, where the law is perfect equality — Latmos, I should rather say, for they will be Luna's twin darlings; her affection will be ever at the full. Well; keep *your* brains moist with gooseberry this mad March, for the devil of exposition seeketh dry places.

C. L.

#### NOTE

[“He squinted out \* \* \* .” Irving had sight only in one eye, an obliquity caused, it is suggested, by lying when a baby in a wooden cradle, the sides of which prevented the other from gathering light.

“To the same in Greek.” An atrocious pun, which I leave to the reader to discover. Gillman was a doctor.—E. V. LUCAS.]

## DCXXVIII. — TO WILLIAM AYRTON

March 14, 1830.

My dear Ayrton, — Your letter, which was only not so pleasant as your appearance would have been, has revived some old images ; Phillips (not the colonel), with his few hairs bristling up at the charge of a revoke, which he declares impossible ; the old captain's significant nod over the right shoulder (was it not ?) ; Mrs. Burney's determined questioning of the score, after the game was absolutely gone to the devil, the plain but hospitable cold boiled-beef suppers at side-board ; all which fancies, redolent of middle age and strengthful spirits, come across us ever and anon in this vale of deliberate senectitude, ycleped Enfield.

You imagine a deep gulf between you and us ; and there is a pitiable hiatus in *kind* between St. James's Park and this extremity of Middlesex. But the mere distance in turnpike roads is a trifle. The roof of a coach swings you down in an hour or two. We have a sure hot joint on a Sunday, and when had we better ? I suppose you know that ill health has obliged us to give up house-keeping ; but we have an asylum at the very next door — only twenty-four inches further from town, which is not material in a country expedition — where a *table d'hôte* is kept for us, without trouble on our parts, and we adjourn after dinner, when one of the old world (old friends)

drops casually down among us. Come and find us out, and seal our judicious change with your approbation, whenever the whim bites, or the sun prompts. No need of announcement, for we are sure to be at home.

I keep putting off the subject of my answer. In truth I am not in spirits at present to see Mr. Murray on such a business; but pray offer him my acknowledgments and an assurance that I should like at least one of his propositions, as I have so much additional matter for the *Specimens*, as might make two volumes in all, or *one* (new edition) omitting such better known authors as Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, &c.

But we are both in trouble at present. A very dear young friend of ours, who passed her Christmas holidays here, has been taken dangerously ill with a fever, from which she is very precariously recovering, and I expect a summons to fetch her when she is well enough to bear the journey from Bury. It is Emma Isola, with whom we got acquainted at our first visit to your sister at Cambridge, and she has been an occasional inmate with us—and of late years much more frequently—ever since. While she is in this danger, and till she is out of it, and here in a probable way to recovery, I feel that I have no spirits for an engagement of any kind. It has been a terrible shock to us; therefore I beg that you will make my handsomest excuses to Mr. Murray.

Our very kindest loves to Mrs. A. and the younger A.'s.

Your unforgotten,            C. LAMB

DCXXIX.—TO MRS. WILLIAMS

March 22, 1830.

Dear Madam, — Once more I have to return you thanks for a very kind letter. It has gladdened us very much to hear that we may have hope to see our young friend so soon, and through your kind nursing so well recovered. I sincerely hope that your own health and spirits will not have been shaken: you have had a sore trial indeed, and greatly do we feel indebted to you for all which you have undergone. If I hear nothing from you in the meantime, I shall secure myself a place in the Cornwallis Coach for Monday. It will not be at all necessary that I shall be met at Bury, as I can well find my way to the rectory, and I beg that you will not inconvenience yourselves by such attention. Accordingly as I find Miss Isola able to bear the journey, I intend to take the care of her by the same stage or by chaises perhaps, dividing the journey; but exactly as you shall judge fit.

It is our misfortune that long journeys do not agree with my sister, who would else have taken this care upon herself, perhaps more properly. It is quite out of the question to rob you of the service of any of your domestics. I cannot think

of it. But if in your opinion a female attendant would be requisite on the journey, or if you or Mr. Williams would feel *more comfortable* by her being in the charge of two, I will most gladly engage one of her nurses or any young person near you that you can recommend; for my object is to remove her in the way that shall be most satisfactory to yourselves.

On the subject of the young people that you are interesting yourselves about, I will have the pleasure to talk with you when I shall see you. I live almost out of the world and out of the sphere of being useful; but no pains of mine shall be spared, if but a prospect opens of doing a service. Could I do all I could wish, and I indeed have grown helpless to myself and others, it would not satisfy the arrears of obligation I owe to Mr. Williams and yourself for all your kindness.

I beg you will turn in your mind and consider in what most comfortable way Miss Isola can leave your house, and I will implicitly follow your suggestions. What you have done for her can never be effaced from our memories, and I would have you part with her in the way that would best satisfy yourselves.

I am afraid of impertinently extending my letter, else I feel I have not half said what I would say. So, dear madam, till I have the pleasure of seeing you both, of whose kindness I have heard so much before, I respectfully take

my leave with our kindest love to your poor patient and most sincere regards for the health and happiness of Mr. Williams and yourself. May God bless you.

CH. LAMB

DCXXX.— TO MRS. WILLIAMS

April 2, 1830.

Dear Madam, — I have great pleasure in letting you know that Miss Isola has suffered very little from fatigue on her long journey. I am ashamed to say that I came home rather the more tired of the two. But I am a very unpractised traveller. She has had two tolerable nights' sleeps since, and is decidedly not worse than when we left you. I remembered the magnesia according to your directions, and promise that she shall be kept very quiet, never forgetting that she is still an invalid.

We found my sister very well in health, only a little impatient to see her; and, after a few hysterical tears for gladness, all was comfortable again. We arrived here from Epping between five and six. The incidents of our journey were trifling, but you bade me tell them. We had then in the coach a rather talkative gentleman, but very civil, all the way, and took up a servant maid at Stamford, going to a sick mistress. To the *latter*, a participation in the hospitalities of your nice rusks and sandwiches proved agreeable, as it did to my companion, who took merely

a sip of the weakest wine and water with them. The *former* engaged me in a discourse for full twenty miles on the probable advantages of steam carriages, which being merely problematical, I bore my part in with some credit, in spite of my totally un-engineer-like faculties. But when somewhere about Stanstead he put an unfortunate question to me as to the "probability of its turning out a good turnip season ;" and when I, who am still less of an agriculturist than a steam-philosopher, not knowing a turnip from a potato ground, innocently made answer that I believed it depended very much upon boiled legs of mutton, my unlucky reply set Miss Isola a-laughing to a degree that disturbed her tranquillity for the only moment in our journey. I am afraid my credit sank very low with my other fellow-traveller, who had thought he had met with a *well-informed passenger*, which is an accident so desirable in a stage-coach. We were rather less communicative, but still friendly, the rest of the way.

How I employed myself between Epping and Enfield the poor verses<sup>1</sup> in the front of my paper

<sup>1</sup> L east Daughter, but not least beloved, of *Grace!*  
 O frown not on a stranger, who from place  
 U nknown and distant these few lines hath penn'd.  
 I but report what thy Instructress Friend  
 S o oft hath told us of thy gentle heart.  
 A pupil most affectionate thou art,

C areful to learn what elder years impart.  
*L ouisa — Clare* — by which name shall I call thee?  
 A prettier pair of names sure ne'er was found,  
 R esembling thy own sweetness in sweet sound.  
 E ver calm peace and innocence befall thee!

may inform you, which you may please to christen an acrostic in a Cross Road, and which I wish were worthier of the lady they refer to. But I trust you will plead my pardon to her on a subject so delicate as a lady's good *name*. Your candour must acknowledge that they are written *strait*.

And now dear Madam, I have left myself hardly space to express my sense of the friendly reception I found at Fornham. Mr. Williams will tell you that we had the pleasure of a slight meeting with him on the road, where I could almost have told him, but that it seemed ungracious, that such had been your hospitality that I scarcely missed the good master of the family at Fornham, though heartily I should have rejoiced to have made a little longer acquaintance with him. I will say nothing of our deeper obligations to both of you, because I think we agreed at Fornham, that gratitude may be over-exacted on the part of the obliging, and over-expressed on the part of the obliged, person. My sister and Miss Isola join in respects to Mr. Williams and yourself, and I beg to be remembered kindly to the Miss Hammonds and the two gentlemen whom I had the good fortune to meet at your house. I have not forgotten the election in which you are interesting yourself, and the little that I can I will do immediately. Miss Isola will have the pleasure of writing to you next week, and we shall hope, at your leisure,

to hear of your own health, &c. I am, dear Madam, with great respect, your obliged,

CHARLES LAMB

[*Added in Miss Isola's hand:*] I must just add a line to beg you will let us hear from you, my dear Mrs. Williams. I have just received the forwarded letter. Fornham we have talked about constantly, and I felt quite strange at this home the first day. I will attend to all you said, my dear Madam.

DCXXXI.—TO MRS. WILLIAMS

April 9, 1830.

Dear Madam, — I do assure you that your verses gratified me very much, and my sister is quite *proud* of them. For the first time in my life I congratulated myself upon the shortness and meanness of my name. Had it been Schwartzenberg or Esterhazy, it would have put you to some puzzle. I am afraid I shall sicken you of acrostics; but this last was written *to order*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> G o little Poem, and present  
R espectful terms of compliment;  
A gentle lady bids thee speak!  
C ourteous is *she*, tho' thou be weak —  
E voke from Heaven as thick as manna

J oy after joy on Grace Joanna:  
O n Fornham's Glebe and Pasture land  
A blessing pray. Long, long may stand,  
N ot touched by Time, the Rectory blithe;  
N o grudging churl dispute his Tithe;  
A t Easter be the offerings due

I beg you to have inserted in your county paper something like this advertisement: "To the nobility, gentry, and others, about Bury:— C. Lamb respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he is leaving off business in the acrostic line, as he is going into an entirely new line. Rebuses and charades done as usual, and upon the old terms. Also, epitaphs to suit the memory of any person deceased." I thought I had adroitly escaped the rather unpleasing name of "Williams," curtailing your poor daughters to their proper surnames; but it seems you would not let me off so easily. If these trifles amuse you, I am paid. Tho' really 'tis an operation too much like—"A, apple-pye; B, bit it." To make amends, I request leave to lend you the *Excursion*, and to recommend, in particular, the *Churchyard Stories*, in the seventh book, I think. They will strengthen the tone of your mind after its weak diet on acrostics.

Miss Isola is writing, and will tell you that we are going on very comfortably. Her sister is just come. She blames my last verses, as being more written on *Mr. Williams* than on yourself;

With cheerful spirit paid; each pew  
 In decent order filled; no noise  
 Loud intervene to drown the voice,  
 Learning, or wisdom of the Teacher;  
 Impressive be the Sacred Preacher,  
 And strict his notes on holy page;  
 May young and old from age to age  
 Salute, and still point out, "The good man's Parsonage!"

but how should I have parted whom a superior Power has brought together? I beg you will jointly accept of our best respects, and pardon your obsequious if not troublesome correspondent,

C. L.

P. S. I am the worst folder-up of a letter in the world, except certain Hottentots, in the land of Caffre, who never fold up their letters at all, writing very badly upon skins, &c.

### DCXXXII.—TO JAMES GILLMAN

Early spring, 1830.

Dear Gillman,—Pray do you, or S. T. C., immediately write to say you have received back the golden works of the dear, fine, silly old angel, which I part from, bleeding, and to say how the winter has used you all.

It is our intention soon, weather permitting, to come over for a day at Highgate; for beds we will trust to the Gate-House, should you be full: tell me if we may come casually, for in this change of climate there is no naming a day for walking. With best loves to Mrs. Gillman, &c.

Yours, mopish, but in health,

C. LAMB

I shall be uneasy till I hear of Fuller's safe arrival.

DCXXXIII.— TO JAMES VALE ASBURY

April, 1830.

Dear Sir, — Some draughts and boluses have been brought here, which we conjecture were meant for the young lady whom you saw this morning, though they are labelled for

*Miss Isola Lamb.*

No such person is known on the Chase Side, and she is fearful of taking medicines which may have been made up for another patient. She begs me to say that she was born an *Isola* and christened *Emma*. Moreover, that she is Italian by birth, and that her ancestors were from *Isola Bella* (Fair Island) in the kingdom of Naples. She has never changed her name, and rather mournfully adds that she has no prospect at present of doing so. She is literally *I. Sola*, or single, at present. Therefore she begs that the obnoxious monosyllable may be omitted on future phials — an innocent syllable enough, you'll say, but she has no claim to it. It is the bitterest pill of the seven you have sent her. When a lady loses her good *name*, what is to become of her? Well she must swallow it as well as she can, but begs the dose may not be repeated.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES LAMB (not Isola)

DCXXXIV.—TO JAMES VALE ASBURY

[Undated.]

Dear Sir, — It is an observation of a wise man that “moderation is best in all things.” I cannot agree with him “in liquor.” There is a smoothness and oiliness in wine that makes it go down by a natural channel, which I am positive was made for that descending. Else, why does not wine choke us? could Nature have made that sloping lane, not to facilitate the down-going? She does nothing in vain. You know that better than I. You know how often she has helped you at a dead lift, and how much better entitled she is to a fee than yourself sometimes, when you carry off the credit. Still there is something due to manners and customs, and I should apologise to you and Mrs. Asbury for being absolutely carried home upon a man’s shoulders thro’ Silver Street, up Parson’s Lane, by the Chapels (which might have taught me better), and then to be deposited like a dead log at Gaffar Westwood’s, who it seems does not “insure” against intoxication. Not that the mode of conveyance is objectionable. On the contrary, it is more easy than a one-horse chaise. Ariel in the *Tempest* says, —

On a bat’s back do I fly, after sunset merrily.

Now I take it that Ariel must sometimes have stayed out late of nights. Indeed, he pretends

that "where the bee sucks, there sucks he," as much as to say that his suction is as innocent as that little innocent (but damnably stinging when he is provok'd) winged creature. But I take it that Ariel was fond of metheglin, of which the bees are notorious brewers.

But then you will say: What a shocking sight to see a middle-aged gentleman-and-a-half riding upon a gentleman's back up Parson's Lane at midnight. Exactly the time for that sort of conveyance, when nobody can see him, nobody but heaven and his own conscience; now heaven makes fools, and don't expect much from her own creation; and as for conscience, she and I have long since come to a compromise. I have given up false modesty, and she allows me to abate a little of the true. I like to be liked, but I don't care about being respected. I don't respect myself. But, as I was saying, I thought he would have let me down just as we got to Lieutenant Barker's coal-shed (or emporium), but by a cunning jerk I eased myself, and righted my posture. I protest, I thought myself in a palanquin, and never felt myself so grandly carried. It was a slave under me. There was I, all but my reason. And what is reason? and what is the loss of it? and how often in a day do we do without it, just as well? Reason is only counting, two and two makes four. And if on my passage home, I thought it made five, what matter? Two and two will just make four, as

it always did, before I took the finishing glass that did my business. My sister has begged me to write an apology to Mrs. A. and you for disgracing your party; now it does seem to me that I rather honoured your party, for every one that was not drunk (and one or two of the ladies, I am sure, were not) must have been set off greatly in the contrast to me. I was the scapegoat. The soberer they seemed. By the way is magnesia good on these occasions? *iii pol: med: sum: ante noct: in rub: can:.* I am no licentiate, but know enough of simples to beg you to send me a draught after this model. But still you will say (or the men and maids at your house will say) that it is not a seemly sight for an old gentleman to go home pick-a-back. Well, may be it is not. But I never studied grace. I take it to be a mere superficial accomplishment. I regard more the internal acquisitions. The great object after supper is to get home, and whether that is obtained in a horizontal posture or perpendicular (as foolish men and apes affect for dignity) I think is little to the purpose. The end is always greater than the means. Here I am, able to compose a sensible rational apology, and what signifies how I got here? I have just sense enough to remember I was very happy last night, and to thank our kind host and hostess, and that's sense enough, I hope.

CHARLES LAMB

N. B. What is good for a desperate head-

ache? Why, patience, and a determination not to mind being miserable all day long. And that I have made my mind up to. So, here goes. It is better than not being alive at all, which I might have been, had your man toppled me down at Lieut. Barker's coal-shed. My sister sends her sober compliments to Mrs. A. She is not much the worse.

Yours truly, C. LAMB

DCXXXV. — TO MRS. WILLIAMS

April 21, 1830.

Dear Madam,—I have ventured upon some lines, which combine my old acrostic talent (which you first found out) with my new profession of epitaph-monger.<sup>1</sup> As you did not

<sup>1</sup> G race Joanna here doth lie:  
R eader, wonder not that I  
A nte-date her hour of rest.  
C an I thwart her wish exprest,  
E v'n unseemly though the laugh

J esting with an Epitaph?  
O n her bones the turf lie lightly,  
A nd her rise again be brightly!  
N o dark stain be found upon her —  
N o, there will not, on mine honour —  
A nswer that at least I can.

W ould that I, thrice happy man,  
I n as spotless garb might rise,  
L ight as she will climb the skies,  
L eaving the dull earth behind,  
I n a car more swift than wind.  
A ll her errors, all her failings,  
(M any they were not) and ailings,  
S leep secure from Envy's railings.

please to say when you would die, I have left a blank space for the date. May kind heaven be a long time in filling it up. At least you cannot say that these lines are not about you, though not much to the purpose. We were very sorry to hear that you have not been very well, and hope that a little excursion may revive you. Miss Isola is thankful for her added day; but I verily think she longs to see her young friends once more, and will regret less than ever the end of her holydays. She cannot be going on more quietly than she is doing here, and you will perceive amendment.

I hope all her little commissions will all be brought home to your satisfaction. When she returns, we purpose seeing her to Epping on her journey. We have had our proportion of fine weather and some pleasant walks, and she is stronger, her appetite good, but less wolfish than at first, which we hold a good sign. I hope Mr. Wing will approve of its abatement. She desires her very kindest respects to Mr. Williams and yourself, and wishes to rejoin you. My sister and myself join in respect, and pray tell Mr. Donne, with our compliments, that we shall be disappointed, if we do not see him.

This letter being very neatly written, I am very unwilling that Emma should club any of her disproportionate scrawl to deface it.

Your obliged servant,

C. LAMB

DCXXXVI. — TO BASIL MONTAGUE

Dear B. M., — You are a kind soul of yourself, and need no spurring, but if you can help a worthy man you will have *two worthy men* obliged to you. I am writing from Hone's possible Coffee-House, which must answer, if he can find means to open it, which unfortunately flag. We purpose a little subscription, but I know how tender a subject the pocket is. Your advice may be important to him.

Yours most truly, C. LAMB

This is a letter of business, so I won't send unseasonable love to Mrs. Montague and the both good Proctors.

DCXXXVII. — TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

May 10, 1830.

Dear Southey, — My friend Hone, whom you would like *for a friend*, I found deeply impressed with your generous notice of him in your beautiful *Life of Bunyan*, which I am just now full of. He has written to you for leave to publish a certain good-natured letter. I write not this to enforce his request, for we are fully aware that the refusal of such publication would be quite consistent with all that is good in your character. Neither he nor I expect it from you, nor exact it; but if you would consent to it, you would

have me obliged by it, as well as him. He is just now in a critical situation: kind friends have opened a coffee-house for him in the city, but their means have not extended to the purchase of coffee-pots, credit for reviews, newspapers, and other paraphernalia. So I am sitting in the skeleton of a possible divan. What right I have to interfere, you best know. Look on me as a dog who went once temporarily insane, and bit you, and now begs for a crust. Will you set your wits to a dog? Our object is to open a subscription, which my friends of the *Times* are most willing to forward for him, but think that a leave from you to publish would aid it.

But not an atom of respect or kindness will or shall it abate in either of us if you decline it. Have this strongly in your mind.

Those *Every-Day* and *Table* Books will be a treasure a hundred years hence; but they have failed to make Hone's fortune.

Here his wife and all his children are about me, gaping for coffee customers; but how should they come in, seeing no pot boiling!

Enough of Hone. I saw Coleridge a day or two since. He has had some severe attack, not paralytic; but, if I had not heard of it, I should not have found it out. He looks, and especially speaks, strong. How are all the Wordsworths and all the Southseys? whom I am obliged to you if you have not brought up haters of the name of

C. LAMB

P. S. I have gone lately into the acrostic line. I find genius (such as I had) declines with me, but I get clever. Do you know anybody that wants charades, or such things, for albums? I do 'em at so much a sheet. Perhaps an epigram (not a very happy-gram) I did for a school-boy yesterday may amuse. I pray Jove he may not get a flogging for any false quantity; but 't is, with one exception, the only Latin verses I have made for forty years, and I did it "to order."

SUUM CUIQUE

Adsciscit sibi divitias et opes alienas  
 Fur, rapiens, spolians, quod mihi, quodque tibi,  
 Proprium erat, temnens haec verba, meumque, suumque ;  
 Omne suum est : tandem cuique suum tribuit.  
 Dat laqueo collum ; vestes, vah ! carnifici dat ;  
 Sese Diabolo : sic bene : cuique suum.

I write from Hone's, therefore Mary cannot send her love to Mrs. Southey, but I do.

Yours ever, C. L.

DCXXXVIII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

May 12, 1830.

Dear M., — I dined with your and my Rogers at Mr. Cary's yesterday. Cary consulted me on the proper bookseller to offer a lady's MS. novel to. I said I would write to *you*. But I wish you would call on the translator of Dante at the British Museum, and talk with him. He is

the pleasantest of clergymen. I told him of all Rogers's handsome behaviour to you, and you are already no stranger. Go. I made Rogers laugh about your nightingale sonnet, not having heard one. 'T is a good sonnet notwithstanding. You shall have the books shortly. C. L.

DCXXXIX. — TO VINCENT NOVELLO

May 14, 1830.

Dear Novello, — Mary hopes you have not forgot you are to spend a day with us on Wednesday. That it may be a long one, cannot you secure places now for Mrs. Novello, yourself, and the Clarkes? We have just table room for four. Five make my good landlady fidgetty; six, to begin to fret; seven, to approximate to fever point. But seriously we shall prefer four to two or three; we shall have from half-past ten to six, when the coach goes off, to scent the country. And pray write *now*, to say you do so come, for dear Mrs. Westwood else will be on the tenters of incertitude. C. LAMB

DCXL. — TO VINCENT NOVELLO

May 20, 1830.

Dear N., — Pray write immediately to say "The book has come safe." I am anxious, not so much for the autographs, as for that bit of the hair-brush. I enclose a cinder, which be-

longed to *Shield*, when he was poor, and lit his own fires. Any memorial of a great musical genius, I know, is acceptable; and Shield has his merits, though Clementi, in my opinion, is far above him in the *sostenuto*. Mr. Westwood desires his compliments, and begs to present you with a nail that came out of Jomelli's coffin, who is buried at Naples.

DCXLI.—TO WILLIAM HONE

May 21, 1830.

Dear Hone,—I thought you would be pleased to see this letter. Pray if you have time to, call on Novello, No. 66 Great Queen St. I am anxious to learn whether he received his album I sent on Friday by our nine o'clock morning stage. If not, beg him inquire at the Old Bell, Holborn.

CHARLES LAMB

Southey will see in the *Times* all we proposed omitting is omitted.

DCXLII.—TO WILLIAM HONE

May 21, 1830.

Thanks for the paper. Much better an entire letter (*exceptis excipiendis*) than extracts. Put me down per Moxhay. C. L.

DCXLIII. — TO SARAH HAZLITT

May 24, 1830.

Dear Sarah, — I found my way to Northaw on Thursday and a very good woman behind a counter, who says also that you are a very good lady, but that the woman who was with you was naught. These things may be so or not. I did not accept her offered glass of wine (home-made, I take it), but craved a cup of ale, with which I seasoned a slice of cold Lamb from a sandwich box, which I ate in her back parlour, and proceeded for Berkhamstead, &c.; lost myself over a heath, and had a day's pleasure. I wish you could walk as I do, and as you used to do. I am sorry to find you are so poorly; and, now I have found my way, I wish you back at Goody Tomlinson's. What a pretty village 't is! I should have come sooner, but was waiting a summons to Bury. Well, it came, and I found the good parson's lady (he was from home) exceedingly hospitable.

Poor Emma, the first moment we were alone, took me into a corner, and said, "Now, pray, don't *drink*; do check yourself after dinner, for my sake, and when we get home to Enfield, you shall drink as much as ever you please, and I won't say a word about it." How I behaved, you may guess, when I tell you that Mrs. Williams and I have written acrostics on each other, and she hoped that she should have "no reason

to regret Miss Isola's recovery, by its depriving *her* of our begun correspondence." Emma stayed a month with us, and has gone back (in tolerable health) to her long home, for *she* comes not again for a twelvemonth.

I amused Mrs. Williams with an occurrence on our road to Enfield. We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage-coach, that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriages by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when, getting into Bishops Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me: "What sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year?" Emma's eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say; and she burst into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied, that "it depended, I believed, upon boiled legs of mutton." This clinch'd our conversation; and my gentleman, with a face half wise, half in scorn, troubled us with no more conversation, scientific or philosophical, for the remainder of the journey.

Ayrton was here yesterday, and as *learned* to the full as my fellow-traveller. What a pity that he will spoil a wit and a devilish pleasant fellow (as he is) by wisdom! He talk'd on

music; and by having read Hawkins and Burney recently I was enabled to talk of names, and show more knowledge than he had suspected I possessed; and in the end he begg'd me to shape my thoughts upon paper, which I did after he was gone, and sent him.

Martin Burney is as odd as ever. We had a dispute about the word "heir," which I contended was pronounced like "air;" he said that might be in common parlance; or that we might so use it, speaking of the *Heir-at-Law*, a comedy; but that in the law courts it was necessary to give it a full aspiration, and to say *Hayer*; he thought it might even vitiate a cause, if a counsel pronounced it otherwise. In conclusion, he "would consult Serjeant Wilde;" who gave it against him. Sometimes he falleth into the water, sometimes into the fire. He came down here, and insisted on reading Virgil's *Eneid* all through with me (which he did), because a counsel must know Latin. Another time he read out all the Gospel of St. John, because Biblical quotations are very emphatic in a Court of Justice. A third time, he would carve a fowl, which he did very ill-favouredly, because "we did not know how indispensable it was for a barrister to do all those sort of things well. Those little things were of more consequence than we supposed." So he goes on, harassing about the way to prosperity, and losing it. With a long head, but somewhat a wrong one — harum-scarum. Why does not

his guardian angel look to him? He deserves one: may be, he has tired him out.

I am tired with this long scrawl, but I thought in your exile, you might like a letter.

Commend me to all the wonders in Derbyshire, and tell the devil I humbly kiss — my hand to him.

Yours ever,

C. LAMB

Mary's love? Yes. Mary Lamb quite well.

DCXLIV. — TO SARAH HAZLITT

June 3, 1830.

Dear Sarah, — I named your thought about William to his father, who expressed such horror and aversion to the idea of his singing in public that I cannot meddle in it directly or indirectly. Ayrton is a kind fellow, and if you chuse to consult him by letter, or otherwise, he will give you the best advice, I am sure, very readily. *I have no doubt that M. Burney's objection to interfering was the same with mine.*

With thanks for your pleasant long letter, which is not that of an invalid, and sympathy for your sad sufferings, I remain, in haste,

Yours truly

Mary's kindest love.

DCXLV. — TO WILLIAM HONE

June 17, 1830.

I hereby empower Matilda Hone to superintend daily the putting into the twopenny post the *Times* newspaper of the day before, directed "Mr. Lamb, Enfield," which shall be held a *full and sufficient direction*: the said insertion to commence on Monday morning next. And I do engage to pay to William Hone, Coffee and Hotel Man, the quarterly sum of £1, to be paid at the ordinary Quarter days, or thereabout, for the reversion of the said paper, commencing with the 24th inst., or Feast of John the Baptist; the intervening days to be held and considered as nothing.

C. LAMB

Vivant Coffee, Coffee-potque!

DCXLVI. — TO BERNARD BARTON

June 28, 1830.

Dear B. B., — Could you dream of my publishing without sending a copy to you? You will find something new to you in the volume, particularly the translations. Moxon will send to you the moment it is out. He is the young poet of *Xmas*, whom the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* [Rogers] has set up in the bookvending business with a volunteer'd loan of £500 — such munificence is rare to an almost stranger. But

Rogers, I am told, has done many good-natured things of this nature.

I need not say how glad to see A. K. and Lucy we should have been, — and still shall be, if it be practicable. Our direction is Mr. Westwood's, Chase Side, Enfield, but alas! I know not theirs. We can give them a bed. Coaches come daily from the Bell, Holborn.

You will see that I am worn to the poetical dregs, condescending to acrostics, which are nine fathom beneath album verses — but they were written at the request of the lady where our Emma is, to whom I paid a visit in April to bring home Emma for a change of air after a severe illness, in which she had been treated like a daughter by the good parson and his whole family. She has since return'd to her occupation.

I thought on you in Suffolk, but was forty miles from Woodbridge. I heard of you the other day from Mr. Pulham of the India House.

Long live King William the Fourth.

S. T. C. says, we have had wicked kings, foolish kings, wise kings, good kings (but few), but never till now have we had a blackguard king.

Charles Second was profligate, but a gentleman.

I have nineteen letters to dispatch this leisure sabbath for Moxon to send about with copies; so you will forgive me short measure, — and believe me,

Yours ever, C. L.

Pray do let us see your Quakeresses if possible.

DCXLVII. — TO WILLIAM HONE

July 1, 1830.

Pray let Matilda keep my newspapers till you hear from me, as we are meditating a town residence.

C. LAMB

Let her keep them as the apple of her eye.

DCXLVIII. — TO MRS. RICKMAN

1830.

Dear Mrs. Rickman, — I beg your acceptance of a little volume, which may amuse either of your young ladies. It pretends to no high flights, and may lie about with albums, shells, and such knickknacks. Will you re-give, or *lend* me, by the bearer, the one volume of *Juvenile Poetry*? I have tidings of a second at Brighton. If the two tally, we may some day play a hand at old whist, *who shall have both*.

With best regards to you all, yours ever,

C. LAMB

Any little commissions in the book line from Mr. Rickman, or any of your friends, will be most punctually attended to by my friend the publisher.

DCXLIX.— TO BERNARD BARTON

[P. M. August 30, 1830.]

Dear B. B.,— My address is 34 Southampton Buildings, Holborn. For God's sake do not let me be pester'd with Annuals. They are all rogues who edit them, and something else who write in them. I am still alone, and very much out of sorts, and cannot spur up my mind to writing. The sight of one of those *Year Books* makes me sick. I get nothing by any of 'em, not even a copy.

Thank you for your warm interest about my little volume, for the critics on which I care not the five-hundred-thousandth part of the tythe of a half-farthing. I am too old a militant for that. How noble, tho', in R. S. to come forward for an old friend, who had treated him so unworthily. Moxon has a shop without customers, I a book without readers. But what a clamour against a poor collection of album verses, as if we had put forth an epic. I cannot scribble a long letter — I am, when not at foot, very desolate, and take no interest in anything, scarce hate anything, but Annuals. I am in an interregnum of thought and feeling.

What a beautiful autumn morning this is, if it was but with me as in times past when the candle of the Lord shined round me.

I cannot even muster enthusiasm to admire the French heroism.

In better times I hope we may some day meet,  
and discuss an old poem or two. But if you'd  
have me not sick, no more of Annuals.

C. L. EX-ELIA

Love to Lucy and A. K. always.

DCL. — TO SAMUEL ROGERS

October 5, 1830.

Dear Sir, — I know not what hath bewitch'd  
me that I have delayed acknowledging your beau-  
tiful present. But I have been very unwell and  
nervous of late. The poem was not new to me,  
tho' I have renewed acquaintance with it. Its  
metre is none of the least of its excellencies. 'Tis  
so far from the stiffness of blank verse — it gal-  
lops like a traveller, as it should do — no crude  
Miltonisms in it. Dare I pick out what most  
pleases me? It is the middle paragraph in page  
thirty-four. It is most tasty. Though I look on  
every impression as a *proof* of your kindness, I am  
jealous of the ornaments, and should have prized  
the verses naked on whity-brown paper.

I am, Sir, yours truly, C. LAMB

DCLI. — TO VINCENT NOVELLO

November 8, 1830.

Tears are for lighter griefs. Man weeps the doom  
That seals a single victim to the tomb.

But when Death riots, when with whelming sway  
 Destruction sweeps a family away ;  
 When Infancy and Youth, a huddled mass,  
 All in an instant to oblivion pass,  
 And Parents' hopes are crush'd ; what lamentation  
 Can reach the depth of such a desolation ?  
 Look upward, Feeble Ones ! look up, and trust  
 That He, who lays this mortal frame in dust,  
 Still hath the immortal Spirit in His keeping.  
 In Jesus' sight they are not dead, but sleeping.

Dear N., — Will these lines do ? I despair of  
 better. Poor Mary is in a deplorable state here  
 at Enfield. Love to all, C. LAMB

NOTE

[The four sons and two daughters of John and Ann Rigg,  
 of York, had been drowned in the Ouse. A number of poets  
 were asked for verses, the best to be inscribed on a monument  
 in York Minster. Those of James Montgomery were chosen.  
 — E. V. LUCAS.]

DCLII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

November 12, 1830.

Dear Moxon, — I have brought my sister to  
 Enfield, being sure that she had no hope of re-  
 covery in London. Her state of mind is deplorable  
 beyond any example. I almost fear whether  
 she has strength at her time of life ever to get out  
 of it. Here she must be nursed, and neither see  
 nor hear of anything in the world out of her sick  
 chamber. The mere hearing that Southey had  
 called at our lodgings totally upset her. Pray see

him, or hear of him at Mr. Rickman's, and excuse my not writing to him. I dare not write or receive a letter in her presence; every little task so agitates her. Westwood will receive any letter for me, and give it me privately. Pray assure Southey of my kindest feelings towards him; and, if you do not see him, send this to him.

Kindest remembrances to your sister, and believe me ever yours,  
C. LAMB

Remember me kindly to the Allsops.

DCLIII.—TO EDWARD MOXON

December, 1830.

Dear M.,—Something like this was what I meant. But on reading it over, I see no great fun or use in it. It will only stuff up and encroach upon the sheet you propose. Do as, and *what*, you please. Send proof, or not, as you like. If you send, send me a copy or two of the *Album Verses*, and the *Juvenile Poetry*, if bound.

I am happy to say Mary is mending, but not enough to give me hopes of being able to leave her. I sadly regret that I shall possibly not see Southey or Wordsworth, but I dare not invite either of them here, for fear of exciting my sister, whose only chance is quiet. You don't know in what a sad state we have been.

I think the *Devil* may come out without prefaces, but use your discretion.

Make my kindest remembrances to Southey, with my heart's thanks for his kind intent. I am a little easier about my will, and as Ryle is executor, and will do all a friend can do at the Office, and what little I leave will buy an annuity to piece out tolerably, I am much easier.

Yours ever,

C. L.

#### DCLIV.—TO GEORGE DYER

December 20, 1830.

Dear Dyer, — I would have written before to thank you for your kind letter, written with your own hand. It glads us to see your writing. It will give you pleasure to hear that, after so much illness, we are in tolerable health and spirits once more. Miss Isola intended to call upon you after her night's lodging at Miss Buffam's, but found she was too late for the stage. If she comes to town before she goes home, she will not miss paying her respects to Mrs. Dyer and you, to whom she desires best love.

Poor Enfield, that has been so peaceable hitherto, has caught the inflammatory fever; the tokens are upon her! and a great fire was blazing last night in the barns and haystacks of a farmer, about half a mile from us. Where will these things end? There is no doubt of its being the work of some ill-disposed rustic; but how is he to be discovered? They go to work in the dark with strange chemical preparations unknown to

our forefathers. There is not even a dark lantern to have a chance of detecting these Guy Fauxes. We are past the iron age, and are got into the fiery age, undream'd of by Ovid. You are lucky in Clifford's Inn where, I think, you have few ricks or stacks worth the burning. Pray keep as little corn by you as you can, for fear of the worst.

It was never good times in England since the poor began to speculate upon their condition. Formerly, they jogged on with as little reflection as horses: the whistling ploughman went cheek by jowl with his brother that neighed. Now the biped carries a box of phosphorus in his leather breeches; and in the dead of night the half-illuminated beast steals his magic potion into a cleft in a barn, and half a country is grinning with new fires. Farmer Graystock said something to the touchy rustic that he did not relish, and he writes his distaste in flames. What a power to intoxicate his crude brains, just muddlingly awake, to perceive that something is wrong in the social system!— what a hellish faculty above gunpowder!

Now the rich and poor are fairly pitted, we shall see who can hang or burn fastest. It is not always revenge that stimulates these kindlings. There is a love of exerting mischief. Think of a disrespected clod that was trod into earth, that was nothing, on a sudden by damned arts refined into an exterminating angel, devouring the fruits

of the earth and their growers in a mass of fire! What a new existence! — what a temptation above Lucifer's! Would clod be anything but a clod, if he could resist it? Why, here was a spectacle last night for a whole country! — a bonfire visible to London, alarming her guilty towers, and shaking the Monument with an ague fit, — all done by a little vial of phosphor in a clown's fob! How he must grin, and shake his empty noddle in clouds, the Vulcanian epicure! Can we ring the bells backward? Can we unlearn the arts that pretend to civilize, and then burn the world? There is a march of science; but who shall beat the drums for its retreat? Who shall persuade the boor that phosphor will not ignite?

Seven goodly stacks of hay, with corn-barns proportionable, lie smoking ashes and chaff, which man and beast would sputter out and reject like those apples of asphaltes and bitumen. The food for the inhabitants of earth will quickly disappear. Hot rolls may say: "Fuimus panes, fuit quartern-loaf, et ingens gloria apple-pastyorum." That the good old munching system may last thy time and mine, good un-incendiary George, is the devout prayer of thine, to the last crust,

CH. LAMB

NOTE

[Incendiarism, the result of agricultural distress and in opposition to the competition of the new machinery, was rife in the country at this time.]

DCLV. — TO EDWARD MOXON

Christmas, 1830.

Dear M., — A thousand thanks for your punctualities. What a cheap book is the last Hogarth you sent me! I am pleased now that Hunt *did* me out of the old one. Speaking of this, only think of the new farmer with his thirty acres. There is a portion of land in Lambeth parish called Knaves Acre. I wonder he overlook'd it. Don't show this to the firm of Dilk & Co. I next want one copy of *Leicester School*, and wish you to pay Leishman, Taylor, 2 Blandford Place, Pall Mall, opposite the British Institution, £6.10. for coat, waistcoat, &c. And I vehemently thirst for the 4th No. of Nichols's *Hogarth*, to bind 'em up (the two books) as *Hogarth, and Supplement*. But as you know the price, don't stay for its appearance; but come as soon as ever you can with your bill of all demands in full, and, as I have none but £5 notes, bring with you sufficient change.

Weather is beautiful. I grieve sadly for Miss Wordsworth. We are all well again. Emma is with us, and we all shall be glad of a sight of you. Come on Sunday, if you *can*; better, if you come before. Perhaps Rogers would smile at this. A pert half chemist half apothecary, in our town, who smatters of literature and is immeasurable unletter'd, said to me, "Pray, Sir, may not Hood (he of the acres) be reckon'd the

prince of wits in the present day?" to which I assenting, he adds, "I had always thought that Rogers had been reckon'd the prince of wits, but I suppose that now Mr. Hood has the better title to that appellation." To which I replied that Mr. R. had wit with much better qualities, but did not aspire to the principality. He had taken all the puns manufactured in *John Bull* for our friend, in sad and stupid earnest. One more album verses, please. Adieu. C. L.

#### DCLVI.—TO EDWARD MOXON

February 3, 1831.

Dear Moxon,—The snows are ankle-deep slush and mire, that 't is hard to get to the post-office, and cruel to send the maid out. 'T is a slough of despair, or I should sooner have thank'd you for your offer of the *Life*, which we shall very much like to have, and will return duly. I do not know when I shall be in town, but in a week or two at farthest, when I will come as far as you if I can. We are moped to death with confinement within doors. I send you a curiosity of G. Dyer's tender conscience. Between thirty and forty years since, G. published the *Poet's Fate*, in which were two very harmless lines about Mr. Rogers, but Mr. R. not quite approving of them, they were left out in a subsequent edition, 1801. But G. has been worrying about them ever since; if I have heard him

once, I have heard him a hundred times, express a remorse proportion'd to a consciousness of having been guilty of an atrocious libel. As the devil would have it, a fool they call *Barker*, in his *Parriana* has quoted the identical two lines as they stood in some obscure edition anterior to 1801, and the withers of poor G. are again wrung. His letter is a gem; with his poor blind eyes it has been laboured out at six sittings. The history of the couplet is in page three of this irregular production, in which every variety of shape and size that letters can be twisted into is to be found. Do shew *his* part of it to Mr. R. some day. If he has bowels they must melt at the contrition so queerly character'd of a contrite sinner. G. was born I verily think without original sin, but chuses to have a conscience, as every Christian gentleman should have. His dear old face is unsusceptible of the twist they call a sneer, yet he is apprehensive of being suspected of that ugly appearance. When he makes a compliment, he thinks he has given an affront. A name is personality. But shew (no hurry) this unique recantation to Mr. R. 'Tis like a dirty pocket handkerchief muck'd with tears of some indigent Magdalen. There is the impress of sincerity in every pot-hook and hanger. And then the gilt frame to such a pauper picture! It should go into the Museum.

I am heartily sorry my *Devil* does not answer. We must try it a little longer, and after all I

think I must insist on taking a portion of the loss upon myself. It is too much you should lose by two adventures. You do not say how your general business goes on, and I should very much like to talk over it with you here. Come when the weather will possibly let you. I want to see the Wordsworths, but I do not much like to be all night away. It is dull enough to be here together, but it is duller to leave Mary; in short it is painful, and in a flying visit I should hardly catch them. I have no beds for them, if they came down, and but a sort of a house to receive them in, yet I shall regret their departure unseen. I feel cramped and straiten'd every way. Where are they?

We have heard from Emma but once, and that a month ago, and are very anxious for another letter.

You say we have forgot your powers of being serviceable to us. *That* we never shall. I do not know what I should do without you when I want a little commission. Now then. There are left at Miss Buffam's, the *Tales of the Castle*, and certain volumes *Retrospective Review*. The first should be convey'd to Novello's, and the Reviews should be taken to Talfourd's office, ground floor, East side, Elm Court, Middle Temple, to whom I should have written, but my spirits are wretched. It is quite an effort to write this. So, with the *Life*, I have cut you out three pieces of service. What can I do for you here? But hope to see

you very soon, and think of you with most kindness. I fear to-morrow, between rains and snows, it would be impossible to expect you, but do not let a practicable Sunday pass. We are always at home.

Mary joins in remembrances to your sister, whom we hope to see in any fine-ish weather, when she'll venture.

Remember us to Allsop, and all the dead people — to whom, and to London, we seem dead.

#### DCLVII. — TO GEORGE DYER

February 22, 1831.

Dear Dyer, — Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Rogers's friends, are perfectly assured that you never intended any harm by an innocent couplet, and that in the revivification of it by blundering Barker you had no hand whatever. To imagine that, at this time of day, Rogers broods over a fantastic expression of more than thirty years' standing, would be to suppose him indulging his *Pleasures of Memory* with a vengeance. You never penned a line which for its own sake you need (dying) wish to blot. You mistake your heart if you think you *can* write a lampoon. Your whips are rods of roses. Your spleen has ever had for its objects vices, not the vicious — abstract offences, not the concrete sinner. But you are sensitive, and wince as much at the consciousness of having committed a compliment, as another man would at the

perpetration of an affront. But do not lug me into the same soreness of conscience with yourself. I maintain, and will to the last hour, that I never writ of you but *con amore*. That if any allusion was made to your near-sightedness, it was not for the purpose of mocking an infirmity, but of connecting it with scholar-like habits: for is it not erudite and scholarly to be somewhat near of sight, before age naturally brings on the malady? You could not then plead the *obrepens senectus*.

Did I not moreover make it an apology for a certain *absence*, which some of your friends may have experienced, when you have not on a sudden made recognition of them in a casual street-meeting, and did I not strengthen your excuse for this slowness of recognition, by further accounting morally for the present engagement of your mind in worthy objects? Did I not, in your person, make the handsomest apology for absent-of-mind people that was ever made? If these things be not so, I never knew what I wrote or meant by my writing, and have been penning libels all my life without being aware of it. Does it follow that I should have exprest myself exactly in the same way of those dear old eyes of yours *now*—now that Father Time has conspired with a hard task-master to put a last extinguisher upon them? I should as soon have insulted the answerer of Salmasius [Milton], when he awoke up from his ended task, and saw no more with

mortal vision. But you are many films removed yet from Milton's calamity. You write perfectly intelligibly. Marry, the letters are not all of the same size or tallness ; but that only shows your proficiency in the *hands* — text, german-hand, court-hand, sometimes law-hand, and afford variety. You pen better than you did a twelvemonth ago ; and if you continue to improve, you bid fair to win the golden pen which is the prize at your young gentlemen's academy. But you must beware of Valpy, and his printing-house, that hazy cave of Trophonius, out of which it was a mercy that you escaped with a glimmer. Beware of MSS. and *variae lectiones*. Settle the text for once in your mind, and stick to it. You have some years' good sight in you yet, if you do not tamper with it. It is not for you (for *us* I should say) to go poring into Greek contractions, and stargazing upon slim Hebrew points. We have yet the sight

Of sun, and moon, and star, throughout the year,  
And man and woman.

You have vision enough to discern Mrs. Dyer from the other comely gentlewoman who lives up at staircase No. 5 ; or, if you should make a blunder in the twilight, Mrs. Dyer has too much good sense to be jealous for a mere effect of imperfect optics. But don't try to write the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, in the compass of a halfpenny ; nor run after a midge or a mote to catch it ; and leave off hunting for

needles in bushels of hay, for all these things strain the eyes. The snow is six feet deep in some parts here. I must put on jack-boots to get at the post-office with this. It is not good for weak eyes to pore upon snow too much. It lies in drifts. I wonder what its drift is; only that it makes good pancakes, remind Mrs. Dyer. It turns a pretty green world into a white one. It glares too much for an innocent colour, methinks.

I wonder why you think I dislike gilt edges. They set off a letter marvellously. Yours, for instance, looks for all the world like a tablet of curious *hieroglyphics* in a gold frame. But don't go and lay this to your eyes. You always wrote hieroglyphically, yet not to come up to the mystical notations and conjuring characters of Dr. Parr. You never wrote what I call a school-master's hand, like Clarke; nor a woman's hand, like Southey; nor a missal hand, like Porson; nor an all-of-the-wrong-side-sloping hand, like Miss Hayes; nor a dogmatic, Mede-and-Persian, peremptory hand, like Rickman; but you ever wrote what I call a Grecian's hand; what the Grecians write (or used) at Christ's Hospital; such as Whalley would have admired, and Boyer have applauded; but Smith or Atwood (writing-masters) would have horsed you for. Your boy-of-genius hand and your mercantile hand are various. By your flourishes, I should think you never learned to make eagles or corkscrews, or

flourish the governors' names in the writing-school; and by the tenor and cut of your letters I suspect you were never in it at all. By the length of this scrawl you will think I have a design upon your optics; but I have writ as large as I could out of respect to them—too large, indeed, for beauty. Mine is a sort of deputy Grecian's hand; a little better, and more of a worldly hand, than a Grecian's, but still remote from the mercantile. I don't know how it is, but I keep my rank in fancy still since school-days. I can never forget I was a deputy Grecian! And writing to you, or to Coleridge, besides affection, I feel a reverential deference as to Grecians still. I keep my soaring way above the Great Erasmians, yet far beneath the other. Alas! what am I now? what is a Leadenhall clerk or India pensioner to a deputy Grecian? How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! Just room for our loves to Mrs. D., &c.,

C. LAMB

DCLVIII. — TO HENRY F. CARY

April 13, 1831.

Dear C.,—I am *daily* for this week expecting Wordsworth, who will not name a day. I have been expecting him by months and by weeks; but he has reduced the hope within the seven fractions hebdomidal of this hebdoma. Therefore I am sorry I cannot see you on Thursday. I think within a week or two I shall

be able to invite myself some day for a day, but we hermits with difficulty poke out of our shells. Within that ostraceous retirement I meditate not unfrequently on you. My sister's kindest remembrances to you both. C. L.

DCLIX. — TO BERNARD BARTON

April 30, 1831.

Vir bone! — Recepi literas tuas amicissimas, et in mentem venit responsuro mihi, vel raro, vel nunquam, inter nos intercedisse Latinam linguam, organum rescribendi, loquendive. Epistolae tuae, Plinianis elegantiss (supra quod Tremulo deceat) refertae, tam a verbis Plinianis adeo abhorrent, ut ne vocem quamquam (Romanam scilicet) habere videaris, quam “ad canem,” ut aiunt, “reiectare possis.” Forsan desuetudo Latinissandi ad vernaculam linguam usitandam, plusquam opus sit, coegit. Per adagia quaedam nota, et in ore omnium pervulgata, ad Latinitatis perditae recuperationem revocare te institui.

Felis in abaco est, et aegre videt.

Omne quod splendet nequaquam aurum putes.

Imponas equo mendicum, equitabit idem ad diabolium.

Fur commode a fure prenditur.

O Maria, Maria, valde contraria, quomodo crescit hortulus tuus?

Nunc maiora canamus.

Thomas, Thomas, de Islington, uxorem duxit

die nuperâ Dominicâ. Reduxit domum posterâ. Succedenti baculum emit. Postridie ferit illam. Aegrescit illa subsequenti. Proximâ (nempe Veneris) est mortua. Plurimum gestiit Thomas, quod appropinquanti Sabbato efferenda sit.

Horner quidam Iohannulus in angulo sedebat, artocreas quasdam deglutiens. Inseruit pollices, pruna nana evellens, et magnâ voce exclamavit "Dii boni, quam bonus puer fio!"

Diddle-diddle-dumkins! meus unicus filius Iohannes cubitum ivit, integris braccis, caligâ unâ tantum, indutus. Diddle-diddle, etc. Da Capo.

Hic adsum saltans Ioannula. Cum nemo adsit mihi, semper resto sola.

Aenigma mihi hoc solvas, et Oedipus fies.

Quâ ratione assimilandus sit equus Tremulo?

Quippe cui tota communicatio sit per Hay et Neigh, iuxta consilium illud Dominicum, "Fiat omnis communicatio vestra Yea et Nay."

In his nugis caram diem consumo, dum invigilo valetudini carioris nostrae Emmae, quae apud nos iam dudum aegrotat. Salvere vos iubet mecum Maria mea, ipsa integrâ valetudine. ELIA

Ab agro Enfeldiense datum, Aprilis nescio quibus Calendis. Davus sum, non Calendarius.

P. S. Perdita in toto est Billa Reformatura.

#### NOTE

[The following translation is by Mr. Stephen Gwynn :  
Good Sir, — I have received your most kind letter, and it

has entered my mind as I began to reply, that the Latin tongue has seldom or never been used between us as the instrument of converse or correspondence. Your letters, filled with Plinian elegancies (more than becomes a Quaker), are so alien to Pliny's language, that you seem not to have a word (that is, a Roman word) to throw, as the saying is, at a dog. Perchance the disuse of Latinising had constrained you more than is right to the use of the vernacular. I have determined to recall you to the recovery of your lost Latinity by certain well-known adages common in all mouths.

The cat's in the cupboard and she can't see.

All that glitters is not gold.

Set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil.

Set a thief to catch a thief.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?

Now let us sing of weightier matters.

Tom, Tom, of Islington, wed a wife on Sunday. He brought her home on Monday. Bought a stick on Tuesday. Beat her well on Wednesday. She was sick on Thursday. Dead on Friday. Tom was glad on Saturday night to bury his wife on Sunday.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating his Christmas pie. He put in his thumb and drew out a plum and cried "Good Heavens, what a good boy am I!"

Diddle, diddle, dumkins! my son John went to bed with his breeches on; one shoe off and the other shoe on, diddle, diddle, etc. (Da Capo.)

Here am I, jumping Joan. When no one's by, I'm all alone.

Solve me this enigma, you shall be an Œdipus.

Why is a horse like a Quaker?

Because all his communication is by Hay and Neigh, after the Lord's counsel, "Let all your communication be Yea and Nay."

In these trifles I waste the precious day, while watching over the health of our more precious Emma, who has been sick in our house this long time. My Mary sends you greeting with me, she herself in sound health.

Given from the Enfield country seat, on I know not what Calends of April. I am Davus, not an Almanac.

P. S. The Reform Bill is lost altogether.]

DCLX.— TO HENRY F. CARY

Datum ab agro Enfeldiensi,  
Maii die sextâ, 1831.

Assidens est mihi bona soror, Euripiden evolvens, donum vestrum, carissime Cary, pro quo gratias agimus, lecturi atque iterum lecturi idem. Pergratus est liber ambobus, nempe *Sacerdotis Commiserationis*, sacrum opus a te ipso humanissimae religionis sacerdote dono datum. Lachrymantes gavisuri sumus; est ubi dolor fiat voluptas; nec semper dulce mihi est ridere; aliquando commutandum est he! he! he! cum heu! heu! heu!

A Musis Tragicis me non penitus abhorruisse testis sit Carmen Calamitosum, nescio quo autore linguâ prius vernaculâ scriptum, et nuperrime a me ipso Latine versum, scilicet, *Tom Tom of Islington*. Tenuistine?

Thomas Thomas de Islington,  
Uxorem duxit die quâdam Solis,  
Abduxit domum sequenti die,  
Emit baculum subsequenti,  
Vapulat illa posterâ,  
Aegrotat succedenti, mortua fit crastinâ.

Et miro gaudio afficitur Thomas luce posterâ quod subsequenti (nempe, Dominicâ) uxor sit efferenda.

En Iliades domesticas!  
En circulum calamitatum!  
Plane hebdomadalem tragoediam.

I nunc et confer Euripiden vestrum his luctibus,

hâc morte uxoriâ ; confer Alcesten ! Hecuben !  
quasnon antiquas heroinas dolorosas.

Suffundor genas lachrymis, tantas strages re-  
volvens. Quid restat nisi quod tecum tuam Caram  
salutamus ambosque valere iubeamus, nosmet ipsi  
bene valentes. ELIA

#### NOTE

[The following translation is by Mr. Stephen Gwynn :

Sitting by me is my good sister, turning over Euripides, your gift, dear Cary [a pun here, "carissime care"], for which we thank you, and will read and re-read it. Most acceptable to both of us is this book of *Pity's Priest*, a sacred work of your bestowing, yourself a priest of the most humane religion. We shall take our pleasure weeping; there are times when pain turns pleasure, and I would not always be laughing: sometimes there should be a change — *heu! heu!* for *he! he!*

That I have not shrunk from the Tragic Muses, witness this Lamentable Ballad, first written in the vernacular by I know not what author and lately by myself put into Latin, *T. T. of Islington*. Have you heard it? (*See translation of preceding letter.*)

And Thomas is possessed with a wondrous joy on the following morning, because on the next day, that is, Sunday, his wife must be buried.

Lo, your domestic Iliads !  
Lo, the wheel of calamities !  
The true tragedy of a week.

Go to now, compare your Euripides with these sorrows, this death of a wife ! Compare Alcestis ! Hecuba ! or what not other sorrowing heroines of antiquity.

My cheeks are tear-bedewed as I revolve such slaughter. What more to say, but to salute you Cary and your Cara, and wish you health, ourselves enjoying it.]

DCLXI. — TO EDWARD MOXON

July 14, 1831.

Collier's book would be right acceptable. And also a sixth volume just publish'd of Nichols's *Illustrations of the Literary History of 18th Century*. I agree with you, and do yet *not disagree* with W. W., as to H[unt]. It rejoiced my heart to read his friendly spirited mention of your publications. It might be a drawback to my pleasure, that he has tried to decry my "Nicky," but on deliberate re- and reperusal of his censure I cannot in the remotest degree understand what he means to say. He and I used to dispute about hell eternities, I taking the affirmative. I love to puzzle atheists, and — parsons. I fancy it runs in his head, that I meant to rivet the idea of a personal devil. Then about the glorious three days! there was never a year or day in my past life, since I was pen-worthy, that I should not have written precisely as I have.

Logic and modesty are not among H.'s virtues. Talfourd flatters me upon a poem which "nobody but I could have written," but which I have neither seen nor heard of, — *The Banquet*, or "Banqueting Something," that has appeared in *The Tatler*. Know you of it? How capitally the Frenchman has analysed Satan! I was hinder'd, or I was about doing the same thing in English, for him to put into French, as I prosified Hood's midsummer fairies. The garden of *cabbage* escap'd

him; he turns it into a garden of pot-herbs. So local allusions perish in translation.

About eight days before you told me of R.'s interview with the Premier, I, at the desire of Badams, wrote a letter to him (Badams) in the most moving terms setting forth the age, infirmities, &c., of Coleridge. This letter was convey'd by B. to his friend Mr. Ellice of the Treasury, brother-in-law to Lord Grey, who immediately pass'd it on to Lord Grey, who assured him of immediate relief by a grant on the King's bounty, which news E. communicated to B. with a desire to confer with me on the subject, on which I went up to *the* Treasury (yesterday fortnight) and was received by the great man with the utmost cordiality (shook hands with me coming and going); a fine hearty gentleman, and, as seeming willing to relieve any anxiety from me, promised me an answer thro' Badams in two or three days at furthest. Meantime Gilman's extraordinary insolent letter comes out in the *Times!* As to *my* acquiescing in this strange step, I told Mr. Ellice (who expressly said that the thing was renewable three-yearly) that I consider'd such a grant as almost equivalent to the lost pension, as from C.'s appearance and the representations of the Gilmans, I scarce could think C.'s life worth two years' purchase. I did not know that the chancellor had been previously applied to. Well, after seeing Ellice I wrote in the most urgent manner to the Gilmans, insisting on an immedi-

ate letter of acknowledgment from Coleridge, or them *in his name* to Badams, who not knowing C. had come forward so disinterestedly amidst his complicated illnesses and embarrassments, to *use up* an interest, which he may so well need, in favour of a stranger; and from that day not a letter has B. or even myself, received from Highgate, unless *that publish'd one in the Times is meant as a general answer to all the friends who have stirr'd to do C. service!* Poor C. is not to blame, for he is in leading-strings. I particularly wish you would read this part of my note to Mr. Rogers.

Now for home matters. Our next two Sundays will be choked up with all the Sugdens. The third will be free, when we hope you will show your sister the way to Enfield and leave her with us for a few days. In the meanwhile, could you not run down some week day (afternoon, say) and sleep at the Horse Shoe? I want to have my second volume *Elias* bound specimen fashion, and to consult you about 'em. Kenney has just assured me that he has just touch'd £100 from the theatre; you are a damn'd fool if you don't exact your tythe of him, and with that assurance I rest,

Your brother fool,

C. L.

## DCLXII.—TO EDWARD MOXON

Early August, 1831.

Dear M.,—The *R. A.* here memorised was George Dawe, whom I knew well and heard

many anecdotes of, from Daniels and Westall, at H. Rogers's; *to each of them* it will be well to send a magazine in my name. It will fly like wild fire among the Royal Academicians and artists. Could you get hold of Proctor — his chambers are in Lincoln's Inn, at Montagu's — or of Janus Weathercock? — both of their *prose* is capital. Don't encourage poetry. The *Peter's Net* does not intend funny things only. All is fish. And leave out the sickening *Elia* at the end. Then it may comprise letters and characters address to Peter — but a signature forces it to be all characteristic of the one man Elia, or the one man Peter, which cramped me formerly.

I have agreed *not* for my sister to know the subjects I chuse till the magazine comes out; so beware of speaking of 'em, or writing about 'em, save generally. Be particular about this warning. Can't you drop in some afternoon, and take a bed?

The *Athenaeum* has been hoaxed with some exquisite poetry that was two or three months ago in *Hone's Book*. I like your first Number capitally. But is it not small?

Come and see us, week-day if possible.

C. L.

Pray forward the enclosed, or put it in the post.

DCLXIII. — TO JOHN FORSTER

August 4, 1831.

My dear Boy, — Scamper off with this to Dilke, and get it in for to-morrow; then we shall have two things in in the first week.

YOUR LAUREAT

DCLXIV. — TO EDWARD MOXON

1831.

Dear M., — I have ingeniously contrived to review myself. Tell me if this will do. Mind, for such things as these — half quotations — I do not charge *Elia* price. Let me hear of, if not see you.

PETER

DCLXV. — TO EDWARD MOXON

August 5, 1831.

Send, or bring me, Hone's Number for August.

Hunt is a fool, and his critics. The anecdotes of E. and of G. D. are substantially true. What does *Elia* (or Peter) care for dates?

That *is* the poem I mean. I do not know who wrote it, but it is in Hone's book as far back as April.

'T is a poem I envy — *that* and Montgomery's *Last Man* (nothing else of his). I envy the writers, because I feel I could have done something

like it. S—— is a coxcomb. W—— is a ——  
—— and a great poet. L.

#### DCLXVI. — TO EDWARD MOXON

This instant received, this instant I answer your's — Dr. Cresswell has one copy, which I cannot just now re-demand, because at his desire I have sent on *Satan* to him, which when he ask'd for, I frankly told him, was imputed a lampoon on him! I have sent it him, and cannot, till we come to explanation, go to him or send.

But on the faith of a gentleman, you shall have it back some day *for Another*. The three I send. I think two of the blunders perfectly immaterial. But your feelings, and I fear *pocket*, is everything. I have just time to pack this off by the two o'clock stage. Yours till we meet.

At all events I behave more gentlemanlike than Emma did, in returning the copies.

Yours till we meet — do come. Bring the sonnets.

Why not publish 'em — or let another bookseller?

#### DCLXVII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

September 5, 1831.

Dear M., — Your letter's contents pleased me. I am only afraid of taxing you, yet I want a

stimulus, or I think I should drag sadly. I shall keep the monies in trust till I see you fairly over the next 1st January. Then I shall look upon 'em as earned. Colburn shall be written to. No part of yours gave me more pleasure (no, not the £10, tho' you may grin) than that you will revisit old Enfield, which I hope will be always a pleasant idea to you.

Yours very faithfully, C. L.

DCLXVIII.—TO WILLIAM HAZLITT, JR.

September 13, 1831.

Dear William, — We have a sick house, Mrs. Westwood's daughter in a fever, and grand-daughter in the measles, and it is better to see no company just now ; but in a week or two we shall be very glad to see you ; come at a hazard then, on a week-day if you can, because Sundays are stuff'd up with friends on both parts of this great ill-mix'd family. Your second letter, dated third September, came not till Sunday and we staid at home in evening, in expectation of seeing you.

I have turned and twisted what you ask'd me to do in my head, and am obliged to say I cannot undertake it—but as a composition for declining it, will you accept some verses which I meditate to be address to you on your father, and prefixable to your *Life*? Write me word that I may have 'em ready against I see you some ten days

hence, when I calculate the house will be uninfected. Send your mother's address.

If you are likely to be again at Cheshunt before that time, on second thoughts, drop in here, and consult,

Yours,

C. L.

Not a line is yet written — so say, if I shall do 'em.

### DCLXIX.—TO EDWARD MOXON

October 24, 1831.

To address an abdicated monarch is a nice point of breeding. To give him his lost titles is to mock him; to withhold 'em is to wound him. But his minister who falls with him may be gracefully sympathetic. I do honestly feel for your diminution of honours, and regret even the pleasing cares which are part and parcel of greatness. Your magnanimous submission, and the cheerful tone of your renunciation, in a letter which, without flattery, would have made an "*Article*," and which, rarely as I keep letters, shall be preserved, comfort me a little. Will it please, or plague you, to say that when your parcel came I damned it, for my pen was warming in my hand at a ludicrous description of a landscape of an R. A., which I calculated upon sending you to-morrow, the last day you gave me. Now any one calling in, or a letter coming, puts an end to my writing for the day. Little did I think that

the mandate had gone out, so destructive to my occupation, so relieving to the apprehensions of the whole body of R. A.'s. So you see I had not quitted the ship while a plank was remaining.

To drop metaphors, I am sure you have done wisely. The very spirit of your epistle speaks that you have a weight off your mind. I have one on mine. The cash in hand, which, as \*\*\*\*\* less truly says, burns in my pocket. I feel queer at returning it (who does not?). You feel awkward at re-taking it (who ought not?). Is there no middle way of adjusting this fine embarrassment? I think I have hit upon a medium to skin the sore place over, if not quite to heal it. You hinted that there might be something under £10 by and by accruing to me, *Devil's Money*. You are sanguine — say £7.10s. — that I entirely renounce and abjure all future interest in, I insist upon it, and “by Him I will not name” I won't touch a penny of it. That will split your loss one half, and leave me conscientious possessor of what I hold. Less than your assent to this, no proposal will I accept of.

The Rev. Mr. —, whose name you have left illegible (is it *Seagull*?) never sent me any book on Christ's Hospital by which I could dream that I was indebted to him for a dedication. Did G. D. send his penny tract to me to convert me to Unitarianism? Dear blundering soul! why I am as old a one-Goddite as himself. Or did he

think his cheap publication would bring over the Methodists over the way here? However, I'll give it to the pew-opener (in whom I have a little interest) to hand over to the clerk, whose wife she sometimes drinks tea with, for him to lay before the deacon, who exchanges the civility of the hat with him, for him to transmit to the minister, who shakes hand with him out of chapel, and he, in all odds, will \_\_\_\_\_ with it.

I wish very much to see you. I leave it to you to come how you will. We shall be very glad (we need not repeat) to see your sister, or sisters, with you; but for you individually I will just hint that a dropping in to tea unlook'd for about five, stopping bread-n-cheese and gin-and-water, is worth a thousand Sundays. I am naturally miserable on a Sunday, but a week-day evening and supper is like old times. Set out *now*, and give no time to deliberation.

P. S. The second volume of *Elia* is delightful(-ly bound, I mean) and quite cheap. Why, man, 't is a unique.

If I write much more I shall expand into an article, which I cannot afford to let you have so cheap.

By the by, to shew the perverseness of human will — while I thought I *must* furnish one of those accursed things monthly, it seemed a labour above Hercules's "Twelve" in a year, which were evidently monthly contributions. Now I

am emancipated, I feel as if I had a thousand essays swelling within me. False feelings both.

I have lost Mr. Aitken's town address—do you know it? Is he there?

Your ex-Lampoonist, or Lamb-punnist—  
from Enfield, Oct. 24, or “last day but one for  
receiving articles that can be inserted.”

### DCLXX. — TO EDWARD MOXON

December 15, 1831.

Dear M.,—S. [*probably Southey*] I know, has an aversion, amounting almost to horror, of H. [*probably Hunt*]. He *would not* lend his name. The other I might wring a guinea from, but he is *very properly* shy of his guineas. It would be improper in me to apply to him, and impertinent to the other. I hope this will satisfy you, but don't give my reason to H.'s friend, simply say I decline it.

I am very much obliged to you for thinking of Cary. Put me down seven shillings (was n't it?) in your books, and I set you down for more in my good ones. One copy will go down to immortality *now*, the more lasting as the less its leaves are disturbed. This letter will cost you 3*d.*; but I did not like to be silent on the above.

Nothing with my name will sell; a blast is upon it. Do not think of such a thing, unless ever you become rich enough to speculate.

Being praised, and being bought, are different

things to a book. Fancy books sell from fashion, not from the number of their real likers. Do not come at so long intervals. Here we are sure to be.

DCLXXI.—TO J. HUME'S DAUGHTERS

1832.

Many thanks for the wrap-rascal, but how delicate the insinuating in, into the pocket, of that  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ , in paper too! Who was it? Amelia, Caroline, Julia, Augusta, or "Scots who have"?

As a set-off to the very handsome present, which I shall lay out in a pot of ale certainly to *ber* health, I have paid sixpence for the mend of two button-holes of the coat now return'd. She shall not have to say, "I don't care a button for her."

Adieu, très aimables!

Buttons . . . . .	6d.
Gift . . . . .	$3\frac{1}{2}$
	<hr/>
Due from — . . . . .	$2\frac{1}{2}$

which pray accept \* \* \* from your foolish coat-forgetting,  
C. L.

DCLXXII.—TO CHARLES W. DILKE

March 5, 1832.

Dear Sir, — My friend Aders, a German merchant, German born, has open'd to the public

at the Suffolk St. gallery his glorious collection of old Dutch and German pictures. Pray see them. You have only to name my name, and have a ticket—if you have not received one already. You will possibly notice 'em, and might lug in the inclosed,<sup>1</sup> which I wrote for Hone's *Year Book*, and has appear'd only there, when the pictures were at home in Euston Square. The fault of this matchless set of pictures is, *the admitting a few Italian pictures with*

<sup>1</sup> TO C. ADERS, Esq.

*On his Collection of Paintings by the old German Masters*

Friendliest of men, Aders, I never come  
Within the precincts of this sacred room,  
But I am struck with a religious fear,  
Which says, "Let no profane eye enter here."  
With imagery from heav'n the walls are clothed,  
Making the things of time seem vile and loathed.  
Spare saints, whose bodies seem sustain'd by love  
With martyrs old in meek procession move.  
Here kneels a weeping Magdalen, less bright  
To human sense for her blurr'd cheeks ; in sight  
Of eyes, new-touch'd by heaven, more winning fair  
Than when her beauty was her only care.  
A hermit here strange mysteries doth unlock  
In desert sole, his knees worn by the rock.  
There angel harps are sounding, while below  
Palm-bearing virgins in white order go.  
Madonnas, varied with so chaste design,  
While all are different, each seems genuine,  
And hers the only Jesus : hard outline,  
And rigid form, by Dürer's hand subdued  
To matchless grace, and sacro-sanctitude ;  
Dürer, who makes thy slighted Germany  
Vie with the praise of paint-proud Italy.

Whoever enter'st here, no more presume  
To name a parlour, or a drawing-room ;  
But, bending lowly to each holy story,  
Make this thy chapel and thine oratory.

'em, which I would turn out to make the collection unique and pure. Those old Albert Dürers have not had their fame. I have tried to illustrate 'em. If you print my verses, a copy, please, for me.

DCLXXIII.—TO S. T. COLERIDGE

April 14, 1832.

My dear Coleridge, — Not an unkind thought has passed in my brain about you. But I have been woefully neglectful of you, so that I do not deserve to announce to you that, if I do not hear from you before then, I will set out on Wednesday morning to take you by the hand. I would do it this moment, but an unexpected visit might flurry you. I shall take silence for acquiescence, and come. I am glad you could write so long a letter. Old loves to, and hope of kind looks from, the Gilmans, when I come.

Yours, *semper idem*,

C. L.

If you ever thought an offence, much more wrote it, against me, it must have been in the times of Noah; and the great waters swept it away. Mary's most kind love, and maybe a wrong prophet of your bodings! — here she is crying for mere love over your letter. I wring out less, but not sincerer, showers.

My direction is simply, Enfield.

DCLXXIV.—TO JOHN FORSTER

Late April, 1832.

One day in my life

Do come.

C. L.

I have placed poor Mary at Edmonton, — I shall be very glad to see the Hunchback and Straitback the first evening they can come. I am very poorly indeed. I have been cruelly thrown out. Come and don't let me drink too much. I drank more yesterday than I ever did any one day in my life.

C. L.

Do come. Cannot your sister come and take a half bed — or a whole one? Which, alas, we have to spare.

DCLXXV.—TO EDWARD MOXON (?)

June 1, 1832.

I am a little more than half alive. I was more than half dead. The ladies are very agreeable. I flatter myself I am less than disagreeable. Convey this to Mr. Forster, whom with you I shall just be able to see some ten days hence, and believe me, ever yours,

C. L.

I take Forster's name to be John; but you know whom I mean, the Pym-praiser, not pimp-raiser.

DCLXXVI. — TO JOHN FORSTER

[No date.]

(*With Acrostics enclosed*)

TO M. L. [MARY LOCKE]

Must I write with pen unwilling,  
And describe those graces killing,  
Rightly, which I never saw?  
Yes — it is the album's law.

Let me then invention strain,  
On your excellence grace to feign,  
Cold is fiction. I believe it  
Kindly as I did receive it;  
Even as I, F.'s tongue, did weave it.

TO S. L. [SARAH LOCKE]

Shall I praise a face unseen,  
And extol a fancied mien,  
Rave on visionary charm,  
And from shadows take alarm!  
Hatred hates without a cause,

Love may love without applause,  
Or, without a reason given,  
Charmed be with unknown heaven.  
Keep the secret, though, unmocked,  
Ever in your bosom Locked.

Am I *right*? *Sarah* I distinctly remember;  
but *Mary* I am not sure ought not to be *Anne*.  
It is soon rectified in that case. *You* I take to be  
John.

C. L.

DCLXXVII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

July 12, 1832.

Dear M., — My hand shakes so, I can hardly say don't come yet. I have been worse to-day than you saw me. I am going to try water gruel and quiet if I can get it. But a visitor has just been down, and another a day or two before, and I feel half frantic. I will write when better. Make excuses to Forster for the present.

C. LAMB

DCLXXVIII. — TO WALTER WILSON

August, 1832.

My dear Wilson, — I cannot let my old friend Mrs. Hazlitt (sister-in-law to poor Wm. Hazlitt) leave Enfield, without endeavouring to introduce her to you, and to Mrs. Wilson. Her daughter has a school in your neighbourhood; and for her talents and for her merits I can *answer*. If it lies in your power to be useful to them in any way, the obligation to your old office-fellow will be great. I have not forgotten Mrs. Wilson's album, and if you, or she, will be the means of procuring but one pupil for Miss Hazlitt, I will rub up my poor poetic faculty to the best. But you and she will one day, I hope, bring the album with you to Enfield. Poor Mary is ill, or would send her love.

Yours very truly,

C. LAMB

News.— Collet is dead, Du Puy is dead. I am *not*.— Hone is turned believer in Irving and his unknown tongues!

In the name of dear Defoe, which alone might be a bond of union between us, adieu!

DCLXXIX.—TO HENRY C. ROBINSON

Early October, 1832.

For Landor's kindness I have just esteem. I shall tip him a letter, when you tell me how to address him.

Give Emma's kindest regrets that I could not entice her good friend, your nephew, here.

Her warmest love to the Bury Robinsons—our all three to H. Crab.

C. L.

Accompanying copy of Landor's verses to Emma Isola, and others, contributed to Miss Wordsworth's album, and poem written at Wastwater.

DCLXXX.—TO WALTER S. LANDOR

October, 1832.

Dear Sir,— Pray accept a little volume. 'T is a legacy from Elia, you'll see. Silver and gold had he none, but such as he had, left he you. I do not know how to thank you for attending to my request about the album. I thought you

would never remember it. Are not you proud and thankful, Emma?

Yes, *very, both*—

EMMA ISOLA

Many things I had to say to you, which there was not time for. *One* why should I forget? 't is for Rose Aylmer, which has a charm I cannot explain. I lived upon it for weeks.

Next I forgot to tell you I knew all your Welch annoyancers, the measureless Beethams. I knew a quarter of a mile of them. Seventeen brothers and sixteen sisters, as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used to fix his long legs on my fender, and tell a story of a shark, every night, endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt sea ravener not having had his gorge of him!

The shortest of the daughters measured five foot eleven without her shoes. Well, some day we may confer about them. But they were tall. Surely I have discover'd the longitude.

Sir, if you can spare a moment, I should be happy to hear from you; that rogue Robinson detained your verses, till I call'd for them. Don't entrust a bit of prose to the rogue, but believe me,

Your obliged,                    C. L.

My sister sends her kind regards.

NOTE

[Crabb Robinson took Landor to see Lamb on September 28, 1832. The following passage in Forster's *Life of Landor* describes the visit and explains this letter:

The hour he passed with Lamb was one of unalloyed enjoyment. A letter from Crabb Robinson before he came over had filled him with affection for that most loveable of men, who had not an infirmity to which his sweetness of nature did not give something of kinship to a virtue. "I have just seen Charles and Mary Lamb," Crabb Robinson had written (20th October, 1831), "living in absolute solitude at Enfield. I find your poems lying open before Lamb. Both tipsy and sober he is ever muttering *Rose Aylmer*. But it is not those lines only that have a curious fascination for him. He is always turning to *Gebir* for things that haunt him in the same way." Their first and last hour was now passed together, and before they parted they were old friends. I visited Lamb myself (with Barry Cornwall) the following month, and remember the boyish delight with which he read to us the verses which Landor had written in the album of Emma Isola. He had just received them through Robinson, and had lost little time in making rich return by sending Landor his *Last Essays of Elia*.

Landor wrote to Lady Blessington :

I do not think that you ever knew Charles Lamb, who is lately dead. Robinson took me to see him.

"Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,  
Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue  
Run o'er my heart, yet never has been left  
Impression on it stronger or more sweet.  
Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,  
What wisdom in thy levity, what soul  
In every utterance of thy purest breast!  
Of all that ever wore man's form, 't is thee  
I first would spring to at the gate of Heaven."

I say *tripping* tongue, for Charles Lamb stammered and spoke hurriedly. He did not think it worth while to put on a fine new coat to come down and see me in, as poor Coleridge did, but met me as if I had been a friend of twenty years' standing; indeed, he told me I had been so, and shewed me some things I had written much longer ago, and had utterly forgotten. The world will never see again two such delightful volumes as *The Essays of Elia*; no man living is capable of writing the worst twenty pages of them. The Continent has Zadig and Gil Blas, we have Elia and Sir Roger de Coverly.]

## DCLXXXI.—TO EDWARD MOXON

Late 1832.

A poor mad usher (and schoolfellow of mine)

has been pestering me *through you* with poetry and petitions. I have desired him to call upon you for a half sovereign, which place to my account.

I have buried Mrs. Reynolds at last, who has *virtually at least* bequeath'd me a legacy of £32 per annum, to which add that my other pensioner is safe housed in the workhouse, which gets me £10.

Richer by both legacies £42 per annum. For a loss of a loss is as good as a gain of a gain. But let this be *between ourselves*, specially keep it from A—— or I shall speedily have candidates for the pensions. Mary is laid up with a cold. Will you convey the inclosed by hand?

When you come, if you ever do, bring me one *Devil's Visit*, I mean *Southey's*; also the Hogarth which is complete, Noble's I think. Six more letters to do. Bring my bill also. C. L.

## DCLXXXII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

Winter, 1832.

Thank you for the books. I am ashamed to take tythe thus of your press. I am worse to a publisher than the two Universities and the British Museum. A[llan] C[unningham] I will forthwith read. B[arry] C[ornwall] (I can't get out of the A, B, C) I have more than read. Taken altogether, 't is too lovey; but what delicacies! I like most *King Death*; glorious 'bove all, *The Lady with the Hundred Rings*; *The Owl*; *Epistle*

to *What's his Name* (here may be I'm partial); *Sit down, Sad Soul*; *The Pauper's Jubilee* (but that's old, and yet 't is never old); *The Falcon*; *Felon's Wife*; damn "Madame Pasty" (but that is borrowed):

Apple-pie is very good,  
And so is apple-pasty;  
But ——  
O Lard! 't is very nasty:

but chiefly the dramatic fragments,—scarce three of which should have escaped my *Specimens*, had an antique name been prefixed. They exceed his first. So much for the nonsense of poetry; now to the serious business of life.

Up a court (Blandford Court) in Pall Mall (exactly at the back of Marlbro' House), with iron gate in front, and containing two houses, at No. 2 did lately live Leishman my taylor. He is moved somewhere in the neighbourhood, devil knows where. Pray find him out, and give him the opposite. I am so much better, tho' my hand shakes in writing it, that, after next Sunday, I can well see F[orster] and you. Can you throw B. C. in? Why tarry the wheels of my Hogarth?

CHARLES LAMB

#### NOTE

["I am worse to a publisher." There is a rule by which a publisher must present copies of every book to the Stationers' Hall, to be distributed to the British Museum, the Bodleian, and Cambridge University Library.—E. V. LUCAS.]

## DCLXXXIII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

December, 1832.

This is my notion: wait till you are able to throw away a round sum (say £1500) upon a speculation, and then — don't do it. For all your loving encouragements, till this final damp came in the shape of your letter, thanks — for books also; greet the Fosters and Proctors, and come singly or conjunctively as soon as you can. Johnson and Fare's sheets have been wash'd — unless you prefer Danby's *last* bed — at the Horseshoe.

### NOTE

[I assume Lamb's advice to refer to Moxon's intention of founding a paper called *The Reflector*, which Forster was to edit. All trace of this periodical has vanished, but it existed in December, 1832, for three numbers, and was then withdrawn. Lamb contributed to it.

Johnson and Fare had just murdered — on December 19 — a Mr. Danby, at Enfield. They had met him in the Crown and Horseshoe.

W. C. Hazlitt prints a note to Moxon in his Bohn edition in which Lamb advises the withdrawal of *The Reflector* at once. This would be December, 1832. — E. V. LUCAS.]

## DCLXXXIV. — TO JOHN FORSTER

To Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, 14 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. For the Editor of the *Reflector*, from C. Lamb.

December 23, 1832.

I am very sorry the poor *Reflector* is abortive.

'T was a child of good promise for its *weeks*. But if the chances are so much against it, withdraw immediately. It is idle up-hill waste of money to spend another stamp on it.

NOTE

[Around the seal of this note are the words in Lamb's hand : "Obiit Edwardus Reflector Armiger, 31 Dec., 1832. Natus tres hebdomidas. Pax animae ejus." — E. V. LUCAS.]

DCLXXXV. — TO LOUISA BADAMS

December 31, 1832.

Dear Mrs. B., — Mary has not enterprise enough to venture on a *journey* at this dreary time of the year, and 't is too uncomfortable for us to leave her, for a night even, to the discourteous hospitalities of old frosty Westwood and his thin spouse : types of Christmas turned sour, or the first of January born with teeth and wrinkles. Cordial Illcomes, Not Welcomes — "wretched New Years to you:" Discompliments of the Season. Spring, and we, will lure her out some fine April day. Instead pray accept of our kindest congratulations.

Besides, I have been not a little disconcerted.

On the night of our murder (an hour or two before it), the maid being busy, I went out to order an additional pint of porter for Moxon, who had surprised us with a late visit. Now I never go out quite disinterested upon such occa-

sions. And I begged a half-pint of ale at the bar which our sweet-faced landlady good-humouredly complied with, asking me into the parlour, but a side door was just open that disclosed a more cheerful blaze, and I entered where four people were engaged over dominoes. One of them, Fare, invited me to join in it, partly out of impudence, I believe; however, not to balk a Christmas frolic, I complied, and played with Danby, but soon gave over, having forgot the game. I was surprised with D. challenging me as having known me in the Temple. He must have been a child then. I did not recognise him, but perfectly remembered his father, who was a hairdresser in the Temple. This was all that passed, as I went away with my beer. Judge my surprise when the next morning I was summoned before Dr. Creswell to say what I knew of the transaction. My examination was conducted with all delicacy, and of course I was soon dismissed. I was afraid of getting into the papers, but I was pleased to find myself only noticed as a "gentleman whose name we could not gather." Poor D.! the few words I spoke to him were to remind him of a trick Jem White played upon his father. The boy was too young to know anything about it. In the *Morning Post* appeared this paragraph: "Yesterday morning, Mr. Danby, the respectable hairdresser in Pump Court in the Temple, in a fit of delirium threw himself out of a two pair stairs window, looking into the

passage that leads to Fig-tree Court, and his head was literally smashed to atoms." White went to D.'s to see how it operated, and found D. quietly weaving wigs, and the shop full of lawyers that had come to enquire particulars. D. was a man much respected. Indeed hairdressers in the Inns of Court are a superior race of tradesmen. They generally leave off rich, as D. did. Well, poor D. had never heard the story or probably forgotten it; and his company looking on me a little suspiciously, as they do at alehouses when a rather better drest person than themselves attempts to join 'em — (it never answers, — at least it seemed so to me when I heard of the murder) — I went away. One often fancies things afterwards that did not perhaps strike one at the time. However, after all, I have felt queer ever since. It has almost sickened me of the Crown and Horseshoe, and I shan't hastily go into the taproom again. I have made a long letter and can just say good-bye, C. LAMB

DCLXXXVI.—TO EDWARD MOXON

January, 1833.

I have a proof from Dilke. *That* serves for next Saturday. What Forster had will serve a second. I sent you a *third* concluding article for *him* and *us* (a capital hit, I think, about Cervantes), of which I leave you to judge whether we shall not want it to print *before* a third or

even second week. In that case beg D. to clap them in all at once; and keep the *Athenæums* to print from. What I send is the concluding article of the painters.

Soften down the title in the book to  
“Defect of the Imaginative Faculty in Artists.”  
Consult Dilke.

DCLXXXVII.—TO EDWARD MOXON

January 3, 1833.

Be sure and let me have the *Athenæum*—or, if they don't appear, the copy back again. I have no other.

I am glad you are introduced to Rickman; *cultivate the introduction*. I will not forget to write to him. I want to see Blackwood, but *not without you*. We are yet Emma-less. And so that is all I can remember. This is a corkscrew. [*Here is a florid corkscrew.*] C. L. Fecit

C. LAMB, born 1775;  
flourished about  
the year 1832.

DCLXXXVIII.—TO JOHN FORSTER

I wish you'd go to Dilke's, or let Mockson, and ax him to add this to what I sent him a few days since, or to continue it the week after. The Plantas &c. are capital. Come down with Procter and Dante on Sunday. I send you the last proof

— not of my friendship. I knew you would like the title. I do thoroughly. The *Last Essays* of Elia keeps out any notion of its being a second volume.

DCLXXXIX.—TO JOHN FORSTER

There was a talk of Richmond on Sunday; but we were hampered with an unavoidable engagement that day, besides that I wish to show it you when the woods are in full leaf. Can you have a quiet evening here to-night or to-morrow night? We are certainly *at home*.

Yours, C. LAMB

DCXC.—TO PRINTER OF *ATHENÆUM*

January, 1833.

I have read the enclosed five-and-forty times over. At last (O! Argus penetration!) I have discovered a dash that might be dispensed with. Pray don't trouble yourself with such useless courtesies. I can well trust your editor when I don't use queer phrases which *prove themselves wrong* by creating a distrust in the sober compositor.

DCXCI.—TO EDWARD MOXON

January 24, 1833.

Dear Murray! *Moxon*, I mean, — I am not

to be making you pay postage every day, but cannot let pass the congratulations of sister, brother, and "Silk Cloak," *all most cordial* on your change of place. Rogers approving, who can demur? Tell me when you get into Dover St., and what the *No.* is — that I may change foolscap for gilt, and plain Mr. for Esquire. I shall *Mister* you while you stay.

If you are not too great to attend to it, I wish us to do without the Sonnets of Sydney: twelve will take up as many pages, and be too palpable a fill up. Perhaps we may leave them out, retaining the article, but that is not worth saving. I hope you liked my Cervantes article which I sent you yesterday.

Not an inapt quotation, for your fallen predecessor in Albemarle Street, to whom you must give the *coup du main*, —

Murray, long enough his country's pride. — POPE.

## DCXCII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

February 11, 1833.

I wish you would omit "by the author of Elia," *now*, in advertising that damn'd *Devil's Wedding*.

I had sneaking hopes you would have dropt in to-day; 't is my poor birthday. Don't stay away so. Give Forster a hint; you are to bring your brother some day; *sisters* in better weather.

Pray give me one line to say if you receiv'd

and forwarded Emma's packet to Miss Adams, and how Dover St. looks. Adieu.

Is there no *Blackwood* this month?

[*Added on cover :*]

What separation will there be between the friend's preface, and the *Essays*? Should not *Last Essays*, &c., head them? If 't is too late, don't mind. I don't care a farthing about it.

### DCXCIII. — TO LOUISA BADAMS

February 15, 1833.

Dear Mrs. B., — Thanks for your remembrance of your old fellow-prisoners at murderous Enfield. By the way, Cooper, who turned King's evidence, is come back again whitewash'd, has resumed his seat at chapel, and took his sister (a fact) up the Holt White's lane to shew her the topography of the deed. I intend asking him to supper. They say he is pleasant in conversation. Will you come and meet him?

I don't know how we shall see you. Mary has objections to travelling, and I never stay out the night when I come up. Could n't Badams and you make a twenty-four hours' day here? The room is vacant at the Horseshoe where Fare slept last, unless you prefer Johnson's last bed.

Mary, Emma, and I have got thro' the *Inferno* with the help of Cary; and Mary is in for it. She is commencing Tasso. When the spring is riper,

we will spare Emma for a few days, if you 'll be kind to her.

Triple loves and kind memory to you both.  
C. L.

#### DCXCIV.—TO EDWARD MOXON

February, 1833.

My dear M.,—I send you the last proof—not of my friendship—pray see to the finish.

I think you will see the necessity of adding those words after “Preface”—and “Preface” should be in the “contents-table.”

I take for granted you approve the title. I do thoroughly.

Perhaps if you advertise it in full, as it now stands, the title-page might have simply the *Last Essays of Elia*, to keep out any notion of its being a second volume.

Well, I wish us luck heartily for your sake who have smarted by me.

#### DCXCV.—TO EDWARD MOXON

Dear M.,—Emma has teized me to take her into the gallery of an opera on Tuesday, and I have written for orders. We came up this morning. Can you house and bed us after the opera? Miss M., maybe, won't object to sharing half her bed. And for *me*, I can sleep on straw, rushes, thorns, Procrustes' couch! or anywhere. Do not

write if you *can take* us in. Write only if you  
can't.

CH. LAMB

DCXCVI.—TO T. N. TALFOURD

February, 1833.

My dear T.,—Now cannot I call him *Serjeant*; what is there in a coif? Those canvas-sleeves protective from ink, when he was a law-chit—a *Chittyling* (let the leathern apron be apocryphal), do more 'specially plead to the Jury Court of old memory. The costume (will he agnize it?) was as of a desk-fellow or *Socius Plutei*. Methought I spied a brother!

That familiarity is extinct for ever. Curse me if I can call him Mr. Serjeant—except, mark me, in *company*. Honour where honour is due; but should he ever visit us (do you think he ever will, Mary?), what a distinction should I keep up between him and our less fortunate friend, H[enry] C[rabb] R[obinson]! Decent respect shall always be the Crabb's—but, somehow, short of reverence.

Well, of my old friends, I have lived to see two knighted: one made a judge, another in a fair way to it. Why am I restive? why stands my sun upon Gibeah?

Variouly, my dear Mrs. Talfourd (I can be more familiar with her!), *Mrs. Serjeant Talfourd*,—my sister prompts me—(these ladies stand upon ceremonies)—has the congratulable news

affected the members of our small community. Mary comprehended it at once, and entered into it heartily. Mrs. W[estwood] was, as usual, perverse — would n't, or could n't, understand it. A Serjeant? She thought Mr. T. was in the law. Did n't know that he ever 'listed.

Emma alone truly sympathised. *She* had a silk gown come home that very day, and has precedence before her learned sisters accordingly.

We are going to drink the health of Mr. and Mrs. Serjeant, with all the young serjeantry — and that is all that I can see that I shall get by the promotion.

*Valete, et mementote amici quondam vestri humilimi.* C. L.

#### DCXCVII.—TO EDWARD MOXON

1833.

Dear M., — Let us see you and your brother on Sunday.

The *Elias* are beautifully got up. Be cautious how you name the *probability* of bringing 'em ever out complete — till these are gone off. Everybody 'd say “O I'll wait then.”

An't we to have a copy of the *Sonnets*?

Mind, I shall *insist* upon having no more copies: only I shall take three or four more of you at trade price. I am resolute about this.

Yours ever

DCXCVIII.—TO CHARLES W. DILKE

February, 1833.

CHRISTIAN NAMES OF WOMEN

TO EDITH S[OUTHEY]

In Christian world MARY the garland wears!  
REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;  
Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear;  
And the light Gaul by amorous NINON swears.  
Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines!  
What air of fragrance ROSAMUND throws round!  
How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound!  
Of MARTHAS, and of ABIGAILS, few lines  
Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff  
Should homely JOAN be fashioned. But can  
You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN?  
And is not CLARE for love excuse enough?  
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,  
These all, than Saxon EDITH, please me less.

Many thanks for the life you have given us:  
I am perfectly satisfied. But if you advert to it  
again, I give you a delicate hint. Barbara S——  
shadows under that name Miss Kelly's early life,  
and I had the anecdote beautifully from her.

DCXCIX.—TO EDWARD MOXON

Early 1833.

No *writing*, and no *word*, ever passed between  
Taylor, or Hessey, and me, respecting copyright.  
This I can swear. They made a volume at their  
own will, and volunteer'd me a third of profits,

which came to £30, which came to *Bilk*, and never came back to me. Proctor has acted a friendly part — when did he otherwise? I am very sorry to hear Mrs. P—— *as I suppose*, is not so well. I meditated a rallying epistle to him on his Gemini — his two Sosias, accusing him of having acted a notable piece of duplicity. But if his partner in the double dealing suffers, it would be unseasonable. You cannot remember me to him too kindly. Your chearful letter has relieved us from the dumps; all may be well. I rejoice at your letting your house so magnificently. Talfourd's letter may be directed to him "On the Western Circuit." (Is it the Western? he goes to Reading, &c.) That is the way, send it. With *Blackwood* pray send *Piozziana* and a *Literary Gazette* if you have one. The Piozzi and that shall be immediately return'd, and I keep Madame Darblay for you eventually, a long-winded reader at present having use of it.

The weather is so queer that I will not say I *expect* you, &c., but am prepared for the pleasure of seeing you when you can come.

We had given you up (the postman being late) and Emma and I have twenty times this morning been to the door in the rain to spy for him coming.

Well, I know it is not all settled, but your letter is chearful and cheer-making.

We join in triple love to you.

ELIA & Co.

I am settled *in any case* to take at bookseller's price any copies I have more. Therefore oblige me by sending a copy of *Elia* to Coleridge and B. Barton, and enquire (at your leisure of course) how I can send one, with a letter, to Walter Savage Landor. These three put in your next bill on me. I am peremptory that it shall be so. These are all I can want.

DCC.— TO B. W. PROCTER

Enfield, Monday.

Dear P——, I have more than £30 in my house, and am independent of quarter-day, not having received my pension.

Pray settle, I beg of you, the matter with Mr. Taylor. I know nothing of bills, but most gladly will I forward to you that sum for him, for Mary is very anxious that M[oxon] may not get into any litigation. The money is literally rotting in my desk for want of use. I should not interfere with M——, tell M—— when you see him, but Mary is really uneasy; so lay it to that account, not mine.

Yours ever and two evers, C. L.

Do it smack at once, and I will explain to M—— why I did it. It is simply done to ease her mind. When you have settled, write, and I'll send the bank-notes to you twice, in halves.

Deduct from it your share in broken bottles,

which, you being capital in your lists, I take to be two shillings. Do it as you love Mary and me. Then Elia's himself again.

DCCI. — TO WILLIAM HONE

March 6, 1833.

Dear Friend, — Thee hast sent a Christian epistle to me, and I should not feel clear if I neglected to reply to it, which would have been sooner if that vain young man, to whom thou didst intrust it, had not kept it back. We should rejoice to see thy outward man here, especially on a day which should not be a first day, being liable to worldly callers in on that day. Our little book is delayed by a heathenish injunction, threatened by the man Taylor. Canst thou copy and send, or bring with thee, a vanity in verse which in my younger days I wrote on friend Aders' pictures? Thou wilt find it in the book called the *Table Book*.

Tryphena and Tryphosa, whom the world calleth Mary and Emma, greet you with me.

CH. LAMB

6th of 3d month, 4th day.

DCCII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

March 19, 1833.

I shall *expect* Forster and two Moxons on Sunday, and *hope* for Procter.

I am obliged to be in town next Monday. Could we contrive to make a party (paying or not is immaterial) for Miss Kelly's that night, and can you shelter us after the play, I mean Emma and me? I fear, I cannot persuade Mary to join us.

N. B. *I can sleep at a public house.* Send an *Elia* (mind I *insist* on buying it) to T. Manning, Esq., at Sir G. Tuthill's, Cavendish Square. *Do write.*

DCCIII.—TO EDWARD MOXON

March 30, 1833.

Dear M.,—Emma and we are *delighted* with the *Sonnets*, and she with her nice *Walton*. Mary is deep in the novel. Come as early as you can. I stupidly overlook'd your proposal to meet you in Green Lanes, for in some strange way I *burnt my leg*, shin-quarter, at Forster's; \* it is laid up on a stool, and Asbury attends. You'll see us all as usual, about Taylor, when you come.

Yours ever,

C. L.

\* Or the night I came home, for I felt it not bad till yesterday. But I scarce can hobble across the room. I have secured four places for night: in haste. Mary and E. do not dream of anything we have discussed.

## DCCIV.— TO EDWARD MOXON

Spring, 1833.

Dear M.,— Many thanks for the books; the *Faust* I will acknowledge to the author. But most thanks for one immortal sentence, “ If I do not *cheat* him, never *trust* me again.” I do not know whether to admire most, the wit or justness of the sentiment. It has my cordial approbation. My sense of *meum* and *tuum* applauds it. I maintain it, the eighth commandment hath a secret special reservation, by which the reptile is exempt from any protection from it; as a dog, or a nigger, he is not a holder of property. Not a ninth of what he detains from the world is his own. “Keep your hands from picking and stealing” is no ways referable to his acquists. I doubt whether bearing false witness against thy neighbour at all contemplated this possible scrub. Could Moses have seen the speck in vision? An *ex post facto* law alone could relieve him, and we are taught to expect no eleventh commandment. The outlaw to the Mosaic dispensation!— unworthy to have seen Moses’ behind—to lay his desecrating hands upon *Elia*! Has the irriverent ark-toucher been struck blind I wonder? The more I think of him, the less I think of him. His meanness is invisible with aid of solar microscope; my moral eye smarts at him. The less flea that bites little fleas! The great *beast*! the beggarly nit!

More when we meet ; mind, you 'll come, two of you — and could n't you go off in the morning, that we may have a day-long curse at him, if curses are not dis-hallowed by descending so low? Amen. *Maledicatur in extremis.*

DCCV. — TO JOHN FORSTER

Swallow your damn'd dinner and your brandy and water fast, and come immediately. I want to take Knowles in to Emma's only female friend for five minutes only, and we are free for the evening. I 'll do a Prologue.

DCCVI. — TO EDWARD MOXON

Last line alter to, —

*A store of gratitude is left behind.*

Because, as it now stands, if the author lays his hand upon his heart, and emfatically says, —

I have (so and so) *behind,*

the audience may think it is all my \*\*\*\* in a bandbox, and so in fact it is. Yours, by old and new ties,

C. LAMB

Condemn them, damn them, hiss them as you will,  
Their author is your grateful servant still.

I want to see FOUSTER (not the German foust) and you, boy.

Mind, I don't care the 100,000th part of a bad sixpence if Knowles gets a Prologue more to his mind.

DCCVII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date. ? April 10, 1833.]

Dear M., — The first Oak sonnet and the *Nightingale*, may show their faces in any Annual unblushing. Some of the others are very good.

The *Sabbath* too much what you have written before.

You are destined to shine in sonnets, I tell you.

Shall we look for you Sunday, we did in vain Good Friday [April 5].

DCCVIII. — TO CHARLES W. DILKE

April, 1833.

Dear Sir, — I read your note in a moment of great perturbation with my landlady and chuck'd it in the fire, as I should have done an epistle of Paul, but as far as my sister recalls the import of it, I reply. The sonnets (36 of them) have never been printed, much less published, till the other day (the proof-sheets only were in my hand about a fortnight ago), save that a few of 'em have come out in Annuals. Two vols., of poetry of M.'s, have been publish'd, but they were not

these. The *Nightingale* has been in one of those gewgaws, the Annuals; whether the other I sent you has, or not, *penitus ignoro*. But for heaven's sake do with 'em what you like.

Yours,

C. L.

DCCIX. — TO MRS. WILLIAM AYRTON

April (16), 1833.

Dear Mrs. Ayrton, — I do not know which to admire most, your kindness or your patience, in copying out that intolerable rabble of panegyric from over the Atlantic. By the way, now your hand is in, I wish you would copy out for me the 13th, 17th, and 24th of Barrow's sermons in folio, and all of Tillotson's (folio also) except the first, which I have in manuscript, and which, you know, is Ayrton's favourite. Then — but I won't trouble you any farther just now. Why does not A. come and see me? Can't he and Henry Crabbe concert it? 'T is as easy as lying is to me. Mary's kindest love to you both.

ELIA

DCCX. — TO EDWARD MOXON

[April 25, 1833.]

My dear Moxon, — We perfectly agree in your arrangement. *It has quite set my sister's mind at rest*. She will come with you on Sunday, and return at eve, and I will make comfortable arrangements with the Buffams. We desire to have you

here dining unWestwooded, and I will try and get you a bottle of choice port. I have transferr'd the stock I told you to Emma. The plan of the Buffams steers admirably between two niceties. Tell Emma we thoroughly approve it. As our damn'd *Times* is a day after the fair, I am setting off to Enfield Highway to see in a morning paper (alas! the Publican's) how the play ran. Pray, bring four orders for Mr. Asbury — undated. In haste (not for neglect),

Yours ever, C. LAMB

DCCXI. — TO EDWARD MOXON

[April 27, 1833.]

Dear M., — Mary and I are very poorly. Asbury says 'tis nothing but influenza. Mr. W. appears all but dying: he is delirious. Mrs. W. was taken so last night that Mary was obliged at midnight to knock up Mrs. Waller to come and sit up with her. We have had a sick child, who sleeping or not sleeping, next me with a pasteboard partition between, killed my sleep. The little bastard is gone. My bedfellows are Cough and Cramp, we sleep three in a bed. Domestic arrangements (Blue Butcher and all) devolve on Mary. Don't come yet to this house of pest and age. We propose when E. and you agree on the time, to come up and meet her at the Buffams', say a week hence, but do you make the appointment. The Lachlans send her their love.

I do sadly want those two last Hogarths; and  
an't I to have the Play?

Mind our spirits are good and we are happy  
in your happinesses. C. L.

Our old and ever loves to dear Em.

DCCXII. — TO REV. JAMES GILLMAN

May 7, 1833.

By a strange occurrence we have quitted En-  
field for ever. Oh! the happy eternity! Who is  
Vicar or Lecturer for that detestable place con-  
cerns us not. But Asbury, surgeon and a good fel-  
low, has offered to get you a Mover and Seconder,  
and you may use my name freely to him. Except  
him and Dr. Creswell, I have no respectable  
acquaintance in the dreary village. At least my  
friends are all in the *public* line, and it might  
not suit to have it moved at a special vestry by  
John Gage at the Crown and Horseshoe, licensed  
victualler, and seconded by Joseph Horner of  
the Green Dragon, ditto, that the Rev. J. G. is  
a fit person to be Lecturer, &c.

My dear James, I wish you all success, but  
am too full of my own emancipation almost to  
congratulate any one else.

With both our loves to your father and mo-  
ther and glorious S. T. C.,

Yours,

C. LAMB

DCCXIII.—TO JOHN FORSTER

Edmonton, May, 1833.

Dear F.,—Can you oblige me by sending four box orders undated for the Olympic Theatre? I suppose Knowles can get 'em. It is for the Waldens, with whom I live. The sooner the better, that they may not miss the *Wife*—I meet you at the Talfourds' Saturday week, and if they can't, perhaps you can, give me a bed.

Yours, ratherish unwell, C. LAMB

Or write immediately to say if you can't get 'em.

DCCXIV.—TO JOHN FORSTER

[May 12, 1833.]

Dear Boy,—I send you the original *Elias*, complete.

When I am a little composed, I shall hope to see you and Proctor here; maybe, may see you first in London. C. L.

DCCXV.—TO MISS RICKMAN

May 23, 1833.

Dear Miss Rickman,—My being a day in town, and my being moved from Enfield, made your letter late, and my reply in consequence. I am glad you like *Elia*. Perhaps, as Miss Kelly

is just now in notoriety, it may amuse you to know that "Barbara S." is *all* of it true of *her*, being all communicated to me from her own mouth. The "wedding" of course you found out to be Sally Burney's. As to Mrs. G., I know no reason why your dear mother should not call upon her. I remember Rickman and she did *not* return Mr. and Mrs. G.'s congratulatory visit on their wedding. No fresh reason has occurred since to prevent any civilities on their side. By a sudden illness of my sister (they now last half the year, in violence first, and a succeeding dreadful depression) I have come to the resolution of living with her under it at a place where she is under regular treatment, and am at Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton. In a few weeks, I should like one quiet day among you, but not before. With loves to father and mother, and your kind-hearted sister, whose Christian name I am an heathen if I just now can remember,

Yours sincerely,

C. LAMB

Mrs. Godwin is a second wife. Mary Wollstonecroft has been dead thirty years!

#### DCCXVI. — TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

End of May nearly [1833].

Dear Wordsworth, — Your letter, save in what respects your dear sister's health, cheer'd me in my new solitude. Mary is ill again. Her illnesses

encroach yearly. The last was three months, followed by two of depression most dreadful. I look back upon her earlier attacks with longing. Nice little durations of six weeks or so, followed by complete restoration — shocking as they were to me then. In short, half her life she is dead to me, and the other half is made anxious with fears and lookings forward to the next shock. With such prospects, it seem'd to me necessary that she should no longer live with me, and be fluttered with continual removals, so I am come to live with her, at a Mr. Walden's and his wife's, who take in patients, and have arranged to lodge and board us only. They have had the care of her before. I see little of her ; alas ! I too often hear her. *Sunt lacrymae rerum* — and you and I must bear it —

To lay a little more load on it, a circumstance has happen'd, *cujus pars magna fui*, and which at another crisis I should have more rejoiced in. I am about to lose my old and only walk-companion, whose mirthful spirits were the “youth of our house,” Emma Isola. I have her here now for a little while, but she is too nervous properly to be under such a roof, so she will make short visits, be no more an inmate. With my perfect approval, and more than concurrence, she is to be wedded to Moxon at the end of August. So “perish the roses and the flowers” — how is it?

Now to the brighter side, I am emancipated

from most *bated* and *detestable* people, the Westwoods. I am with attentive people, and younger. I am three or four miles nearer the Great City, coaches half-price less, and going always, of which I will avail myself. I have few friends left there, one or two, tho', most beloved. But London streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly, tho' of the latter not one known one were remaining.

Thank you for your cordial reception of *Elia*. *Inter nos* the *Ariadne* is not a darling with me, several incongruous things are in it, but in the composition it served me as illustrative.

I want you in the popular fallacies to like the "Home that is no home" and "rising with the lark."

I am feeble, but chearful in this my genial hot weather,—walk'd sixteen miles yesterday. I can't read much in summer time.

With very kindest love to all, and prayers for dear Dorothy, I remain most attachedly yours,

C. LAMB

at mr. walden's, church street, *edmonton*, middlesex.

Moxon has introduced Emma to Rogers, and he smiles upon the project. I have given E. my *Milton* — will you pardon me? — in part of a *portion*. It hangs famously in his Murray-like shop.

[*On the wrapper is written :*]

Dr. M[oxon], inclose this in a better-looking

paper, and get it frank'd, and good b'ye till Sunday. Come early — C. L.

DCCXVII. — TO SARAH HAZLITT

Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton,  
May 31, 1833.

Dear Mrs. Hazlitt, — I will assuredly come, and find you out, when I am better. I am driven from house and home by Mary's illness. I took a sudden resolution to take my sister to Edmonton, where she was under medical treatment last time, and have arranged to board and lodge with the people. Thank God, I have repudiated Enfield. I have got out of hell, despair of heaven, and must sit down contented in a half-way purgatory. Thus ends this strange eventful history. But I am nearer town, and will get up to you somehow before long. I repent not of my resolution. 'T is late, and my hand unsteady, so good b'ye till we meet. Your old C. L.

DCCXVIII. — TO MATILDA BETHAM

June, 1833.

Dear Miss Betham, — I sit down, very poorly, to write to you, being come to *Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton*, to be altogether with poor Mary, who is very ill, as usual, only that her illnesses are now as many months as they used to be weeks in duration ; the reason your letter only

just found me. I am saddened with the havoc death has made in your family. I do not know how to appreciate the kind regard of dear Anne; Mary will understand it two months hence, I hope; but neither she nor I would rob you, if the legacy will be of use to, or comfort to you. My hand shakes so I can hardly write. On Saturday week I must come to town, and will call on you in the morning before one o'clock. Till when I take kindest leave.

Your old Friend,            C. LAMB

DCCXIX. — TO MISS MARY BETHAM

[June 5, 1833.]

Dear Mary Betham, — I remember you all, and tears come out when I think on the years that have separated us. That dear Anne should so long have remember'd us affects me. My dear Mary, my poor sister, is not, nor will be for two months perhaps, capable of appreciating the *kind old long memory* of dear Anne [*who had just died, leaving £30 to Mary Lamb*].

But not a penny will I take, and I can answer for my Mary when she recovers, if the sum left can contribute in any way to the comfort of Matilda.

We will halve it, or we will take a bit of it, as a token, rather than wrong her. So pray consider it as an amicable arrangement. I write in great haste, or you won't get it before you go.

*We do not want the money*; but if dear Matilda does not much want it, why, we will take our thirds. God bless you. C. LAMB

I am not at Enfield, but at Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton, Middlesex.

DCCXX. — TO MRS. NORRIS

[Postmarked] July 10, 1833.

Dear Mrs. Norris, — I wrote to Jekyll, and sent him an *Elia*. This is his kind answer. So you see that he will be glad to see any of you that shall be in town, and will arrange, if you prefer it, to accompany you. If you are at Brighton, Betsy will forward this. I have cut off the name at the bottom to give to a foolish autograph fancier. Love to you all. Emma sends her very kindest. C. LAMB

DCCXXI. — TO EDWARD MOXON

[July 14, 1833.]

Dear M., — The Hogarths are *delicate*. Perhaps it will amuse Emma to tell her that, a day or two since, Miss Norris (Betsy) call'd to me on the road from London from a gig conveying her to Widford, and engaged me to come down this afternoon. I think I shall stay only one night; she would have been glad of E.'s accompaniment, but I would not disturb her, and Mrs. N.

is coming to town on Monday, so it would not have suited. Also, C. V. Le Grice gave me a dinner at Johnny Gilpin's yesterday, where we talk'd of what old friends were taken or left in the thirty years since we had met.

I shall hope to see her on Tuesday.

To Bless you both, C. L.

### DCCXXII.— TO MRS. NORRIS

Edmonton [July 18, 1833].

Dear Mrs. Norris, — I got home safe. Pray accept these little books, and some of you give me a line to say you received them. Love to all, and thanks for three agreeable days. I send them this afternoon (Tuesday) by Canter's coach. Are the little girls packed safe? They can come in straw, and have eggs under them. Ask them to lie soft, 'cause eggs smash. ELIA

### DCCXXIII.— TO THOMAS ALLSOP

July, 1833.

My dear Allsop, — I think it will be impossible for us to come to Highgate in the time you propose. We have friends coming to-morrow, who may stay the week; and we are in a bustle about Emma's leaving us — so we will put off the hope of seeing Mrs. Allsop till we come to town, after Emma's going, which is in a fortnight and a half, when we mean to spend a time

in town, but shall be happy to see you on Sunday, or any day.

In haste. Hope our little Porter does.

Yours ever, C. L.

DCCXXIV. — TO MR. TUFF

[Edmonton, 1833.]

Dear Sir, — I learn that Covent Garden, from its thin houses every night, is likely to be shut up after Saturday; so that no time is to be lost in using the orders. Yours,

C. LAMB

DCCXXV. — TO EDWARD MOXON

July 24, 1833.

For God's sake, give Emma no more watches. *One* has turn'd her head. She is arrogant and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old Clock in the passage, as if he did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment-hand. She lugs us out into the fields, because there the bird-boys ask you, "Pray, Sir, can you tell us what's a Clock," and she answers them punctually. She loses all her time looking "what the time is." I overheard her whispering, "Just so many hours, minutes, &c., to Tuesday — I think St. George's goes too slow" — This little present of Time, why, 't is Eternity to her —

What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch?

She has spoil'd some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has kissed away "half-past 12," which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Sq.

Well, if "love me, love my watch" answers, she will keep time to you — It goes right by the Horse Guards —

[*On the next page:*] Emma has kist this yellow wafer — a hint.

Dearest M., — Never mind opposite nonsense. She does not love you for the watch, but the watch for you.

I will be at the wedding, and keep the 30th July, as long as my poor months last me, as a festival gloriously. Yours ever, ELIA

We have not heard from Cambridge. I will write the moment we do.

Edmonton, 24th July, 3.20 post mer. minutes 4 instants by Emma's watch.

DCCXXVI. — CHARLES AND MARY LAMB  
TO EDWARD AND EMMA MOXON

July 31, 1833.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Moxon, — Time very short. I wrote to Miss Fryer, and had the sweetest letter about you, Emma, that ever friendship dictated.

“I am full of good wishes; I am crying with good wishes,” she says; but you shall see it.

Dear Moxon, — I take your writing most kindly and shall most kindly your writing from Paris.

I want to crowd another letter to Miss Fry into the little time after dinner before Post time.

So with 20000 congratulations,

Yours,

C. L.

I am calm, sober, happy. Turn over for the reason.

I got home from Dover Street, by Evens, *half as sober as a judge*. I am turning over a new leaf, as I hope you will now.

[*On the next leaf Mary Lamb wrote:*]

My dear Emma and Edward Moxon, — Accept my sincere congratulations, and imagine more good wishes than my weak nerves will let me put into good set words. The dreary blank of *unanswered questions* which I ventured to ask in vain was cleared up on the wedding-day by Mrs. W. taking a glass of wine, and, with a total change of countenance, begged leave to drink Mr. and Mrs. Moxon's health. It restored me, from that moment, as if by an electrical stroke, to the entire possession of my senses: I never felt so calm and quiet after a similar illness as I do now. I feel as if all tears were wiped from my eyes, and all care from my heart.

MARY LAMB

[*At the foot of this letter Charles Lamb added:*]

Dears Again,—Your letter interrupted a seventh game at picquet which *we* were having, after walking to *Wright's* and purchasing shoes. We pass our time in cards, walks, and reading. We attack Tasso soon. C. L.

Never was such a calm or such a recovery. 'T is her own words, undictated.

### DCCXXVII.—TO LOUISA BADAMS

August 20, 1833.

Dear Mrs. Badams,—I was at church as the grave Father, and behaved tolerably well, except at first entrance when Emma in a whisper repressed a nascent giggle. I am not fit for weddings or burials. Both incite a chuckle. Emma looked as pretty as Pamela, and made her responses delicately and firmly. I tripped a little at the altar, was engaged in admiring the altar-piece, but, recalled seasonably by a Parsonic rebuke, "Who gives this woman?" was in time resolutely to reply "I do." Upon the whole the thing went off decently and devoutly. Your dodging post is excellent; I take it, it was at Wilsdon. We shall this week or next dine at Islington. I am writing to know the day, and in that case see you the next day and talk of beds. *My* lodging may be on the cold floor. I long for a *hard fought game* with Badams.

With haste and thanks for your *unusually* entertaining letter, yours truly,

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

I will write to Miss Jas. soon — was meditating it.

DCCXXVIII. — TO MISS M. BETHAM

August 23, 1833.

Dear Miss B.,—Your bridal verses are very beautiful. Emma shall have them, as here corrected, when they return. They are in France. The verses, I repeat, are sweetly pretty. I know nobody in these parts that wants a servant; indeed, I have no acquaintance in this new place, and rarely come to town.

The rule of Christ's Hospital is rigorous, that the marriage certificate of the parents be produced, previous to the presentation of a boy, so that your renowned *protégé* has no chance.

Never trouble yourself about Dyer's neighbour. He will only tell you a parcel of fibs, and is impracticable to any advice. He has been long married and parted, and has to pay his wife a weekly allowance to this day, besides other incumbrances.

In haste and headake, yours,

[*Signature lost.*]

DCCXXIX.—TO H. F. CARY

September 9, 1833.

Dear Sir,—Your packet I have only just received, owing, I suppose, to the absence of Moxon, who is flaunting it about *à la Parisienne* with his new bride, our Emma, much to his satisfaction and not a little to our dulness. We shall be quite well by the time you return from Worcestershire, and most most (observe the repetition) glad to see you here or anywhere.

I will take my time with Darley's act. I wish poets would write a little plainer; he begins some of his words with a letter which is unknown to the English typography. Yours, most truly,

C. LAMB

P. S. Pray let me know when you return. We are at Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton; no longer at Enfield. You will be amused to hear that my sister and I have, with the aid of Emma, scrambled through the *Inferno* by the blessed furtherance of your polar-star translation. I think we scarce left anything unmade-out. But our partner has left us, and we have not yet resumed. Mary's chief pride in it was that she should some day brag of it to you. Your Dante and Sandys' Ovid are the only help-mates of translations. Neither of you shirk a word.

Fairfax's Tasso is no translation at all. It's

better in some places; but it merely observes the number of stanzas; as for images, similes, &c., he finds 'em himself, and never "troubles Peter for the matter."

In haste, dear Cary, yours ever,

C. LAMB

Has Moxon sent you *Elia*, second volume? if not, he shall. Taylor and we are at law about it.

DCCXXX. — TO EDWARD MOXON

September 26, 1833.

We shall be most happy to see Emma, dear to everybody. Mary's spirits are much better, and she longs to see again our twelve years' friend. You shall afternoon sip with me a bottle of superexcellent Port, after deducting a dinner-glass for them. We rejoyce to have E. come, the *first visit*, without Miss ——, who, I trust, will yet behave well; but she might perplex Mary with questions.

Pindar sadly wants Preface and notes. Pray, E., get to Snow Hill before twelve, for we dine before two. We will make it two. By mistake I gave you Miss Betham's letter, with the exquisite verses, which pray return to me, or if it be an improved copy, give me the other, and albumize mine, keeping the signature. It is too pretty a family portrait, for you not to cherish.

Your loving friends, C. LAMB, M. LAMB

NOTE

[The following poem was addressed to Moxon by Lamb, and printed in *The Athenæum*, December 7, 1833:

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE

What makes a happy wedlock? What has fate  
 Not given to thee in thy well-chosen mate?  
 Good sense — good humour; — these are trivial things,  
 Dear M——, that each trite encomiast sings.  
 But she hath these, and more. A mind exempt  
 From every low-bred passion, where contempt,  
 Nor envy, nor detraction, ever found  
 A harbour yet; an understanding sound;  
 Just views of right and wrong; perception full  
 Of the deformed, and of the beautiful,  
 In life and manners; wit above her sex,  
 Which, as a gem, her sprightly converse decks;  
 Exuberant fancies, prodigal of mirth,  
 To gladden woodland walk, or winter hearth;  
 A noble nature, conqueror in the strife  
 Of conflict with a hard discouraging life,  
 Strengthening the veins of virtue, past the power  
 Of those whose days have been one silken hour,  
 Spoil'd fortune's pamper'd offspring; a keen sense  
 Alike of benefit, and of offence,  
 With reconcilement quick, that instant springs  
 From the charged heart with nimble angel wings;  
 While grateful feelings, like a signet sign'd  
 By a strong hand, seem burnt into her mind.  
 If these, dear friend, a dowry can confer  
 Richer than land, thou hast them all in her;  
 And beauty, which some hold the chiefest boon,  
 Is in thy bargain for a make-weight thrown.]

DCCXXXI. — TO EDWARD MOXON

October 17, 1833.

Dear M., — Get me Shirley (there's a dear fellow) and send it soon. We sadly want books, and this will be readable again and again, and pay itself. Tell Emma I grieve for the poor self-

punishing self-baffling lady ; with all our hearts we grieve for the pain and vexation she has encounter'd ; but we do not swerve a pin's-thought from the propriety of your measures. God comfort her, and there 's an end of a painful necessity. But I am glad she goes to see her. Let her keep up all the kindness she can between them. In a week or two I hope Mary will be stout enough to come among ye, but she is not now, and I have scruples of coming alone, as she has no pleasant friend to sit with her in my absence. We are lonely. I fear the visits must be mostly from you. By the way omnibuses are 1s. 3d. and coach *insides* sunk to 1s. 6d.—a hint. Without disturbance to yourselves, or upsetting the economy of the dear new mistress of a family, come and see us as often as ever you can. We are so out of the world, that a letter from either of you now and then, detailing anything, book or town news, is as good as a newspaper. I have desperate colds, cramps, megrims, &c., but do not despond. My fingers are numb'd, as you see by my writing. Tell E. I am *very good* also. But we are poor devils ; that 's the truth of it. I won't apply to Dilke—just now at least ; I sincerely hope the pastoral air of Dover St. will recruit poor Harriet. With best loves to all.

Yours ever, C. L.

Ryle and Lowe dined here on Sunday ; the manners of the latter, so gentlemanly ! have

attracted the special admiration of our landlady. She guest R. to be nearly of my age. He always *had* an old head on young shoulders. I fear I shall always have the opposite. Tell me anything of Foster [Forster] or anybody. Write anything you think will amuse me. I do dearly hope in a week or two to surprise you with our appearance in Dover St.

DCCXXXII. — TO EDWARD MOXON

November 29, 1833.

Mary is of opinion with me that two of these Sonnets are of a higher grade than any poetry you have done yet. The one to Emma is so pretty! I have only allowed myself to transpose a word in the third line. Sacred shall it be for any intermeddling of mine. But we jointly beg that you will make four lines in the room of the four last. Read *Darby and Joan*, in Mrs. Moxon's first album. There you'll see how beautiful in age the looking back to youthful years in an old couple is. But it is a violence to the feelings to anticipate that time in youth. I hope you and Emma will have many a quarrel and many a make-up (and she is beautiful in reconciliation!) before the dark days shall come, in which ye shall say "there is small comfort in them." You have begun a sort of character of Emma in them very sweetly; carry it on, if you can, through the last lines.

I love the sonnet to my heart, and you *shall* finish it, and I'll be damn'd if I furnish a line towards it. So much for that. The next best is,

TO THE OCEAN

Ye gallant winds, if e'er your *lusty cheeks*  
Blew longing lover to his mistress' side,  
O, puff your loudest, spread the canvas wide,

is spirited. The last line I altered, and have re-altered it as it stood. It is closer. These two are your best. But take a good deal of time in finishing the first. How proud should Emma be of her poets!

Perhaps "O Ocean" (though I like it) is too much of the open vowels, which Pope objects to. "Great Ocean!" is obvious. "To save sad thoughts," I think is better (though not good) than for the mind to save herself. But 't is a noble sonnet. *St. Cloud* I have no fault to find with.

If I return the Sonnets, think it no disrespect; for I look for a printed copy. You have done better than ever. And now for a reason I did not notice 'em earlier: on Wednesday they came, and on Wednesday I was a-gadding. Mary gave me a holiday, and I set off to Snow Hill. From Snow Hill I deliberately was marching down, with noble Holborn before me, framing in mental cogitation a map of the dear London in prospect, thinking to traverse Wardour Street, &c., when diabolically I was interrupted by

Heigh-ho!  
Little Barrow! —

Emma knows him, — and prevailed on to spend the day at his sister's, where was an album, and (O march of intellect!) plenty of literary conversation, and more acquaintance with the state of modern poetry than I could keep up with. I was positively distanced. Knowles' play, which, epilogued by me, lay on the *piano*, alone made me hold up my head. When I came home I read your letter, and glimpsed at your beautiful sonnet, —

Fair art thou as the morning, my young bride,

and dwelt upon it in a confused brain, but determined not to open them till next day, being in a state not to be told of at Chatteris. Tell it not in Gath, Emma, lest the daughters triumph! I am at the end of my tether. I wish you could come on Tuesday with your fair bride. Why can't you? Do. We are thankful to your sister for being of the party. Come, and *bring* a sonnet on Mary's birthday. Love to the whole Moxonry, and tell E. I every day love her more, and miss her less. Tell her so from her loving uncle, as she has let me call myself. I bought a fine embossed card yesterday, and wrote for the Pawnbrokeress's album. She is a Miss Brown, engaged to a Mr. White. One of the lines was (I forget the rest — but she had them at twenty-four hours' notice; she is going out to India with her husband), —

May your fame  
And fortune, Frances, *Whiten* with your name!

Not bad as a pun. I *will* expect you before two  
on Tuesday. I am well and happy, tell E.

DCCXXXIII.—TO MISS FRANCES BROWN

Edmonton, November, 1833.

Dear Frances,—Will you accept these poor  
lines, and curl them into your album, clipping  
the corners? They will cost you threepence,  
which your Aunt Mary will pay you, and then  
she will owe me ninepence, from the old shilling  
she lost, as she says, in the sawpit. My sister joins  
me in remembrances to you all. C. LAMB

I hope your sweetheart's name is WHITE.  
Else it will spoil all. May be 't is Black. Then  
we must alter it. And may your fortunes BLACKEN  
with your name.

DCCXXXIV.—TO CHARLES W. DILKE

Middle December, 1833.

I hoped R. would like his sonnet, but I fear'd  
S., that *fine old man*, might not quite like the turn  
of it. This last was penn'd almost literally ex-  
tempore. YOUR LAUREAT

Is S.'s Christian name Thomas? if not, cor-  
rect it.

NOTE

[“R.”—Rogers; “S.” Stothard. See next letter.]

DCCXXXV. — TO SAMUEL ROGERS

December 21, 1833.

My dear Sir, — Your book, by the unremitting punctuality of your publisher, has reached me thus early. I have not opened it, nor will till to-morrow, when I promise myself a thorough reading of it. *The Pleasures of Memory* was the first school present I made to Mrs. Moxon — it had those nice wood-cuts; and I believe she keeps it still. Believe me, that all the kindness you have shown to the husband of that excellent person seems done unto myself. I have tried my hand at a sonnet in the *Times*. But the turn I gave it, though I hoped it would not displease you, I thought might not be equally agreeable to your artist. I met that dear old man at poor Henry's — with you — and again at Cary's — and it was sublime to see him sit deaf and enjoy all that was going on in mirth with the company. He reposed upon the many graceful, many fantastic images he had created; with them he dined and took wine.

I have ventured at an antagonist copy of verses in the *Athenæum* to *him*, in which he is as everything and you as nothing. He is no lawyer who cannot take two sides. But I am jealous of the combination of the sister arts. Let them sparkle

apart. What injury (short of the theatres) did not Boydell's *Shakespeare Gallery* do me with Shakespeare? — to have Opie's Shakespeare, Northcote's Shakespeare, light-headed Fuseli's Shakespeare, heavy-headed Romney's Shakespeare, wooden-headed West's Shakespeare (though he did the best in *Lear*), deaf-headed Reynolds's Shakespeare, instead of my, and everybody's Shakespeare. To be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! To have Imogen's portrait! To confine the illimitable! I like you and Stothard (you best), but "out upon this half-faced fellowship." Sir, when I have read the book I may trouble you, through Moxon, with some faint criticisms. It is not the flatteringest compliment, in a letter to an author, to say you have not read his book yet. But the devil of a reader he must be who prances through it in five minutes, and no longer have I received the parcel. It was a little tantalizing to me to receive a letter from Landor, *Gebir* Landor, from Florence, to say he was just sitting down to read my *Elia*, just received, but the letter was to go out before the reading. There are calamities in authorship which only authors know. I am going to call on Moxon on Monday, if the throng of carriages in Dover Street on the morn of publication do not barricade me out.

With many thanks, and most respectful remembrances to your sister, yours,

C. LAMB

Have you seen Coleridge's happy exemplification in English of the Ovidian elegiac metre? —

In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery current,  
In the Pentameter aye falling in melody down.

My sister is papering up the book — careful soul!

DCCXXXVI. — TO CHARLES W. DILKE

I have read the enclosed five and forty times over. I have submitted it to my Edmonton friends; at last (O Argus' penetration), I have discovered a dash that might be dispensed with. Pray don't trouble yourself with such useless courtesies. I can well trust your editor, when I don't use queer phrases which prove themselves wrong by creating a distrust in the sober compositor.

DCCXXXVII. — TO CHARLES W. DILKE

Church Street, Edmonton. [No date.]

May I now claim of you the benefit of the loan of some books? Do not fear sending too many. But do not if it be irksome to yourself, — such as shall make you say, "Damn it, here's Lamb's box come again." Dog's-leaves ensured! Any light stuff: no natural history or useful learning, such as Pyramids, Catacombs, Giraffes, Adventures in Southern Africa, &c., &c.

With our joint compliments, yours,

C. LAMB

Novels for the last two years, or further back—  
nonsense of any period.

DCCXXXVIII.— TO CHARLES W. DILKE

[No date. Spring, 1834.]

Dear Sir,—I return forty-four volumes by  
Tate. If they are not all your own, and some of  
mine have slipt in, I do not think you will lose  
much. Shall I go on with the *Table Talk*? I  
will, if you like it, when the Culinary article has  
appear'd.

*Robins*, the carrier, from the *Swan*, Snow Hill,  
will bring any more contributions, thankfully to  
be receiv'd; I pay backwards and forwards.

C. LAMB

DCCXXXIX.— TO THOMAS HOOD

1834.

Dear Hood,—I have been infinitely amused  
with *Tylney Hall*. 'T is a medley, without con-  
fusion, of farce, melodrame, comedy, tragedy,  
punchery, what-not. The Fête is as good as  
H.'s *Strollers in the Barn*. For the serious part,  
the warning Puci shouts over Raby's head is  
most impressive. Duly Luckless Joe should not  
have been halter'd; his Fates were brazen [?],  
and not absolutely inexorable Clothos, and the  
Creole should have been hanged. The puns are  
so neat that the most inveterate foe to that kind

of joke, not being expectant of 'em, might read it all through and not find you out. With kind remembrances to Mrs. Hood, yours,

C. LAMB

My sister, I hope, will relish it by and by, but it puzzles her to read above a page or two a day.

DCCXL. — TO MARY BETHAM

Edmonton, January 24, 1834.

Dear Mary Betham, — I received the bill, and when it is payable, some ten or twelve days hence, will punctually do with the overplus as you direct. I thought you would like to know it came to hand, so I have not waited for the uncertainty of when your nephew sets out. I suppose my receipt will serve, for poor Mary is not in a capacity to sign it. After being well from the end of July to the end of December, she was taken ill almost on the first day of the New Year, and is as bad as poor creature can be. I expect her fever to last fourteen or fifteen weeks — if she gets well at all, which every successive illness puts me in fear of. She has less and less strength to throw it off, and they leave a dreadful depression after them. She was quite comfortable a few weeks since, when Matilda came down here to see us.

You shall excuse a short letter, for my hand is unsteady. Indeed, the situation I am in with

her shakes me sadly. She was quite able to appreciate the kind legacy while she was well. Imagine her kindest love to you, which is but buried a while, and believe all the good wishes for your restoration to health from

C. LAMB

DCCXLI.—TO EDWARD MOXON

[January 28, 1834.]

I met with a man at my half-way house, who told me many anecdotes of Kean's younger life. He knew him thoroughly. His name is Wyatt, living near the Bell, Edmonton. Also he referred me to West, a publican, opposite St. George's Church, Southwark, who knew him *more* intimately. Is it worth Forster's while to enquire after them?

C. L.

DCCXLII.—TO WILLIAM HONE

Church Street, Edmonton,  
February 7, 1834.

My dear Sir,—I compassionate very much your failure and your infirmities. I am in affliction. I am come to Edmonton to live altogether with Mary, at the house where she is nursed, and where we see nobody while she is ill, which is, alas! the greater part of the year now.

I cannot but think your application, with a full statement, to the Literary Fund must succeed. Your little political heats many years are past.

You are now remember'd but as the editor of the *Every Day* and *Table Books*. To *them* appeal. You have Southey's testimony to their meritoriousness. He must be blind indeed who sees ought in them but what is good-hearted, void of offence to God and man. I know not a single member of the Fund, but to whomsoever you may refer to me I am ready to affirm that your speech and actions since I have known you — ten or eleven years I think — have been the most opposite to anything profane or irreligious, and that in your domestic relations a kinder husband or father, as it seemed to me, could not be. Suppose you transmitted your case, or petition, to Mr. Dilke, editor of the *Athenæum*, with this note of mine; he knows me, and he may know some of the Literary Society. I am totally unacquainted with them.

With best wishes to you and Mrs. Hone,  
Yours faithfully, C. LAMB

DCCXLIII. — TO MISS FRYER

February 14, 1834.

Dear Miss Fryer, — Your letter found me just returned from keeping my birthday (pretty innocent!) at Dover Street. I see them pretty often. I have since had letters of business to write, or should have replied earlier. In one word, be less uneasy about me; I bear my privations very well; I am not in the depths of desolation, as hereto-

fore. Your admonitions are not lost upon me. Your kindness has sunk into my heart. Have faith in me! It is no new thing for me to be left to my sister. When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world. Her heart is obscured, not buried; it breaks out occasionally; and one can discern a strong mind struggling with the billows that have gone over it. I could be nowhere happier than under the same roof with her. Her memory is unnaturally strong; and from ages past, if we may so call the earliest records of our poor life, she fetches thousands of names and things that never would have dawned upon me again, and thousands from the ten years she lived before me. What took place from early girlhood to her coming of age principally lives again (every important thing and every trifle) in her brain with the vividness of real presence. For twelve hours incessantly she will pour out without intermission all her past life, forgetting nothing, pouring out name after name to the Waldens as a dream; sense and nonsense; truths and errors huddled together; a medley between inspiration and possession. What things we are! I know you will bear with me, talking of these things. It seems to ease me; for I have nobody to tell these things to now.

Emma, I see, has got a harp! and is learning to play. She has framed her three Walton pictures, and pretty they look. That is a book you

should read; such sweet religion in it — next to Woolman's! though the subject be baits and hooks, and worms and fishes. She has my copy at present to do two more from.

Very, very tired, I began this epistle, having been epistolising all the morning, and very kindly would I end it, could I find adequate expressions to your kindness. We did set our minds on seeing you in spring. One of us will indubitably. But I am not skilled in almanac learning, to know when spring precisely begins and ends. Pardon my blots; I am glad you like your book. I wish it had been half as worthy of your acceptance as *John Woolman*. But 't is a good-natured book.

#### DCCXLIV.— TO MISS FRYER

[No date.]

My dear Miss Fryer, — By desire of Emma I have attempted new words to the old nonsense of *Tartar Drum*; but *with* the nonsense the sound and spirit of the tune are unaccountably gone, and *we* have agreed to discard the new version altogether. As *you* may be more fastidious in singing mere silliness, and a string of well-sounding images without sense or coherence — Drums of Tartars, who use *none*, and Tulip trees ten foot high, not to mention Spirits in Sunbeams, &c., — than *we* are, so you are at liberty to sacrifice an enspiriting movement to a little

sense, tho' I like *Little-sense* less than his vagary-  
ing younger sister *No-sense* — so I send them —

The fourth line of first stanza is from an old  
ballad.

Emma is looking weller and handsomer (as  
you say) than ever. Really, if she goes on thus  
improving, by the time she is nine and thirty  
she will be a tolerable comely person. But I  
may not live to see it. — I take beauty to be  
*catching* — a cholera sort of thing. Now, whether  
the constant presence of a handsome object —  
for there's only two of us — may not have the  
effect — but the subject is delicate, and as my  
old great-Ant used to say — “Andsome is as  
andsome duzz” — *that* was my great-Ant's way  
of spelling — (Emma's way of spelling Miss *Um-  
fris*, as I spell her *Aunt*).

Most and best kind things say to yourself and  
dear Mother for all your kindnesses to our Em.,  
tho' in truth I am a little tired with her ever-  
lasting repetition of 'em. Yours very truly,

CH. LAMB

### LOVE WILL COME

*Tune: “The Tartar Drum”*

#### I

Guard thy feelings, pretty Vestal,  
From the smooth Intruder free;  
Cage thine heart in bars of crystal,  
Lock it with a golden key:  
Thro' the bars demurely stealing —  
Noiseless footstep, accent dumb,

His approach to none revealing —  
Watch, or watch not, *Love will come.*

His approach to none revealing —  
Watch, or watch not, Love will come — Love,  
Watch, or watch not, Love will come.

## II

Scornful Beauty may deny him —  
He hath spells to charm disdain ;  
Homely Features may defy him —  
Both at length must wear the chain.  
Haughty Youth in Courts of Princes —  
Hermit poor with age o'ercome —  
His soft plea at last convinces ;  
Sooner, later, *Love will come* —

His soft plea at length convinces ;  
Sooner, later, Love will come — Love,  
Sooner, later, Love will come.

## DCCXLV.— TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Church Street, Edmonton, February 22 [1834].

Dear Wordsworth, — I write from a house of mourning. The oldest and best friends I have left are in trouble. A branch of them (and they of the best stock of God's creatures, I believe) is establishing a school at Carlisle. Her name is Louisa Martin, her address 75 Castle Street, Carlisle; her qualities (and her motives for this exertion) are the most amiable, most upright. For thirty years she has been tried by me, and on her behaviour I would stake my soul. O if you can recommend her, how would I love you! if I could love you better. Pray, pray, recom-

mend her. She is as good a human creature, — next to my sister, perhaps the most exemplary female I ever knew. Moxon tells me you would like a letter from me. You shall have one. *This* I cannot mingle up with any nonsense which you usually tolerate from, *C. Lamb*. Need he add loves to wife, sister, and all?

Poor Mary is ill again, after a short lucid interval of four or five months. In short, I may call her half dead to me.

Good you are to me. Yours with fervour of friendship; forever.

Turn over.

If you want references, the Bishop of Carlisle may be one. Louisa's sister (as good as she, she cannot be better tho' she tries) educated the daughters of the late Earl of Carnarvon, and he settled a handsome annuity on her for life. In short all the family are a sound rock. The present Lord Carnarvon married Howard of Graystock's sister.

#### NOTE

[Wordsworth has written on the wrapper, "Lamb's last letter."]

### DCCXLVI. — TO THOMAS MANNING

May 10, 1834.

You made me feel so funny, so happy-like; it was as if I was reading one of your old letters taken out at hazard any time between the last

twenty years, 't was so the same. The unity of place, a garden! The old *Dramatis Personae*, a landlady and daughter. The puns the same in mould. Will nothing change you? 'T is but a short week since honest Ryle and I were lamenting the gone-by days of Manning and whist. How savourily did he remember them! Might some great year but bring them back again! This was my exclaim, and R. did not ask for an explanation.

I have had a scurvy nine years of it, and am now in the sorry fifth act. Twenty weeks nigh has she been now violent, with but a few sound months before, and these in such dejection that her fever might seem a relief to it. I tried to bring her to town in the winter once or twice, but it failed. Tuthill led me to expect that this illness would lengthen with her years, and it has cruelly—with that new feature of despondency after. I am with her alone now in a proper house. She is, I hope, recovering. We play picquet, and it is like the old times a while, then goes off. I struggle to town rarely, and then to see London, with little other motive; for what is left there hardly? The streets and shops entertaining ever, else I feel as in a desert, and get me home to my cave. Save that once a month I pass a day, a gleam in my life, with Cary at the Museum (he is the flower of clergymen) and breakfast next morning with Robinson. I look to this as a treat. It sustains me. C. is

a dear fellow, with but two vices, which in any less good than himself would be crimes past redemption. He has no relish for Parson Adams; hints that he might not be a very great Greek scholar after all (does Fielding hint that he was a Porson?) — and prefers *Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay*, and *My banks they are furnished with bees*, to *The Schoolmistress*. I have not seen Wright's, but the faithfulness of C. Mary and I can attest. For last year, in a good interval, I giving some lessons to Emma, now Mrs. Moxon, in the *sense* part of her Italian (I knew no words), Mary pertinaciously undertook, being sixty-nine, to read the *Inferno* all thro' with the help of his translation, and we got thro' it with dictionaries and grammars, of course to our satisfaction. Her perseverance was gigantic, almost painful. Her head was over her task, like a sucking bee, morn to night. We were beginning the *Purgatory*, but got on less rapidly, our great authority for grammar, Emma, being fled, but should have proceeded but for this misfortune. Do not come to town without apprising me. We must all three meet somehow and "drink a cup."

Yours,

C. L.

Mary strives and struggles to be content when she *is* well. Last year when we talked of being dull (we had just lost our seven-years-nearly inmate), and Cary's invitation came, she said, "Did not I say something or other would turn

up?" In her first walk *out* of the house, she would read every auction advertisement along the road, and when I would stop her she said, "These are *my* play-bills." She felt glad to get into the world again, but then follows lowness. She is getting about, tho', I very much hope. She is rising, and will claim her morning picquet. I go to put this in the post first. I walk nine or ten miles a day, always up the road, dear London-wards. Fields, flowers, birds, and green lanes I have no heart for. The bare road is cheerful, and almost as good as a street. I saunter to the Red Lion duly, as you used to the Peacock.

NOTE

[Lamb's last letter to Manning.]

DCCXLVII.—TO CHARLES C. CLARKE

[No date. End of June, 1834.]

We heard the music in the Abbey at Winchmore Hill! and the notes were incomparably soften'd by the distance. Novello's chromatics were distinctly audible. Clara was faulty in B flat. Otherwise she sang like an angel. The trombone and Beethoven's waltzes were the best. Who played the oboe?

NOTE

[The letter refers to the performance of Händel's "Creation," at the Musical Festival, in Westminster Abbey, on

June 24, 1834, when Novello and Atwood were the organists, and Clara Novello (Countess Gigliucci) was one of the singers.]

DCCXLVIII. — TO JOHN FORSTER

[June 25, 1834.]

Dear F.,—I simply sent for the Miltons because Alsop has some Books of mine, and I thought they might travel with them. But keep 'em as much longer as you like. I never trouble my head with other people's quarrels; I do not always understand my own. I seldom see them in Dover Street. I know as little as the Man in the Moon about your joint transactions, and care as little. If you have lost a little portion of my "good will," it is that you do not come and see me. Arrange with Procter, when you have done with your moving accidents.

Yours, *ambulaturus*, C. L.

DCCXLIX. — TO J. FULLER RUSSELL

[Summer, 1834.]

Mr. Lamb's compliments, and shall be happy to look over the lines as soon as ever Mr. Russell shall send them. He is at Mr. Walden's, — Church (*not Bury*) St., Edmd.

*Line* 10. "Ween," and "wist," and "wot," and "eke" are antiquated frippery, and unmodernize a poem rather than give it an antique air,

as some strong old words may do. "I guess," "I know," "I knew," are quite as significant.

31. Why "ee" — barbarous Scoticism! — when "eye" is much better and chimes to "cavalry"? A sprinkling of disused words where all the style else is after the approved recent fashion teases and puzzles.

37. [Anon the storm begins to slake,  
The sullen clouds to melt away,  
The moon becalmed in a blue lake  
Looks down with melancholy ray.]

The moon becalmed in a blue lake would be more apt to *look up*. I see my error — the sky is the lake — and beg you to laugh at it.

59. What is a maiden's "een," south of the Tweed? You may as well call her prettily turned ears her "lugs."

"On the maiden's lugs they fall" (verse 79).

144. "A coy young Miss" will never do. For though you are presumed to be a modern, writing only of days of old, yet you should not write a word purely unintelligible to your heroine. Some understanding should be kept up between you. "Miss" is a nickname not two centuries old; came in at about the Restoration. The "King's Misses" is the oldest use of it I can remember. It is Mistress Anne Page, not Miss Page. Modern names and usages should be kept out of sight in an old subject. W. Scott was sadly faulty in this respect.

208. [Tear of sympathy.] Pity's sacred dew. Sympathy is a young lady's word, rife in modern novels, and is almost always wrongly applied. To sympathize is to feel *with*, not simply *for* another. I write verses and *sympathize* with you. You have the toothache, I have *not*; I feel for you, I cannot sympathize.

243. What is "sheen"? Has it more significance than "bright"? Richmond in its old name was Shene. Would you call an omnibus to take you to Shene? How the "all's right" man would stare!

363. [The violet nestled in the shade,  
Which fills with perfume all the glade,  
Yet bashful as a timid maid  
Thinks to elude the searching eye  
Of every stranger passing by,  
Might well compare with Emily.]

A strangely involved simile. The maiden is liken'd to a *violet* which has been just before likened to a *maid*. Yet it reads prettily, and I would not have it alter'd.

420. "Een" come again? In line 407 you speak it out "eye" bravely like an Englishman.

468. Sorceresses do not entice by wrinkles, but, being essentially aged, appear in assumed beauty.

#### NOTE

[This communication was sent to *Notes and Queries* by the late Mr. J. Fuller Russell, F.S.A., with this explanation: "I was residing at Enfield in the Cambridge Long Vacation, 1834, and — perhaps to the neglect of more improving pursuits —

composed a metrical novel, named 'Emily de Wilton,' in three parts. When the first of them was completed, I ventured to introduce myself to Charles Lamb (who was living at Edmon- ton at the time), and telling him what I had done, and that I had 'scarcely heart to proceed until I had obtained the opinion of a competent judge respecting my verses,' I asked him to 'while away an idle hour in their perusal,' adding, 'I fear you will think me very rude and very intrusive, but I am one of the most nervous souls in Christendom.' Moved, possibly, by this diffident (not to say unusual) confession, Elia speedily gave his consent."

The poem was never printed. Lamb's pains in this matter serve to show how kindly disposed he was in these later years to all young men; and how exact a sense of words he had.— E. V. LUCAS.]

#### DCCL. — TO J. FULLER RUSSELL

[Summer, 1834.]

Sir,—I hope you will finish *Emily*. The story I cannot at this stage anticipate. Some looseness of diction I have taken liberty to advert to. It wants a little more severity of style. There are too many prettinesses, but parts of the poem are better than pretty, and I thank you for the perusal. Your humble Servant, C. LAMB

Perhaps you will favour me with a call while you stay.

#### DCCLI. — TO CHARLES W. DILKE

[No date. End of July, 1834.]

Dear Sir,—I am totally incapable of doing

what you suggest at present, and think it right to tell you so *without delay*. It would shock me, who am shocked enough already, to sit down to *write* about it. I have no letters of poor C. By and bye what scraps I have shall be yours. Pray excuse me. It is not for want of obliging you, I assure you. For your box we most cordially feel thankful. I shall be your debtor in my poor way. I do assure you I am incapable. Again, excuse me.

Yours sincerely, C. L.

#### NOTE

[Coleridge's death had occurred on July 25, in his sixty-second year; and Dilke had written to Lamb asking for some words on that event, for *The Athenæum*. A little while later a request was made by John Forster that Lamb would write something for the album of a Mr. Keymer. It was then that Lamb wrote the few words that stand under the title *On the Death of Coleridge*. — E. V. LUCAS.]

#### DCCLII. — TO REV. JAMES GILLMAN

Edmonton, August 5, 1834.

My dear Sir, — The sad week being over, I must write to you to say that I was glad of being spared from attending; I have no words to express my feeling with you all. I can only say that when you think a short visit from me would be acceptable, when your father and mother shall be able to see me *with comfort*, I will come to the bereaved house. Express to them my tenderest regards and hopes that they will continue

our friends still. We both love and respect them as much as a human being can, and finally thank them with our hearts for what they have been to the poor departed. God bless you all,

C. LAMB

DCCLIII. — TO J. H. GREEN

August 26, 1834.

I thank you deeply for a copy of the will (Coleridge's), which I had seen, but without the codicil at Highgate. My sister and myself are highly gratified at the affectionate remembrance from our dear old friend. I will endeavour to collect and send all the fragments we possess of his handwriting from leaves of good old books, &c. Letters I fear I have none, having been long improvident of preserving any. Accept our gratitude for your reverential care of his memory and wishes

C. LAMB

DCCLIV. — TO H. F. CARY

September 12, 1834.

Dear C., — We long to see you, and hear account of your peregrinations, of the Tun at Heidelberg, the Clock at Strasburg, the statue at Rotterdam, the dainty Rhenish and poignant Moselle wines, Westphalian hams, and Botargoes of Altona. But perhaps you have seen not tasted any of these things.

Yours, very glad to claim you back again to  
your proper centre, books and Bibliothecae,

C. AND M. LAMB

“By Cot’s plessing we will not be absence at  
the grace.”

I have only got your note just now *per negligentiam periniqui Moxoni*.

DCCLV.— TO H. F. CARY

October, 1834.

I protest I know not in what words to invest my sense of the shameful violation of hospitality, which I was guilty of on that fatal Wednesday. Let it be blotted from the calendar. Had it been committed at a layman’s house, say a merchant’s or manufacturer’s, a cheesemonger’s or green-grocer’s, or, to go higher, a barrister’s, a member of Parliament’s, a rich banker’s, I should have felt alleviation, a drop of self-pity. But to be seen deliberately to go out of the house of a clergyman drunk ! a clergyman of the Church of England too ! not that alone, but of an expounder of that dark Italian Hierophant, an exposition little short of *his* who dared unfold the Apocalypse : divine riddles both and (without supernal grace vouchsafed) Arks not to be fingered without present blasting to the touchers. And, then, from what house ! Not a common glebe or vicarage (which yet had been shameful), but from

a kingly repository of sciences, human and divine, with the primate of England for its guardian, arrayed in public majesty, from which the profane vulgar are bid fly.

Could all those volumes have taught me nothing better! With feverish eyes on the succeeding dawn I opened upon the faint light, enough to distinguish, in a strange chamber not immediately to be recognised, garters, hose, waistcoat, neckerchief, arranged in dreadful order and proportion, which I knew was not mine own. 'Tis the common symptom, on awakening, I judge my last night's condition from. A tolerable scattering on the floor I hail as being too probably my own, and if the candle-stick be not removed, I assoil myself. But this finical arrangement, this finding everything in the morning in exact diametrical rectitude, torments me. By whom was I divested? Burning blushes! not by the fair hands of nymphs, the Buffam Graces? Remote whispers suggested that I *coached* it home in triumph — far be that from working pride in me, for I was unconscious of the locomotion; that a young Mentor accompanied a reprobate old Telemachus; that, the Trojan like, he bore his charge upon his shoulders, while the wretched incubus, in glimmering sense, hiccuped drunken snatches of flying on the bats' wings after sunset. An aged servitor was also hinted at, to make disgrace more complete: one, to whom my ignominy may offer further occasions of revolt

(to which he was before too fondly inclining) from the true faith; for, at a sight of my helplessness, what more was needed to drive him to the advocacy of independency? Occasion led me through Great Russell Street yesterday. I gazed at the great knocker. My feeble hands in vain essayed to lift it. I dreaded that Argus Portitor, who doubtless lanterned me out on that prodigious night. I called the Elginian marbles. They were cold to my suit. I shall never again, I said, on the wide gates unfolding, say without fear of thrusting back, in a light but a peremptory air, "I am going to Mr. Cary's." I passed by the walls of Balclutha. I had imaged to myself a zodiac of third Wednesdays irradiating by glimpses the Edmonton dulness. I dreamed of Highmore! I am de-vited to come on Wednesdays.

Villanous old age that, with second childhood, brings linked hand in hand her inseparable twin, new inexperience, which knows not effects of liquor. Where I was to have sate for a sober, middle-aged-and-a-half gentleman, literary too, the neat-fingered artist can educe no notions but of a dissolute Silenus, lecturing natural philosophy to a jeering Chromius or a Mnasilus. Pudet. From the context gather the lost name of ——.

DCCLVI. — TO H. F. CARY

[October 18, 1834.]

Dear Sir, — The unbounded range of muni-

ficence presented to my choice staggers me. What can twenty votes do for one hundred and two widows? I cast my eyes hopeless among the viduage.

N. B. Southey might be ashamed of himself to let his aged mother stand at the top of the list, with his £100 a year and butt of sack. Sometimes I sigh over No. 12, Mrs. Carve-ill, some poor relation of mine, no doubt. No. 15 has my wishes; but then she is a Welsh one. I have Ruth upon No. 21. I'd tug hard for No. 24. No. 25 is an anomaly: there can be no Mrs. Hogg. No. 34 ensnares me. No. 73 should not have met so foolish a person. No. 92 may bob it as she likes; but she catches no cherry of me. So I have even fixed at hap-hazard, as you'll see. Yours, every third Wednesday,

C. L.

#### NOTE

[Talfourd states that the note is in answer to a letter enclosing a list of candidates for a Widows' Fund Society, for which he was entitled to vote. A Mrs. Southey headed the list.]

#### DCCLVII.—TO MRS. NORRIS

[Edmonton, November, 1834.]

Dear Mrs. Norris,—I found Mary on my return not worse, and she is now no better. I send all my nonsense I could scrape together, and wish your young ladies well thro' them. I hope they

will like *Amwell*. Be in no hurry to return them. Six months hence will do. Remember me kindly to them and to Richard. Also to Mary and her cousin. Yours truly, C. LAMB

Pray give me a line to say you received 'em. I send 'em Wednesday 19th, from the Roebuck.

DCCLVIII.—TO MR. CHILDS

Monday. Church Street, *Edmonton*  
(not Enfield, as you erroneously directed yours).  
[December, 1834.]

Dear Sir, — The volume which you seem to want is not to be had for love or money. I with difficulty procured a copy for myself. Yours is gone to enlighten the tawny Hindoos. What a supreme felicity to the author (only he is no traveller) on the Ganges or Hydaspes (Indian streams) to meet a smutty Gentoo ready to burst with laughing at the tale of Bo-Bo! for doubtless it hath been translated into all the dialects of the East. I grieve the less that Europe should want it. I cannot gather from your letter, whether you are aware that a second series of the Essays is published by Moxon, in Dover Street, Piccadilly, called *The Last Essays of Elia*, and, I am told, is not inferior to the former. Shall I order a copy for you, and will you accept it? Shall I *lend* you, at the same time, my sole copy of the former volume (oh! return it) for a month or

two? In return, you shall favour me with the loan of one of those Norfolk-bred grunTERS that you laud so highly; I promise not to keep it above a day. What a funny name Bungay is! I never dreamt of a correspondent thence. I used to think of it as some Utopian town or borough in Gotham land. I now believe in its existence, as part of merry England!

[*Some lines scratched out.*]

The part I have scratched out is the best of the letter. Let me have your commands.

CH. LAMB, *alias* ELIA

NOTE

[Talfourd thus explains this letter: "In December, 1834, Mr. Lamb received a letter from a gentleman, a stranger to him, — Mr. Childs of Bungay, — whose copy of *Elia* had been sent on an Oriental voyage, and who, in order to replace it, applied to Mr. Lamb." Mr. Childs was a printer. His business subsequently became that of Messrs. R. & R. Clark, which still flourishes.]

DCCLIX. — TO MRS. GEORGE DYER

December 22, 1834.

Dear Mrs. Dyer, — I am very uneasy about a *Book* which I either have lost or left at your house on Thursday. It was the book I went out to fetch from Miss Buffam's, while the tripe was frying. It is called Phillip's *Theatrum Poetarum*; but it is an English book. I think I left it in the parlour. It is Mr. Cary's book, and I would not lose it for the world. Pray, if you

find it, book it at the Swan, Snow Hill, by an Edmonton stage immediately, directed to Mr. Lamb, Church Street, Edmonton, or write to say you cannot find it. I am quite anxious about it. If it is lost, I shall never like tripe again.

With kindest love to Mr. Dyer and all,  
Yours truly, C. LAMB

NOTE

[This is the last letter of Charles Lamb, who tripped and fell in Church Street, Edmonton, on December 22, and died of erysipelas on December 27. At the time of his death Lamb was sixty, all but a few weeks.

Mary Lamb, with occasional lapses into sound health, survived him until May 20, 1847. At first she continued to live at Edmonton, but a few years later moved to the house of Mrs. Parsons, sister of her old nurse, Miss James, in St. John's Wood. — E. V. LUCAS.]

[*The following undated letters are here given. The first to William Ayrton was probably written about May 14, 1821, and the second should have been inserted after the first letter to Vincent Novello on p. 233 of this volume :*]

DCCLX. — TO WILLIAM AYRTON

[Undated.]

Dear A., — We are at home this Evening.  
Excuse forms from,

Your uninformed, C. L.

*We'nsdy.*

I think Madame Noblet the least graceful dancer I ever *did not see*.

DCCLXI.— TO WILLIAM AYRTON

Enfield, Thursday.

Dear Ayrton, — Novello paid us a visit yesterday, and I very much wished you with us. Our conversation was principally, as you may suppose, upon *Music*; and he desiring me to give him my real opinion respecting the distinct grades of excellence in all the eminent composers of the Italian, German, and English Schools, I have done it, rather to oblige him, than from any overweening opinion I have of my own judgment on that science. Such as it is, I submit it to better critics, and am, dear Ayrton,

Yours sincerely, CH. LAMB

P. S. You will find the Essay over leaf — that is to say, if you look for it there.

FREE THOUGHTS ON SEVERAL EMINENT  
COMPOSERS

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,  
Just as the whim bites. For my part,  
I do not care a farthing candle  
For either of them, or for Handel.  
Cannot a man live free and easy,  
Without admiring Pergolesi!  
Or thro' the world with comfort go  
That never heard of Doctor Blow!  
So help me God, I hardly have;  
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,  
Like other people, (if you watch it,)  
And know no more of stave or crotchet

Than did the primitive Peruvians ;  
 Or those old ante-queer Diluvians  
 That lived in the unwash'd world with Tubal,  
 Before that dirty Blacksmith Jubal,  
 By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,  
 Found out, to his great surprise, the gamut.  
 I care no more for Cimerosa  
 Than he did for Salvator Rosa,  
 Being no Painter ; and bad luck  
 Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck !  
 Old Tycho Brahe and modern Herschel  
 Had something in 'em ; but who's Purcel ?  
 The devil with his foot so cloven,  
 For aught I care, may take Beethoven ;  
 And, if the bargain does not suit,  
 I'll throw him Weber in to boot !  
 There's not the splitting of a splinter  
 To chus 'twixt *him last named*, and Winter.  
 Of Doctor Pepusch old queen Dido  
 Knew just as much, God knows, as I do.  
 I would not go four miles to visit  
 Sebastian Bach — or Batch — which is it ?  
 No more I would for Bononcini.  
 As for Novello and Rossini,  
 I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,  
 Because they 're living. So I leave 'em.

DCCLXII. — TO J. BADAMS

[Undated.]

Dear Badams, — I am very, very sorry at my  
 heatedness yesterday, which spoil'd the pleasure  
 I should have taken in seeing you better ; but I  
 had had a four or five hours hot walk, with the  
 delicate task of dissuading a friend from a pur-  
 pose of taking a house here, which friend would

have attracted down crowds of literary men, which men would have driven me wild ; and in my rage it seem'd to me that the person I unjustly fell upon was meditating the same sort of colonization here. Respects and sincere likings to Mrs. Badams, and the most humble apology C. L. can offer. —



PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON & CO.  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

**The Riverside Press**







